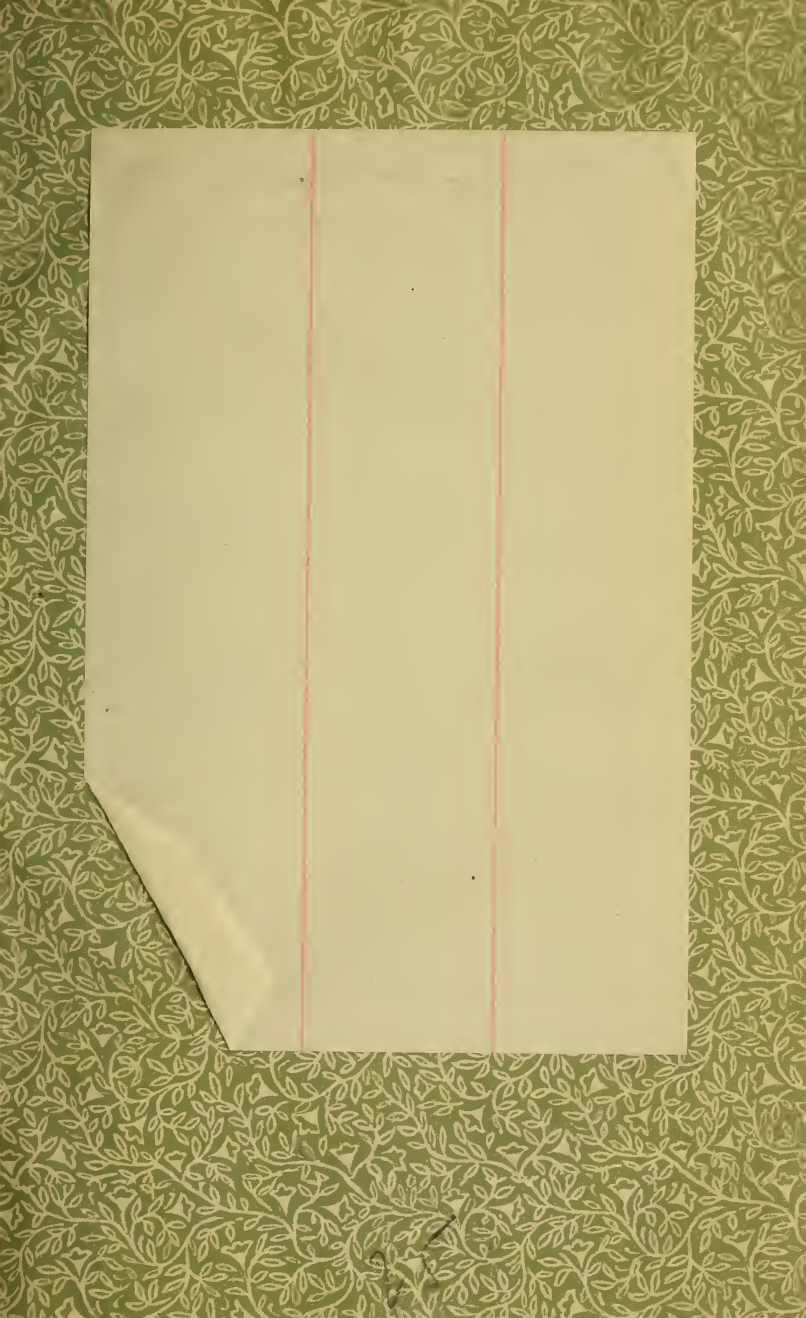



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EPISODES

OF

MY SECOND LIFE.

(AMERICAN AND ENGLISH EXPERIENCES.)

BY
ANTONIO GALLENDA.
(L. MARIOTTI.)

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PREFACE.

THE 4th of November, 1880, was my seventieth birthday. Up to that date I had never really felt, though I often seriously declared, that I was growing old. But "threescore years and ten are the days of our age," and, were I even one of the "strong men" who "come to fourscore," I must be aware that, in what may remain, there must be more to endure than to achieve, and that the night will soon come when no man can work.

"Threescore and ten!" The day is done; and the shades of evening bring rest, and leisure for self-concentration and self-abasement. We look back upon life through the small end of the spy-glass. Our self-conceit dwindles as our stature shrinks; indeed, we should pity the man whom every year as it passes did not bring nearer to a just estimate of his own worth. Self-knowledge is at the basis of all learning. It is the study of a whole life. And though it only ends with existence itself, still every day's experience and disenchantment should bring its own lesson. Live and learn should be the rule. And whatever knowledge we attain should be made of some value to our fellow-beings.

"Story?" quoth the tinker. "Bless you! I have none." But the old vagabond lied, we may be sure. There is not one of us old men who has not a tale to tell of himself. The temptation to "make a clean breast of it," to state how we have disposed of our time, how we invested our talent, is strong within all of us,—strongest among the most conscientious of us.

The thing is overdone, no doubt. "Of making many

books there is no end,"—no end of Memoirs, Confessions, Reminiscences, personal gossip of every description. And it is, perhaps, all this vast farrago of retrospective literature that warns us that our world is getting old and given to twaddle. "Should not," it may be asked, "self-revelation be reserved as a privilege of great minds?" I doubt it. "Can the sayings and doings of an obscure individual possess any general interest?" Why not? If we admit that every man's life is a romance, surely that of the most unknown hero may afford the freest scope for the treatment of an adroit writer of fiction. We cannot make a novel out of a Wellington's or a Carlyle's biography. Not of Wellington, because romance would at every step too rudely clash with the stubborn facts of recent history; and not of Carlyle, because the *ideal* of the man which we had all made out of his well-known writings would too soon be dispelled by a close acquaintance with the *real* as we should see it in his memoirs.

For my own part, I think that the tinker had the best tale, had the old rogue been willing to tell and had any one been able to write it.

Shall I try my hand at it? I have been for many years a tinker of books. But what I have written was so soon and so utterly forgotten, dead and buried, that not one line of it will ever rise to bear witness against me. The life of an obscure author is simply a page out of the book of man. So long as it is true to the race, it little matters whether the type be a person or a myth.

The Episodes of my life, which I am here attempting to recall, are so far back in the past, my remembrance of them is so hopelessly faded and blurred, that the *retentive* faculties must, almost unconsciously, fall back on the resources of the *inventive*; so that it becomes extremely difficult, even for myself, to determine where the *vrai* ends and the *vraisemblable* begins.

On one point alone I am easy in my mind. I can freely assert that not one single line in this volume has been written in malice. By far the greatest number of the *dramatis personæ* have long since quitted the

stage of the world. Of the survivors, some are known to fame, and these are public property. The names of the others one would vainly look for in the Red Books or Directories of the various localities mentioned as their residence. Whatever these worthies may be in real life, here they will only come forth as phantoms.

Whatever judgment I may have passed upon myself,—whether the picture of my character, resulting from the narrative of my thoughts and deeds, be too partial or too severe,—I must at least be held guiltless of having indulged in any personality offensive to the dead or living.

A. G.

October, 1884.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

THE PILLARS OF HERCULES.

	PAGE
Twenty years at home—Five years' wanderings—A safe shelter— Longing for storms—A tempter—A deceiver—A prudent coun- sellor—A sanguine adviser—A leap in the dark—Away on the billows	1

CHAPTER II.

THE HERRING-POND.

A ship of the good old times—A bad sailor—A bad vessel—The captain, mate, and crew—Fellow-passengers—Isolation—Slow progress—Foul weather—Equinoctial gales—Night on the water —Morning on the water—In the trough of the sea—The tail of a storm—New York—Larboard or starboard?	13
---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER III.

THE NEW WORLD.

New York—Broadway—A hotel dinner—A volunteer guide—Use- less letters—New York to Boston—Edward Everett—Cold comfort —An Italian evening—Gloomy thoughts in a bright moonlight	29
-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER IV.

A STUMBLE ON THE THRESHOLD.

A pupil and friend—A Boston boarding-house—A dainty widow —An American college—A fine old gentleman—Early rising and cold bathing—American women—Fascination—Destitution—An unfriendly yet salutary warning—A critical situation—A Job's comforter—A Good Samaritan—A begging adventure—Boston to Charlestown	44
----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER V.

UP-HILL WORK.

	PAGE
Charlestown and Bunker's Hill—A new home—New friends—An enemy—A Sabbath-day—A lively breakfast—A godly morning—A great divine—Preaching and stage-acting—A dull dinner—A godless afternoon—Week-days' employment—A stubborn pupil—Increase of custom—Day-work and evening pastime—Yankee girls—Volunteer police—A change in prospect	71

CHAPTER VI.

COLLEGE LIFE.

Charlestown to Cambridge—A girls' school—Peach-trees and the New England climate—A lofty home—Cambridge—Harvard University—Professors and students—Rising men—Southern men—Politics—Social circles—Lady friends—Peaches unripe and over-ripe—A flash of jealousy—A walk with Longfellow—Its results	88
---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER VII.

CAMBRIDGE SOCIETY.

A new situation— <i>Pro</i> and <i>contra</i> —Soldier or teacher?—School-girls' nature—Social intercourse—A stranger's popularity—The <i>ami de la maison</i> —Two charming women—A fancy fair—A ladies' post-office—Doggerel poetry—A success—The long vacation—Deep at work—A western tour—A black-gown meeting—A New England autumn	105
---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER VIII.

A TURN IN THE TIDE.

Back to Cambridge—A distinguished visitor—An unexpected proposal—American lecturing—Lecturers and spectators—A mock-lecture—Lecturing in earnest—Lions in the path—A memorable evening—A serious lecture—The matter—The manner—Writing and reading—The ordeal—The result—Doomed to appear in print—A new acquaintance—Ladies' schemes—A bright winter night—A cold night walk	124
-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER IX.

A FAIR CRITIC.

A New Year's Day—A social <i>corvée</i> —The coming trial—Female support—Reasonable hopes—My mentor—Her personal appearance—Her character—My estimate of it—Her religion and mine—Her taste and mine—Convinced against my will—The eve of battle	141
------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER X.

SPRING TIDES.

PAGE

A day of battle—A large and select audience—Social classes in America—American polish—Two sisters—A contrast—A love-romance—Happy life and tragic death—American lecturing—Ralph Waldo Emerson—The great trial—Misgivings—Success—The world of letters—Prescott—Ticknor—Samuel Howe	157
-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XI.

BECALMED.

Dead Sea apples—Weariness—Disappointment—Longing for change—Choice of a trade—Teaching—Lecturing—Writing—The Press—A precarious existence—Boston to Philadelphia—Girard College—Means and ends—Nicholas Biddle—Financing—An American panic—Philadelphia to New York—Italians in New York—New York to Boston—Boston to Washington	175
--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XII.

THE OLD FAR WEST.

Washington to Nashville—My host and fellow-traveller—His wife—Our conveyance—Our route—West Virginia—The Alleghanies—Mountain-scenery—Forest-scenery—Roads—Inns—My host's views and mine—Conflicting expectations—Nashville—Western life—Manners—Slavery—A Western senator—The way back—A hard journey—Kentucky justice—Killing no murder	192
-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XIII.

FAREWELL TO AMERICA.

Back to New England—Change in the situation—My unfitness for it—Longing for a change—Old friends and new—Anglo-Saxon friendships—Two countrymen—Spurs to a willing horse—Italian and American women—My first and last visitor—The cat out of the bag—A declaration—A fiasco—Boston to New York—New York to Covent Garden	214
------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XIV.

A FIRST TRIAL IN ENGLAND.

London on a summer morning—Streets, parks, and palaces—Westminster—Choice of a home—In-door friends—Out-door acquaintance—English and American dissent—Yankees and Cockneys—The West End—Social and professional progress—Italian friends in London—Panizzi—Mazzini—Enrico Mayer—A great poet's widow	237
-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XV.

A FIRST TEMPTATION.

New friends—More work—Social life—Pitfalls—Pastimes—London sights—London environs—A shower at Windsor—A royal review—Acclimatization—New acquaintances—Chances of authorship—My first publisher—An Italian friend—A long talk—An unexpected resolution—From England to Italy	PAGE 255
----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-------------

CHAPTER XVI.

FIRST REPENTANCE.

London to Leghorn—Leghorn to Florence—An English family—Their friends and politics—Florentine acquaintance—A golden youth—A great Italian—An American artist—Back to England .	271
--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XVII.

SECOND TRIAL IN ENGLAND.

Back in England—Gloomy lodgings—Gloomy prospects—Publishers' money—Up-hill work—My first book—A holiday trip—My future home—A modern castle—Oxford—Coming out in print—Authors and critics—Writers and publishers	286
-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XVIII.

A SECOND TEMPTATION.

Despondency—Cesarini and Maltravers—A bishop's offer—Liverpool to Halifax—American notes—Windsor, Nova Scotia—College life—Halifax—Work and work's wages—A lecture and its consequences—Summer enjoyments—Winter prospects—Back to England	302
------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XIX.

FIVE YEARS IN LONDON.

Back in England—A Yorkshire friend—Yorkshire to London—A break-of-day adventure—A windfall—Unfrocked monks—A dead man's shoes—Work under difficulties—New books—Prosperous life—Longings for happiness—Love and marriage	318
------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XX.

PATRIOTIC EXPERIENCES.

Wedded life—A year of revolutions—The outbreak in Italy—Italians in London—Italians in Paris—Paris to Milan—A fellow-traveller—A crisis at Chambéry—Milan after the barricades—Camp-life—Volunteering—A younger and a wiser brother—Politics at Parma and Milan—Alarming news—Back to England .	334
-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XXI.

DIPLOMATIC EXPERIENCES.

PAGE

Milan to London—An anxious journey—A cruel hoax—All's well that ends well—New travelling-schemes—A family council—Terrible tidings—A hurried journey—Alpine travelling—The news at Aosta—Chaos at Turin—Italian disasters—Oil on troubled waters—Every dog has its day—Popularity and promotion—A diplomatic mission—Turin to Frankfort—Anarchy and reaction—A scheme of pacification—Its failure—Frankfort to Turin—A warlike ministry—Turin to Frankfort—Reaction triumphant—Back to England 349

CHAPTER XXII.

LITERARY EXPERIENCES.

Back in England—Home comforts—Out-door sorrows—Love and hatred—Italian disasters—English sympathies—Literary employment—"Italy in 1848"—"Fra Dolcino"—An unexpected visit—London to Italy—"History of Piedmont"—Authors and publishers—"An Italian Grammar"—"The age of humbug, and Bull, and Nongtongpaw"—The Athenæum Club—Club life 371

CHAPTER XXIII.

PARLIAMENTARY EXPERIENCES.

A visit to Italy—Its consequences—A seat in Parliament—Piedmontese politics—The Crimean war—The Convents Bill—Royal funerals—Recess in England—Domestic bereavement—A second session—My unpopularity—Its causes—Its consequences—A trumped-up old story—Timid friends and bitter enemies—A royal friend—An English friend—The storm allayed—A home in Piedmont—Quiet pursuits—Away to England 388

CHAPTER XXIV.

JOURNALISTIC EXPERIENCES.

Back in England—Idle life—A second marriage—A wedding-tour—A comet—To Italy on law business—Events in Europe—A stir in Italy—First dealings with "The Times"—To Italy on "The Times" business—Plon-Plon diplomacy—Plon-Plon generalship—Solferino and Villafranca—Back to England 405

CHAPTER XXV.

ABROAD FOR "THE TIMES."

The good and evil of journalism—Affairs in Italy—A French emperor and an Italian statesman—Annexation of Central Italy—

	PAGE
The Legations—Tuscany—"The Times" and the Italian cause— A visit to Rome, and the consequences—Opening of the Italian Parliament—Journalism and Parliamentaryism—My conduct in the Chamber—The Rattazzi ministry—Persano's promotion—The Bensa affair—Turin to London—Liverpool to New York . . .	424

CHAPTER XXVI.

AT HOME WITH "THE TIMES."

Last campaigning experiences—The Civil War in America—The Schleswig-Holstein War—Hurried visits to Italy—Home work in Printing-House Square—The War of Sadowa—The War of Sedan—Hard Work—Its success—Its sweetness and bitterness— Its recompense—Its diversions—Two years in Italy—Two years in the East—Ten months in South America—A summer in Russia —"Iberian Reminiscences"—A journalist's life—Its good and evil —My unfitness for it—Unsocial instincts—Distinguished acquaint- ances—Old age and retirement	441
--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

EPISODES OF MY SECOND LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

THE PILLARS OF HERCULES

Twenty years at home—Five years' wanderings—A safe shelter—Longing for storms—A tempter—A deceiver—A prudent counsellor—A sanguine adviser—A leap in the dark—Away on the billows.

ON the 15th of August, 1836, I was born again. On that day, hallowed among Catholics as the Feast of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary, and observed in France as *La Saint Napoléon*, I embarked at Gibraltar for New York. I was then five-and-twenty years old. Up to that date I had been an Italian; henceforth, without laying aside my national identity, I would have to take up as much of the garb and language, of the habits of thought and of the nature and temperament, of an alien race, as I might deem desirable or find inevitable. It was the beginning of a new life. A new mind and a new heart were, with or without my consent, to grow up within me.

A few words will easily dispose of the first quarter of a century of my Italian and European experiences. I was born at Parma. My father was a Piedmontese of a good old country family, a native of Castellamonte, in Canavese, a rural district of the province of Ivrea. As a younger son, he had been by his parents intended for the Church. But he broke from the seminary, crossed over to the French, who were then (1795) storming the defiles of the Alps under Massena, enlisted in their ranks, served for ten years under Napo-

leon; but on his way through Parma he married there and settled, exchanging his rank in the army for a not very lucrative office in the civil service.

I was the first-born of five surviving children. I was sent to school at the age of five, and graduated at the university at eighteen. Success in various branches of learning, exaggerated praises of fond instructors, and an easily-won popularity among my fellow-students, conspired to encourage a fully-developed self-conceit, and led to the pleasing conviction that I was born a genius. A certain audacity in many a school riot insured for me the position of a ring-leader, while a deep and earnest sense of the wrongs of my country opened before me a career which might have won me distinction as a hero or a martyr.

Events seemed to favor these high-flown juvenile aspirations. I was barely in my twentieth year when the great tidings of the French Revolution of 1830 broke upon us. It roused a great stir throughout Italy, and especially in our Emilian provinces of Parma, Modena, Bologna, and Romagna, which were soon in open insurrection. I was for a few months—January to March, April and May, 1831—a conspirator, a state prisoner, a combatant, and a fugitive, and for the five ensuing years an exile.

In that capacity I travelled for a short time in France, in Provence and Burgundy. I settled for nearly two years in Corsica, ventured back from Switzerland into Italy by contraband, and under the assumed name of Luigi Mariotti smuggled myself with difficulty from State to State, till I embarked at Naples with the friendly family of a Neapolitan consul, with whom I resided for eight months at Malta and for a whole year in Morocco.

During these five years of wandering I was distracted between moping homesickness and the delusive hope of some favorable change in my country's destinies. All my thoughts were of Italy. But for the rest there were neither very serious difficulties nor very dire sufferings in my condition of a banished man. On first landing at Marseilles I made up my mind that

I would be no charge to my family, and that what little school learning I had should be, if not the sword wherewith to open the world's oyster, at least the knife with which to cut my bread. In Corsica I obtained employment as a tutor in a good family of Bastia. And it was in the same capacity that a home was offered to me in the house of the Neapolitan consul in Malta and Tangiers. A pleasanter life than mine was in this latter place could not be easily imagined. The consul was a mere youth of twenty, the eldest of many children all living under control of their widowed mother. I soon became one of them, beloved and looked up to as an elder brother. Not too much of our time was taken up with lessons, but my intercourse with them, in the good mother's estimation, gave them the habit of higher thoughts and feelings, and exercised a moral influence of which those of them who still survive, now grown old, declare that they still experience the beneficial effects. I was with them in all their work and amusements, and welcome as a friend to all their friends.

The Christian residents in Tangiers, as in other Mohammedan regencies, constituted at that time a sufficiently interesting polyglot community. Each consul-general and diplomatic agent was a little potentate, and all the subjects of the State he represented were his little court. He lived generally on intimate terms with his colleagues of other nationalities, and their visiting at each other's houses, and joining in picnic-, garden-, and other pleasure-parties, and in riding-, shooting-, and boating-excursions, gave rise to a state of society enlivened by all the charms of a pleasing variety and contrast. Chance had brought together about a score of European families with such a bevy of lovely and well-educated English, Swedish, Danish, Austrian, and Piedmontese ladies and young ladies that it would have been impossible for me not to lose my heart to one of them had it not been equally impossible not to share it among them all. Our evenings passed thus at each other's houses with all the enchantment that talk and sentiment, music, dancing, books

and prints, cards, and all other contrivances of modern civilization could contribute to mutual entertainment and genial international converse.

Comfortable and even luxurious as European life in that extreme corner of North Africa undoubtedly was, it was not long before I became aware of its sameness and emptiness, of its futility, especially with respect to the attainment of those lofty purposes and the achievement of those valiant deeds for which in the depth of my inmost soul I fancied I had been brought into the world, and on which all the yearnings of my unquiet spirit were centred. In spite of the unfailing kindness and deference with which I was treated at home and received abroad, I felt that my situation as a tutor was one of constraint and dependence, and I was full of silly complaints, borrowed from Dante, about "the salt that savors other people's bread, and the hardship of climbing and descending other people's stairs." It was not in my capacity as a man and a gentleman, I said to myself, not in my own name or for my sake, not on a footing of equality, that I was asked to dine here, to play whist there, to join this or that party on foot or on horseback; it was merely as an appendage to my master's household, and upon the implied condition that I should know my place and beware of presumption upon condescension. Nothing, I must hasten to say, could be more unreasonable than my susceptibility in that respect, nothing more unjust or ungenerous; but the feeling was stronger than myself, and it poisoned what would otherwise have been a very sweet existence; it made me shrink back into myself, shun the company which had for me the strongest attraction; and in the presence of those fair ones whose smiles were most bewitching, I could only repeat, with bitterness, "If they are not fair for me, what care I how fair they be?"

No! I felt that I was not in my proper sphere, that I was a dependant admitted on mere sufferance, that I wasted my existence out of all hope of ever being the master of my own destinies.

Heaven knows how long, if left to my own devices,

I might have wavered between my false pride and the sound judgment, better feelings, pecuniary considerations, which made me shrink from a plunge back into those storms of life from which a kind Providence had wafted me into this safe and smooth, however somewhat stagnant, haven. But chance brought to me from Gibraltar the tempter who put an end to my irresolution and took my reason by storm.

This was a youth from my native town, by name Giovanni Baiardi, a younger scion of a noble family claiming descent from the Preux Chevalier, but now, like many other patrician houses in Italy, sunk to the lowest stage of poverty and obscurity. I had often met and spoken to him at the university, but had lately lost sight of him, as he belonged to that class of idlers whose occupation and means of subsistence are a riddle to their acquaintance.

The rapid vicissitudes of our revolutionary attempt of 1831 in Central Italy had, however, again set him afloat in society; he had come back from a petty skirmish which our volunteers had with the Austrians at Fiorenzola, and the show of his hat and cloak pierced by musket-balls had proclaimed him a hero. He had since been a wanderer abroad, like so many of us; had travelled to Spain, and had seen what career was opened to Italian exiles in the ranks of the Constitutional Army of Queen Christina, then in the field against the brigand bands of Don Carlos, instancing the names of Borso de' Carminati, the brothers Durando, Fanti, Cialdini, and others, all of whom had gone through several steps of rapid promotion. He would himself, he said, have joined those gallant soldiers of fortune, but had no money to grease the palms of the officials who disposed of military commissions at the venal court of Madrid, and had travelled south to Gibraltar in the vain hope of raising the wind by the aid of the Jew and Genoese money-lenders in that place. There he had heard of me, and he came to me, knowing I would help him if I could, and trusting I could if I would. And, showing me a diamond pin apparently of great value, a family heirloom, as he

said, he asked me if I would, on that security, accommodate him with the loan he had failed to negotiate at The Rock.

As I seemed taken by surprise, and meditating an answer, he looked at my face, he looked round at the walls of the apartment where I had received him, my little library, and asked questions about my position and prospects, wondering how "a man of my talents and spirit, in the prime of youth, and with the whole world before him, could consent to immure himself in that God-forsaken corner-hole of the African continent with no better business than that of a *marchand de participes*."

"You come of a good stock," said the flatterer, "you are a soldier's son, and I have seen you behave like a man under Austrian fire at Fiorenzola. For my own part, I think for a gentleman there can be no other than a soldier's trade,—none else, especially, for an Italian gentleman. Luck was against us in the Emilia five years ago. But every dog has his day: ours must surely come,—the day in which Italy will have need of the strong arms, of the brains and hearts, of men like you; and then happy will be those who, like Borso and Fanti and Cialdini, will have turned to good account the years of their exile, fitting themselves to fight their country's battles by serving their apprenticeship in the battles of a sister nation now engaged in the furtherance of the common cause of freedom."

For his own part, he went on, warming as he spoke, it little mattered whether or not I could oblige him with what he had asked; it was, now that he had seen me, only on my account that he was concerned. He thought too highly of me, he said, he had too great a regard for me, to allow me to wallow and rot in the slough of despond in which he saw me plunged. Thank heaven! there was still time; he had just come at the right moment to save me. I knew Cialdini, of course. He had seen us together as classmates and friends at the university. Well, it was Cialdini who felt sure he had interest enough at the Madrid War Office to get him (Baiardi) a stand of colors in his own (Diego

Leon's) regiment. Surely the influence that Cialdini was ready to put forth in behalf of a comparative stranger could not fail to obtain as much or more for such a one as I was to him. It is only the first step, only the ensign's epaulets, a man requires in an active army. Luck and daring will do the rest. The war might be said to be just beginning. It was sure to be a long war; a very godsend to us youths with a future before us; a war which had fair chances of honor and distinction to reward the highest merits, to realize the most exalted and legitimate aspirations.

Baiardi was an under-sized man, but with great depth of chest and breadth of shoulders. He had a dark complexion like a Spaniard's, a fine aristocratic cast of features, fiery eyes, a shrill clear voice like a clarion, an uncommon command of language. He stirred me to my inmost fibres. He had evidently read me through and through. He saw all that was romantic, quixotic, in my disposition.

It was true, the career of arms had from earliest youth cast a most powerful spell over my imagination. Next to a poet's renown, what I would have prized above all things was a warrior's glory. Indeed, I saw no reason why the same individual could not achieve success in both pursuits. It was true, I had been out at Fiorenzola; I was present at that insignificant brush with the Austrians, and was even the standard-bearer in our volunteer students' band. In spite of my dislike of everything French, I had been tempted, upon first being cast adrift into the world, to enlist in the Foreign Legion in Algeria. But no; I had no inclination to serve on foot, no wish for soldiering in time of peace. The horse was for me more than half the poetry of warfare. Awake or dreaming, I always fancied myself mounted, always riding in the foremost rank. The trumpet brayed, the troopers shouted, the signal was given: Charge! charge! On I dashed, heading the squadron, at full speed, with loosened rein, with lowered point, my head bowed on the flowing mane, lashing with the flat of my sword the long neck of my steed, to urge him on in his headlong course. On we all

dashed with thunder and lightning, till we came less than twenty yards within sight of the long line of the enemy's serried battalions, when there was a puff of smoke, the crack of a rifle, and I threw up my arms, jumped high on the saddle, and fell never more to rise, hit in mid-career by the leaden messenger of death,—surely the easiest, noblest, most enviable of all deaths!

And had it come to this? Was this to be the end of all my heroic fancies? Instead of a soldier's, a private tutor's life! a Dominie Sampson; as Baiardi expressed it in his quaint French phrase, "a dealer in participles"!

I stood up with a flushed face, with tears in my eyes, threw open the window, walked with rapid strides across the room, then stepped up to my visitor, grasped his hand and shook it with frantic energy.

"What you say, Baiardi," I exclaimed, "I have repeated to myself a thousand times. It is my good star that brings you here. My cup of bitterness was full to the brim: it is now running over. But my mind is made up: I'll go with you."

And the matter was settled with but short deliberation. Go with him at once, indeed, I could not, for I was, as I said, a domestic servant, and must give a month's warning. But he would go back to Madrid with a letter of mine to Cialdini; he would secure an officer's brevet for me as well as for himself; and it would be time for me to follow when he acquainted me with the good result of our scheme. Meanwhile, I was, of course, expected to supply the sinews of war. I had sixty Spanish dollars locked up in my desk,—all that, with my habitual thrift, I had been able to save out of my previous year's salary. I took out the money, handed it to him in its black bag, pushed back the diamond bauble which he tendered as a pledge, laughed to scorn even his offer of a written acknowledgment, and walked with him to the boat which took him back to Gibraltar.

A month passed,—two, three months. No news of Baiardi! Had the boat been swamped? Had he fallen in with Spanish brigands,—been robbed and murdered? Or had he failed in his mission, and was he now afraid

or ashamed to give the doleful news of his ill success? These were all problems which I could not solve then, and cannot even to this day. I never saw Baiardi again, never heard of him till I revisited my native town after eighteen years' absence, when I was told he had been back at home for some time, broken in health and reputation; he had taken to evil courses, and died a beggar as he had lived. My letter to Cialdini, of which he was the bearer, never, as I learned later on, reached its destination.

I had meanwhile made everything ready for a move. There had been a long and painful struggle between me and the consul's mother and every member of her family when I gave the first hints that I was under necessity to take my leave. They could hardly believe me. There was madness, they thought, in my resolution. I felt in my heart there was sheer ingratitude. The consul himself, who, young as he was, was remarkable for his shrewdness, pooh-poohed the whole affair; he was sure from the beginning that it would come to nothing, that Baiardi was a *chevalier d'industrie*, and it would turn out that I had been swindled out of my money.

As time passed and seemed amply to justify his most sinister conjectures, both himself and his family naturally trusted that my disappointment would be a lesson for me,—that I should now see on which side my bread was buttered, and understand that I could only go farther to fare worse.

But it was a great mistake on their part. The die was cast; my resolution was unalterable. I had made no secret of my intention; I was ashamed to draw back. Tangiers had become for me a Rasselas Valley; its very comforts made me uncomfortable. All my restlessness, my love of strife and adventure, had been aroused within me. I felt with Bulwer's Caleb Price in his rural parsonage that "to rest was to rot;" that my years were gliding from me unenjoyed and unhonored; that there could be no life without activity, and that, if I wanted repose, there would always be more than enough of it in the grave.

"No," I exclaimed; "the ice is broken; I have spoken the last word. I have gone through the pang of leave-taking. My trunk is packed up. Go I must. The only question is—whither?"

The civil war in Spain seemed to hang fire, and after Baiardi's defection I felt less confident as to my chances of success in that quarter. What I knew of the French and what I heard of the Spanish character gave me no exalted idea of the disposition of those two nations towards their elder Latin sister. I had picked up a little English at Malta and Gibraltar, and my intercourse with the representatives of all European States at Tangiers had inspired me with a lively curiosity, and, I may say, with a genuine enthusiasm, about John Bull.

"Rule Britannia!" I exclaimed. "God save the king! I'll go and seek my fortune in England."

I was always sure of a friendly welcome at the British consulate. The consul-general and *chargé d'affaires* in Morocco was, at the time, Mr. Drummond-Hay, the father and predecessor of Sir John, the present minister. The old gentleman was, or seemed to me, a thorough type of one of Walter Scott's Highlanders. He had the broad shoulders and the very long arms of a Rob Roy. He spoke to us foreigners a curious mixture of Foreign-Office French and Morisco-Spanish. He had courteous, benevolent, somewhat gushing manners, but which left no doubt as to his frank cordiality and ready sympathy.

He heard me out with an expression of deepest interest. He found it very natural that I should weary of Tangerine life, very just that every man should try to better himself; but he was not equally sanguine about my projected English experiment. London, he said, was, for a friendless stranger, a terrible place. Competition in every branch of business was appalling, overwhelming, crushing. I should be like a drop of water in a shoreless ocean. Of course, if I abided by my resolution, he would supply me with letters to such friends as he had. These would shake hands with me, ask me to dinner, admit me into the sanctuary of their

families with a confiding hospitality such as I could find in no other country. But, alas! people are all so busy, always in so desperate a hurry, in that huge Babylon! They had such short memories; they were so seldom at home; and there were so many that took up their time with applications for advice and assistance.

"No," he concluded, "all things considered, I could not recommend London. I would advise you to give England a wide berth,—Old England, at least, I should say; for the world is large, and there are New Englands in every climate. Why not try America? What should you think of the United States? That is England at second-hand, a young country sure to have the best opening for a young man." The English consul spoke at great length, and spoke sensibly. He evidently did not think me good enough for his country. "Let us try next door," I said. "Let us call on his Yankee colleague."

I was on equally friendly terms with the Honorable John Madison Leib, the United States Minister. Mr. Leib was still a young man, though a confirmed old bachelor, a tall man, portly, fair, and handsome, with a florid complexion, probably Dutch or German by extraction. He was a well-educated and travelled man, a scholar and a gentleman, bland and dignified in the forenoon, though occasionally, it was whispered, somewhat flushed, thick in utterance, and not very steady on his legs after dinner.

I called upon him in the morning, and found him at work with his vice-consul, Mr. Cornelius K. Mullowny, a carrotty-headed, raw-boned youth, of Irish parentage.

Mr. Leib evinced no misgiving or hesitation. "To America, my dear sir?" he said, after he had made me swallow a glass of madeira and light one of his choice Havanas, while I explained the object of my visit. "To be sure! A big country that! Room for everybody there! You will find your place ready for you as if you had bespoken it beforehand. It is of men like you that want is particularly felt in our trading community. We have plenty of storekeepers, land-agents, and politicians. Give us scholars and gentlemen, men

of taste and refinement. I shall be more than happy—I shall be proud—to introduce you to the best of my acquaintance. You shall have letters for New York, letters for Boston, letters for my friend Edward Everett, Governor of Massachusetts, letters for my friend old Josiah Quincy, president of Harvard University. Harvard is my Alma Mater. I graduated there in the year '20. They set great store in our colleges upon the study of modern languages. I know they are anxious at Harvard to create a professorship of Italian Literature."

The office of an instructor of youth, public or private, was not exactly the kind of employment I coveted in the New World: I had had enough of it in the Old. Was it worth my while, I considered, to cross the ocean with no better prospects? Was it not for a sword that I had wished to exchange the schoolmaster's ferule? But this was not the time for objections, and I made none. The essential was to quit Tangiers,—to try a change of fortune by a change of climate. If I was to go, the sooner and the farther I went, the better. I would follow in the wake of Columbus and Cortes. Like the latter, I would burn my ships. Like the former, I would find a new world—a new life—or be drowned.

All was settled. All Tangiers heard of my hare-brained resolution. The whole many-tongued little community made it the theme of their comments. For one who approved my daring, there were a hundred, I dare say, who deplored my insanity. But, openly at least, I only received expressions of sympathy, of hearty wishes for my welfare. I had never known myself so popular in the place. They crowded round me as if the whole of us had been one family, and I the Benjamin turned prodigal, only too likely to go to the bad and perish the moment I was out of sight of home. Is there not always a revulsion of feeling even in favor of the most heinous criminal, when he is led out to be hanged?

But the parting was over. I had cast up my accounts,—drawn the arrears of my salary. I had,

through Girolano Quartin, a Genoese corn-dealer and shipping-agent well known to me at Gibraltar, bespoken a berth on board the good ship "Independence," Captain Ellis, which was to call at The Rock on its way from Malaga to New York.

On the 12th of August, at ten in the evening, I embarked in a smuggling tartana, with no very heavy luggage, and one hundred and fifty dollars in my purse, and was rowed across the Strait in six hours.

Three days later we left for New York.

CHAPTER II.

THE HERRING-POND.

A ship of the good old times—A bad sailor—A bad vessel—The captain, mate, and crew—Fellow-passengers—Isolation—Slow progress—Foul weather—Equinoctial gales—Night on the water—Morning on the water—In the trough of the sea—The tail of a storm—New York—Larboard or starboard?

THE good ship "Independence" was described as a brig-schooner of one hundred and fifty tons. She sailed under the United States flag, and had on board a cargo of fresh and dry fruit from Malaga. Besides the master, Captain Ellis, and his mate, Mr. Atkins, she mustered four able seamen in the forecastle, and a negro, named Cato,—cook, steward, and boots,—in the galley. The passengers, in addition to myself, were a hideous monkey, the captain's pet, a small Scotch terrier (the mate's bedfellow), a huge Spanish ass (big as a Hereford bull, and milk-white like the Pope's palfrey, which was sent out to the New World for breed), and a dozen fat fowls in a hen-coop, a handsome present of my kind and considerate friend, Mr. Drummond-Hay, who warned me that the fare on board, though it might be abundant, would certainly not be dainty, and that for anything like luxuries I should have to rely on my own private resources. Under the same apprehension the Amer-

ican consul also sent on board for me a case containing twelve stone bottles of the best "Old Bourbon" whiskey,—a glass of grog, in his opinion, being the best preservative against sea-sickness.

Our voyage lasted fifty-two days. And, to sum up the sufferings of that long odyssey, I need only state that of all those four-footed or feathered living beings of which I have made the enumeration, not one was fated to reach our journey's end,—that the ass and fowls were starved, the monkey sickened and died, the dog went mad and jumped overboard. The very best evidence of the superior constitution of man to that of the dumb creation may be found in the fact that the officers and crew survived all the hardships of that ill-starred navigation, and that I am still here to tell the tale of it.

This was my first experience of the dreaded ocean wave. My cruises hitherto had been limited to the tideless sea. I had steamed along the coast from Genoa to Marseilles, and from Marseilles to Leghorn and Naples; I had crossed twice between Toulon and Bastia or Ajaccio in Corsica, and had been, more lately, wafted from Naples to Malta and Tangiers, on board his Sicilian majesty's man-of-war "*Principe Carlo*," an elegant brig carrying ten guns, and convoying the transport "*San' Antonio*," a heavy *gabarre*, laden with some hundred tons of sulphur, a present, or rather tribute, of his majesty of the Two Sicilies to the Emperor of Morocco. For even five years after the subjugation of Algeria that poor King Bomba still consented to bribe a piratical sovereign; and this backsheesh was intended to propitiate that Sultan's good will in behalf of his consul-general and obtain for him the imperial exequatur.

There was nothing very dreadful in my recollection of Mediterranean seafaring life. We had had sixteen days' contrary winds from Girgenti to Gibraltar, and I had proved myself an indifferent sailor. But we were surrounded with all the comfort and cleanliness of a first-class war-vessel, built expressly for the purposes of a royal yacht. We enjoyed the company of

the witty Admiral De Cosa and of his well-bred officers, and our table was supplied with all the luxury of an Italian cookery,—our patriotic feelings, when we could sit at table under the influence of a fresh breeze, not disposing us to find fault with the savory rice, or the macaroni swimming in tomato sauce, which constituted its rather too frequent ingredients.

But I was not prepared for the horrors that awaited me outside the Strait. No steamers had as yet ventured across the Atlantic; the mails and passengers were at that time conveyed from England to America by the excellent packet-ships of the Liverpool and Bristol Navigation Companies. But the passage-money charged by those fine sailing-ships was rather above my means, even without reckoning the additional expense of the land-journey between Gibraltar and the English harbor.

It was thus a necessity for me to sail directly from Gibraltar; and my choice of a vessel was limited, for the trade of France and Spain with the transatlantic ports was naturally carried on from their western coasts, and the Italian vessels, with no other outlet than the Strait, chose the early spring for their outward voyages, trusting in the prevalence of eastern breezes at that season; while the fruit-vessels from Malaga and all the eastern Spanish coast had to wait for the ripening of their goods, and to take their chance of the blustering autumn gales. My Genoese friend, Girolano Quartin, solemnly recommended a postponement of my departure, as the only vessels advertised at the time were these fruit-ships, which were of the worst and charged as high prices as the best. But a wilful man must have his way, and take the consequences. I had to pay eighty dollars for my passage, and went through the ordeal of all the horrors that may befall a man at sea,—minus shipwreck.

I went on board late in the evening of that memorable 15th of August, 1836, as the captain intended to weigh anchor at earliest dawn on the morrow. I was shown the way below into my state-room by the cook, and there left to grope in the dusk of that summer

twilight as I best could. The stench of that horrible hole was enough to take away my breath and sicken me even in harbor. Everything on which my hand rested felt greasy and clammy, nothing either on deck or in the hold having apparently ever been washed, scoured, or even dusted since the vessel was launched. I threw myself into my berth, boots and all, and never stirred throughout that night and nearly the whole of the following day, indifferent and almost insensible to all that was going on around me, and feebly but firmly repelling the well-meant attentions of the captain and steward, who came now and then to cheer me up, tempting me with offers of rashers of ham and bumpers of punch, all hot, and warning me that "if I gave in at first I should be laid up, helpless and miserable, to the end of the voyage."

Towards evening, however, that same day, following their advice, I "made an effort," got up and dragged myself on deck, still weak and queasy, and stood for an hour with both elbows resting on the bulwark, looking eastward, where the daylight still lingered on a faint outline of the coast; and I bade a mute farewell to the famous mountains towering up on either side of the Strait, above Cape Spartel on my right and Tarifa on the left,—the Abila and Calpe of the Old World.

I was out of it at last, and I had literally taken my leap in the dark. I had torn myself from my moorings, and was like a waif adrift in the ocean, with no other prospects on landing than to be launched into another unknown sea of troubles and dangers. I stood there gazing and musing for a long time, feeling stunned and appalled by the consciousness of the desperate resolution I had taken. But the thing was done: I was afloat; I must sink or swim. I walked across the deck. On the other side there was the after-glow of the sunlight smiling as it slowly faded on the western waves,—a heavenly smile, bidding me take heart and go forth with stout hope to meet the chances of the morrow.

It was not long, however, before my meditations

were broken in upon by the captain and mate, who introduced themselves with many apologies for their unavoidable absence on the ship's business, which had prevented their formally welcoming me when I came on board on the previous evening,—a ceremony, they added, for which there had subsequently been no opportunity while I was lying prostrate under that terrible marine scourge which makes a man loathe himself and the whole world besides. They trusted I should soon fully recover, and that the voyage, in which we were to be together probably for two or three weeks, would be satisfactory to me as it was sure to be to them.

This is all I was able to make out of their rather lengthy and rambling address, in which the words "feeling queer," "sea-legs," and "Boston gals," most frequently occurred, and which was to me a most hopeless jumble and rigmarole. For the little English I had at my disposal had been learned from books; and it was still with the utmost difficulty that I could follow my kind instructors, Mr. Thompson, a Scotch minister at Malta, and Mr. Taylor, the British chaplain at Tangiers, when they read aloud to me, slowly and distinctly, a few pages out of Goldsmith's "*Vicar of Wakefield*," or Washington Irving's "*Tales of a Traveller*,"—the first works in which I was made to spell out the language of Shakespeare.

I had only too soon ample opportunity to become acquainted with the peculiarities of these two worthy officers and of the five other individuals constituting with them the floating microcosm in which I found myself so helpless and utter a stranger.

The captain was a little man, hardly reaching the middle size, lean and lank, but tough and wiry, with sandy hair, a sallow complexion, fishy eyes, a hatchet face, and sour look, which reminded me of a crab-apple. He came up to the ideal I had, in my silly imagination, conceived of the typical Yankee,—a white-livered man, with all his blood turned to gall, and a natural intelligence hardened into low cunning. He was talkative, inquisitive, very curious about me, as "the first Eye-

talian," he said, "he had ever met that was not an organ-grinder or immidge-seller." He followed me up and down as I paced the deck, standing in my way, buttonholing me, and driving me into a corner, and entertained me by the hour in his close, sharp, jerky, New England sea-jargon, plying me with questions upon questions, little hoping to get an answer, little caring to be understood or listened to, the dialogue soon sinking to a pattering monologue, in which all I could make out was that, what with the bigness of his country, and Boston gals, mint-juleps and sherry cobbler, and dollars, and again dollars, and many dollars, I had only to wait till I came in sight of Sandy Hook, and would soon see what a Paradise "Merikey" would be for me.

His lieutenant or mate, Mr. Atkins, was a native of Great Britain,—a western man, Welshman or Cornishman, I believe,—of low stature but a powerful frame, a man between forty and fifty, dark and weather-beaten, with an expression of great energy and strong character in his face; not ill-natured, but quick-tempered, apt to break out in sudden and dangerous squalls of ungovernable passion. The crew of four sailors had been picked out of the common run of loose seamen in New York harbor. There were eight at the start; but half of them had been left behind at Malaga, being wanted by the Spanish police in consequence of a scuffle with the natives, in which blood was spilt. Of the remaining four, three were American-Irish; the fourth was a Swede, a tall, handsome man, with blue eyes, and a brow which might have befitted one of the old Norse sea-kings. The black cook and steward was a runaway slave from Georgia, black as ebony, much fagged and kicked about, but always grinning and singing, merry as a cricket. But all this crew—white men and black, sailors and officers—seemed to be perpetually at odds with one another, morning, noon, and night; and the swearing on board was as incessant and awful as that of "our army in Flanders."

No amount of oaths, however, had power to hasten our progress. The "Independence" was described in

the advertising sheets as a "clipper;" and she was perhaps not a badly-built boat. But she was not copper-bottomed; she had not been in dock for several years, and was foul with barnacles, which considerably lessened her speed. Captain Ellis, anxious to avoid an unnecessary struggle with adverse elements, and hoping, if he went down to a lower degree of latitude, to fall in with the trade-winds which seldom fail at certain seasons of the year, steered to the southwest till we reached Teneriffe in the Canary Islands; then he made his way back to Madeira, and farther up to the Azores,—veering and tacking right and left at random, as I thought, little heeding the remarks of the mate, with whom he had high words on the subject. For, as I learned afterwards, the mate had at least the experience of many years' service, though in a subordinate capacity; while the captain had never been in command, never crossed the Atlantic in any former voyage, his employment having been limited to the coasting-trade, hardly ever a hundred miles beyond Cape Cod. Strange to say, it was not yet customary in America to exact from the masters of merchant-vessels a certain course of studies in a nautical school or an examination proving their practical proficiency and entitling them to an officer's rank. The mercantile marine in the United States was (at that time, for I believe there has been some change since) established on thorough free-trade principles. It was for the owners and merchants or for the shipping agents to see to whom they intrusted their vessels and cargoes; it was for the passengers to consider in whose hands they would venture their lives.

We went thus throughout the latter end of August alternating between light contrary winds and dead calm, broiling in a semi-tropical sun, and following a zigzag line in which there seemed to be as much regress as progress. The novelty of the situation soon wore off. The sublimity of all that boundless expanse of water, the balminess of that free atmosphere at daybreak, the gorgeousness of those vivid tints in the autumnal sunset, the distant view of a grand frigate or

Indiaman in full sail, the sudden visit of a flying-fish gasping on deck, or that of an albatross hovering round us, or the tumbling and gambolling of a herd of porpoises in our wake, all the sights and incidents making up the delights and diversions of a seafaring life soon began to pall upon me, and all I felt was its sameness and solitude, its forced silence and inaction, its dirt and discomfort. After a week's fasting on sardines and biscuits, I tried to sit at table in the captain's cabin with the two officers, and to partake of the beans and bacon, Irish stews, and suet puddings that were served up by the steward as the ordinary noontide meal. But I had barely taken my place when I was seized round the neck by two black hands and hairy arms, and felt on my face the hot breath from a chattering mouth close to my ears. I turned and jumped up not a little startled, and found it was Jack, the captain's horrid monkey, who resented my intrusion into what was his habitual chair at the state dinner. A smart whack of the captain's whip soon freed me from the monster's hug, but he instantly flew at a bound from the chair upon the table itself, uttering piercing shrieks, and stood there triumphant, grimacing and gibbering, treading and even squatting freely on the dishes, upsetting decanters and cruet-stands, helping himself out of his master's plate, and reminding me of the foul harpies as they pounced and gorged on the viands in Phineus's banqueting-hall, ravaging the well-spread board, defiling and corrupting what they did not devour.

I rushed up on deck with a lump at my throat as if I was choking, sick, and mad with impotent wrath, while volleys of mutual upbraidings and savage oaths were interchanged between the two remaining below,—the mate vowing he would throttle the nasty irrepressible brute, Jack, the captain declaring that he would retaliate by shooting his lieutenant's terrier, though poor Snap was a well-behaved, inoffensive little cur, crouching patiently and humbly under his master's seat, seldom venturing to call attention to his wants by a piteous whine, and only showing himself when put through

his paces and bidden to stand up on his hind legs and beg.

For my own part, I could not, of course, be expected to renew the revolting experiment. Whenever an hour of smooth sea allowed me to rise from the horrors of my berth and the stifling seclusion of the state-room, I sat on deck and forced myself to swallow such scraps of food as the cook could be coaxed to serve up, usually crusts of hard biscuit and hunches of salt fish or meat. I was fortunately never very dainty or particular about my food, for a strong appetite, a blunt sense of smell and taste, early habits, and the necessities of a wandering life had taught me to eat heartily whatever was laid before me, whether hot or cold, over- or underdone, the only condition being that there should be nothing unclean, whereas on board of the "Independence" uncleanness was all-pervading.

We had, in the mean while, reached the end of August. The captain, who, on leaving the Strait, had unnecessarily, as it appeared to me, wandered too far south, seemed now bent on repairing his mistake by running with as little reason or discretion in the opposite direction. Both himself and his mate made up their logs, took regular observations of the sun at noon, and calculated the distances; but they had no chronometers, and they showed throughout a frantic eagerness to go out of their way to have speech of such craft as happened to meet us,—a circumstance, as I afterwards understood, which might have suggested a suspicion that they had lost their reckoning of the degree of longitude and were uncertain as to the extent of their westward progress. The days rapidly waxing shorter, the cooling temperature, and a more intense calmness after sunset, ought to have warned them that they had reached a higher latitude, and that they must prepare themselves for a change in the weather.

On the 5th of September,—I am not sure of the date, though I have good reason to remember it,—at the close of day, there was a wonderful stillness in the air; the broad Atlantic wave heaved and subsided as softly and smoothly as the bosom of a sleeping beauty; and

we were all on deck, the men awed into silence, sitting with their arms crossed on their breasts, and I very nearly lulled to sleep by the lazy rocking of the weary vessel, when something like a film gathered round the crimson disk of the declining sun, and a little black cloud—the merest speck, “no bigger than a man’s hand”—cast its ominous shadow on the western waters. Presently a faint moan diffused itself through that still atmosphere, and darkness settled on the face of the deep. The captain and mate looked at each other with a significant nod. The boatswain’s whistle was heard; and before we were many minutes older, we were scudding on the wings of the wind, under closely-reefed canvas, flying at a rate of which that poor cranky “Independence” could never have been thought capable.

We were in for the equinoctial tempests!

Soon the breeze freshened to a gale, the gale rose to a hurricane. It drove huge, dense masses of storm-clouds before it, the roar of the wind blending with the growl of the thunder which they nursed in their bosom, its violence whirling and driving through the air the big rain-drops and the heavy hailstones with which they were laden.

More than an hour elapsed before I could tear myself from the appalling yet fascinating sight of that sudden commotion. But by this time the sea was up; the waves rose mountain-high; they danced madly around us; they dashed against us, broke upon us, slapping us in the face with a thump that forced our frail bark to recoil, rearing and shivering, and pouring in a warm flood which swept again and again over us, threatening to wash everything, and at any rate poor helpless me, overboard.

I rose with reluctance, made my way abaft, along the bulwark, clinging to it like grim death, then tottered across those few feet of the deck with outstretched arms to reach the companion-way; and down I went into that foul sink of all uncleanness below, which was my only refuge, yet merely the thought of which was sufficient to asphyxiate and sicken me to death.

I can hardly say how long I had been lying there,

slowly sinking into that comatose state which resembled and came near—yet was not—insensibility, when I was startled and shaken by a terrific lurch, which hurled me from my berth to the floor, and gave me the impression that the end of all things was at hand. We had shipped a sea.

Our man at the helm had run full tilt into a mighty wave,—a monster wave,—which seemed for a moment to swallow and sink us. There was a terrific rush of water; the flood made its way down the steps and through the hatches, which the men had neglected to make fast; down came the deluge, invading the captain's cabin, overrunning the state-rooms on its right and left, where I and the mate had our sleeping-quarters, and filling our very berths. There ensued a loud rattle and clatter of shattered crockery, a swimming about of chairs and tables, a round dance with *chassez-croisez* of all movable furniture,—till a wretched stool knocked me on the head where I had fallen, and where I lay stunned and bewildered, and drenched through the blankets and clothes even to the skin.

The end of things was not yet, however. The wave passed. The brave ship "Independence" righted herself, shook herself, and stood out, like a spaniel throwing up his forepaws and flapping his ears; and on she struggled, sobered and cautioned, but undaunted, on her course.

For three days and three nights there was no abatement in the war of elements. I picked myself up, not without a great effort, went back to my berth, tucked and propped myself in to guard against the chance of new catastrophes, and there I remained for three days and three nights, prostrate in all that wet, helpless and motionless, my back aching, my elbows bruised by the recent fall, listening to the howling winds, the churning waters, the snapping of the sails, the rattle of the blocks and ropes of the overstrained rigging, the plaintive notes and measured tramp of the men as they tacked, the harsh voices and withering blasphemies of their commanders inveighing against the slowness and stupidity of those "d——d lubbers." There was I, all

alone and inactive in the midst of that anxious bustle, with no strength to stir, no breath to call out, no one to hear or heed me however loud I might call.

A blessing on sea-sickness! It is an illness that cures all other ailments; a horror that deadens the sense of all other horrors. I had only to lie still, to close my eyes, and against all thoughts, all fears, all sufferings, I found relief in a lethargy that amounted to suspended animation. Great has been at all times with me the power of sleep. What with my love of the fresh morning air, my assiduous worship of the sun at its rise and setting, and my habit of moonlight rambling, I must plead guilty of having too often burnt the candle at both ends; and I ran up on the score of my night rest a long bill with Nature, for which she only could, and did actually repay, herself with interest when she caught me in bed with some of the ills that our flesh is heir to. For measles and mumps and other juvenile complaints, sleep was always my best, my only doctor; and as, after leaving the nursery, it was, thank heaven! very seldom that anything ailed me on land, Nature had to wait till she had me in her power at sea, when, after a few hours' agony, sea-sickness subsided into a dozing stupor, acting both on physical and moral sufferings with the all-killing influence of magnetism or chloroform. I had a three days' and three nights' nap.

From that long death-like trance I might, perhaps, never have waked had there not been something like a truce in the din amidst which I lost consciousness. But on the fourth day, at earliest dawn, there seemed to be a lull in the storm. I missed the heavy rolling of the ship, and was startled by the awful silence around me. I stood up, jumped on my feet to the floor, still drowsy and dazed, wondering where we were, what had become of us. I groped and tottered up the steps, and reached the deck, where an unexpected sight awaited me. The horizon had shrunk within a few yards' compass, leaving but a slice of deep-blue sky visible, with the sickle of the waning moon, and Venus as a morning star sparkling in the

west. We lay for one moment, helpless, as it seemed, in a deep hollow, jammed in between two enormous waves, reared up in the shape of two great mountain-masses, on the top of one of which, on our right, a large gull or sea-eagle poised himself on his outspread wings: we were in the trough of the sea. One moment later we surged slowly on the top of the wave. There was evidently a change in the weather. The wind had fallen, but the waves were as yet only imperceptibly subsiding.

I looked round. On the deck was perfect solitude. The men had furled every rag of their sails; they had lashed their helm to the bulwark, and allowed their vessel to drift like a log.

Poor fellows! They had done all that man's courage and endurance—and strong drink—could achieve. They were exhausted, half starved, wet to the skin, overpowered by sleep. They had sunk into that apathy that comes of despair. The four sailors had slunk away and gone below one by one, followed by the captain. In the launch hanging astern lay Mr. Atkins, the mate, with his faithful dog at his feet on one side, and Cato, the black cook, on the other,—all fast asleep. Over all of us was the Sailor's Providence,—that "sweet little cherub," of whom Dibdin sang, "that sits up aloft to watch o'er the life of poor Jack."

At noon of the same day the sea had gone down; we were in a perfect calm. All hands were up, every man in his place,—the helmsman at the wheel, the men aloft, the captain and the mate walking fore and aft, the cook relighting his fire in the galley. Every one had put on his fine-weather look. Presently the sails were set; they flapped lazily in a faint northwestern breeze. But, alas! that breeze soon veered to the west and southwest. Towards evening the fatal little black dot on the horizon warned us that our troubles were not over yet.

But why should I prolong the woful tale? For nearly three weeks we had to run the gauntlet of those fearful autumnal squalls. It was always the same story. There was stillness in the air and water for a

few hours every morning; but every evening seemed to unchain all the fiends of the sea apparently bent on our destruction. We did not split, however; we did not founder: we escaped with merely the fear of it. At the end of the three weeks the fury of the elements was at last thoroughly spent, and we were allowed to proceed slowly but safely on our course. We had now full time to count up our losses and realize all the awkwardness of our situation. The captain had reckoned on the average month's passage, and was very scantily prepared even for that. All his fresh provisions, meat and vegetable, had been used up even before the gale set in. The same was the case with the grain for my twelve fat fowls, whose coop was now empty, though not one of them had been killed for the table; one by one those starved birds had followed the donkey and the monkey overboard. My Bourbon whiskey had also disappeared, but had at least not been wasted; for when the cook uncorked one bottle and offered me a drop of it for a cordial, I pushed back the glass, bidding him "drink it himself," an order which he interpreted so literally that by the time I inquired after the liquor all the twelve bottles were dry, and the only doubt remaining was whether the blackie had been equal to the task of drinking them all himself, or had been aided in its accomplishment by some of the crew or officers. We had thus to fall back on our resources of salt beef or fish, and sailors' biscuits; but sea-water had broken into the stores and stove in the barrels. The bread was musty and literally rotten; the meat "alive." The smell of it was enough to knock a man down. I had lived almost exclusively on sleep throughout the rough part of the voyage, but was now wide awake; every trace of sea-sickness had left me, and keen was the edge of my appetite. I asked for coffee; it was all gone. Its substitute was an infusion of biscuit burnt to charcoal and pounded to fine black dust. I called for sugar; none remained, white or brown, but I could have "molasses." I bethought myself of the cargo of fruit that we had all safe under hatches. "Could I have a few dry figs or dates?" But the cap-

tain stared at me with horror. He would "die a thousand deaths ere he would touch anything intrusted to his seaman's honor."

The prospect was not cheering. I asked how long it might be before we reached New York. "How could he tell? He had lost all account of time and place." He showed me the log: $46^{\circ} 48'$ N. L.; $77^{\circ} 5'$ W. L. Prodigious! By his reckoning we were half-way across the American continent. The waters we crossed must be those of Lake Huron or Ontario!

There was a big book on the captain's table, Bowditch's "American Navigator." That and the Bible constituted all the library on board. I pored over the pages of that nautical guide, which, as far as I could spell through it, seemed to me a very creditable performance. It taught how the longitude could be ascertained by the phases of the moon, or by the position of Jupiter's satellites. I asked whether I could help him in his observations, and even tendered a powerful opera-glass, available in some degree for astronomical purposes. He answered gruffly that Bowditch was a humbug, and he never read a line of it.

I need hardly say how I lived through the remaining ten days of the voyage. The weather had become favorable, but the wind was light and fickle, and our progress was slow to the very end. Adversity had soured the temper of men and officers; the quarrelling was incessant, the language shocking; I even saw knives drawn, though no blood was actually spilt. I lay down on deck day and night, wrapped in blankets, reading when I did not slumber. Sleep was to some extent a luller of hunger, as it had been of nausea; but I am bound to confess that before long "fasting got the mastery of horror," and I ate of the nastiness of that salt beef and biscuit, and drank of that coffee, sweetened with treacle, with an eagerness which an alderman at his turtle-feast might have envied.

At last, after a good deal of beating about north and south, we fell in with a Cape Cod pilot, who brought us in sight of Sandy Hook and Highland Neversink, and steered us to one of the wharves on the New York

East River. It was the 7th of October. The whole bay and the banks of the river on all sides were blushing with that variety of vivid tints which gives the autumnal foliage of a North American landscape a brilliancy unknown to our richest Old World woodland scenery. New York harbor must look like a fancy picture to any one landing there after a prosperous voyage. To me after so much suffering it was a haven of bliss.

For the "Independence," the end of the navigation was as disastrous as the whole run had been. As we came up to the landing-place, the pilot, of course, had the command or guidance of the ship; the captain was at the wheel, steering. A little yacht, moored to the pier-head, stood in our way. The pilot, as he thought and stated, called out "Starboard;" and the order, if obeyed, would have carried us clear of the little craft. But the captain, as he contended, heard or understood "Larboard," and he went plump at the yacht, crushing its bow against the square blocks of the granite pier.

There ensued a great hubbub, and confused clamor of voices. The pilot and our captain threw upon one another the blame of that blundering mishap. The man in charge of the yacht, with many of the bystanders, boarded us, breathing vengeance upon the d——d lubberly bunglers, and claiming heavy damages. The police interfered, and I, fearing I might be pulled up and brought into court as a witness on a matter where I could give no opinion, threw my luggage on the shoulders of two wharf-porters who solicited my custom in negro Yankee-French, and jumped after them, never stopping even to utter a hearty curse on the wretched vessel, which could not have done worse for me than it had, unless it had actually gone down to Davy's locker with me.

Half an hour later, ten o'clock A.M., I was seated in an upper room of one of the great hotels in Broadway, —the New York Hotel, if I well remember,—the black waiter volunteering the welcome information that "feeding-time" was one o'clock in the afternoon.

CHAPTER III.

THE NEW WORLD.

New York—Broadway—A hotel dinner—A volunteer guide—Useless letters—New York to Boston—Edward Everett—Cold comfort—An Italian evening—Gloomy thoughts in a bright moonlight.

I WENT out into Broadway, and was soon borne along by the crowd on the wide granite footpaths, following the tide which set in on one side towards Union Square, on the other to the Battery. New York might at that time be described as a town with one street. Broadway was its only real thoroughfare, with the Bowery as an appendage. I had seen nothing like it, unless it might be the Toledo at Naples,—a street which might boast ten times the noise but not half the actual movement of this transatlantic Babylon. I walked twice or three times from end to end, gazing at that long row of big hotels, at the muster of staring shop-windows, at the odd medley of Grecian colonnades and Dutch gables in front of the many banking- or “meeting”-houses, listening vacantly to the incessant ocean-like roll of omnibuses, hackney-coaches, and heavy-laden vans of that busiest of human ant-hills.

The impression of novelty, however, was not very deep, and soon wore off. I thought too much of my own affairs at that time not to have something of the feelings of the Doge of Genoa at the Grand Monarch’s court. What struck me as the wonder of wonders in the place was “to see myself there.”

“What!” I said to myself, “was I really in America,—alone in a world to which I came unbidden, unexpected, utterly unknown, with barely the most rudimental acquaintance with its language, and no knowledge of its ways, its laws and customs,—without one friend, with credentials the value of which was yet to be tested, and with only forty poor dollars in my

pocket?" I looked at everybody I met; and the multitude of those blank, uninteresting, unsympathizing faces chilled and dismayed me. I had been awakened early as we came in sight of land, had tasted no food or drink, had not sat down one minute, as I was busy packing. A little faintness and fatigue, a little drooping and misgiving, must seem only too natural. How often at sea had I felt that, what with heavy gales and bad seamanship, the "Independence" would come to grief! And, now, could I congratulate myself on my escape? Could I foresee what tempests awaited me on shore? But my spirits soon revived. I had come to sink or swim. At sea I had not foundered; on shore I should not perish.

I re-entered the hotel with a firm step, and walked into the bar, through which was the way to the dining-hall. It wanted a quarter to one o'clock, and it was only a minute or two before the hour struck, that the business-men of Wall Street and the Stock Exchange began to troop in, and huddled together at the still closed doors, waiting for the rush by which Americans of that class used at that time to take their public dining-tables by storm. In I went with the rest, and took my place in a corner near the door, whence I could survey what was to me a novel scene.

Before me all over the long table were huge joints of meat and dishes of smoking hashes and stews, with all the usual profusion of vegetables, potato, cabbage, "squash," hominy, apple and cranberry tart, and other dainties for which America is noted, and with which every plate was piled up before it was handed over to the consumer. The waiters (they were all negroes at that hotel) went round to each guest, who pointed out by words and signs the various items of the fare to which he wished to be helped, for "they saw their dinner." One of these blackies came to me and uttered some words which might have been Caffre or Ashantee for aught I could make out; another followed, and a third with the same effect. At last they held a brief consultation among themselves and laid before me a plateful of their own choice, an *omnium gatherum* with

which I had little reason, and, hungry as I was, no inclination, to find fault.

Some minutes elapsed before I took my eyes off my plate. But, ravenously as I was eating myself, I perceived that I could keep no pace with my neighbors, who bolted the manifold contents of their plates in about ten minutes, when most of them got up, always in the same hot haste, and left the room. These, I supposed, were mere clerks and the small fry of the Stock Exchange. But some of their elders and "betters"—oil-merchants, tea-dealers, wholesale ironmongers, dry-goods men, and general outfitters, with all the hierarchy of rising financiers,—"*fortunati, quorum jam mœnia surgunt*," or, in plain words, whose fortunes were half made,—all these tarried behind, moved up to the other end of the table, sat down with a sigh of relief, and there was a call for madeira. No other drink than water had appeared on the board during the repast. But wine, nuts, almonds, etc., came in now as dessert. Madeira was at that time the American's nectar. It rose to absurdly extravagant prices—twelve dollars—at the great hotels. But at auctions wine that had twice or more sailed round the Cape would fetch even double that money. The guests were apparently all friends, and as each bottle was uncorked, the one who called for it sent it round to his cronies near and far, and there was nodding and hobnobbing all round. But there was no exhilaration or excitement. It was all quiet, silent swilling, without even the pretext of conviviality.

I took no wine, but sat still looking around me, watching the people's ways, not without amusement, when I became aware that my next neighbor's glass was also empty, and had seemingly no chance of being filled, the man's only business evidently being to abide there and stare at me. He was a little scrubby fellow in a threadbare suit, who in Europe might have been taken for a dissenting minister, a schoolmaster, or a bankrupt undertaker, but whose business in this new country I was then at a loss to guess, and have yet even now to learn. As I turned to him, and, catching

his eye, slightly nodded, he took heart to address me in a flow of words from which I could only make out that he perceived I was a stranger, and volunteered his assistance. He gave his name as Peter C. Sconce. I have always flattered myself on my gifts as a physiognomist. I scanned his countenance for about half a minute, and concluded that I might trust him. I made him understand that I had no friends or connections in America, but that I was the bearer of good letters of introduction; and, ushering him into my room on the upper floor, I laid before him my budget. I had five letters for Boston and as many for New York. Of these latter one was for the Honorable Hosea R. Thompson, a member of the Senate at Washington,—a great and influential personage as Sconce averred, and who resided, when in New York, at our own hotel, but who had just “embarked for his European tour on the first of that very month.” The other letter was addressed to Walter H. Ingram, Esquire, without any other designation. We looked out the name in the New York directory. There were several Ingrams; two Walter Ingrams; but only one Walter H. Ingram. His address was “77, India Wharf,” or, as my kind guide pronounced it, “Injia hhhwaourf,” rolling it twice or three times through his nose.

We had a very fatiguing journey to the wharf, and a great deal of trouble looking for No. 77; but here at last was the name, Walter H. Ingram, written on a little tinman, painter, and glazier's shop in an out-of-the-way corner; and here was our man,—not an “esquire,” but only a humble mechanic, quite at my service if I wanted any job in his line, but who had never heard the name of the writer of the letter, and could not accept the said letter as intended for himself.

Back we went to the hotel, hired a hackney-coach to drive up to the two Walter Ingrams, and, next, to the other Ingrams, and came back after several hours' bootless quest, satisfied that my friend the American consul in Morocco had written—or, at least, addressed—that letter after dinner, when he was not responsible for his doings. There was no such man known either

among the New York Ingrams or among their numerous and, to them, well-known kindred elsewhere.

I had now enough of New York. In the evening I took leave of my kind assistant and guide, Peter C. Sconce, who seemed greatly surprised and half offended when I slipped two dollars between his fingers; and on the morrow I had myself conveyed to the early boat that took me to Providence, Rhode Island, and there I was just in time for the night train of one of the first railway-lines opened for traffic in either hemisphere. And thus, after a twenty-four hours' journey by sea and land, I reached Boston, and alighted on the steps of the Tremont House.

After a hurried breakfast, I went down to the hotel bar and made the necessary inquiries about the gentlemen whose acquaintance I was anxious to make. This time there were no difficulties to be met. Mr. Everett was the governor of the State of Massachusetts, and his residence was at Charlestown, a popular suburb of Boston, across the estuary of the river Charles, a place easily to be reached by omnibus.

I need not lose much time in a description of the person or character of the Honorable Edward Everett, as he was for several years in London, as United States minister to the court of St. James, and must now be well remembered by all who had the honor of his acquaintance. He was at the time forty-two years old, tall, flat-chested, with a white complexion, large, prominent eyes, a stately forehead, a bland, grave countenance. He spoke with the purest English accent, and was remarkable for his sedate, well-bred, but somewhat stiff, overdone English reserve. Like many of the most polished Americans I have known, he seemed to labor under a double restraint: he was too anxious to keep his feelings under control; too much afraid of falling into some Yankee solecism of idiom or manner.

He had been brought up at Harvard College, or University, where in early youth he was appointed Greek professor. But extreme diffidence, love of knowledge, or ambition, prompted him to exchange his place

as a teacher for that of a student, and he proceeded from Cambridge, Massachusetts, to Göttingen, where he resided for several years, and whence he only came back after a prolonged European tour.

With that wonderful versatility that seems to fit every American for a jack-of-all-trades and master of many, Mr. Everett, on his return to New England, gave up the professor's chair, which had been kept vacant for him, for a preacher's pulpit, and became a minister of the Unitarian persuasion or sect, then the fashionable and morally dominant form of Christianity in his native community.

He achieved an almost unprecedented popularity as a sacred orator, and I shall never forget my friend Miss Dwight, and other ladies, whose eyes filled with tears at the bare recollection of the "sweet white hand" which the young divine waved in the air in the most thrilling moments of his heart-winning perorations,—a painful recollection; for, after achieving complete success, he gave up the cure of souls, and betook himself to a political career, both he and his brother Alexander being returned as members of the House of Representatives at Washington.

Mr. Edward Everett was thought to have improved his fortunes by his marriage with a daughter of Peter C. Brooks, one of the wealthiest Boston merchants; but he continued to live in his usual modest and frugal style; and it was in a house of no great pretensions that I found him, even now, when he had risen to the highest position as governor of his native State.

He met me with consummate courtesy, walking half-way across the room, holding in his left hand the card and letter of introduction I had sent up to him, while the right pressed mine with a benevolent, but not what might be called a hearty, squeeze. He showed the way to the fireplace, motioned me to a chair, welcomed me to America, put a few questions about Italy, about my travels, etc., then, looking very grave, and somewhat concerned, he proceeded to business:

"I must tell you, sir, that I am not a little at a loss to make out Mr. Consul Leib's meaning. He sends you

here, he says, because he is aware we are in want of an Italian professor at Harvard, and he deems you highly qualified for the office. But the fact is, we have, and have had for several years, not a professor, but a teacher of Italian at our Cambridge, and that is your countryman, Mr. Pietro Bachi, a highly accomplished gentleman, with whom I shall be most happy to make you acquainted. There are only teachers of modern languages at our University, and above them all we appoint a Professor of General Continental European Literature,—a place now filled by Mr. Longfellow, who has succeeded Mr. George Ticknor."

He looked at me when he had spoken, but I had no words to answer; I was grieved, but hardly disappointed, by the downfall of my hopes in that quarter; for my vain search after the apocryphal Walter H. Ingram at New York had greatly shaken my confidence in the sense and information of Mr. Consul Leib. I felt now, as I had expected, that it would not be without a hard struggle that I could obtain a footing on this slippery and stubborn though on the whole friendly and hospitable Yankee-land.

I sat silent for two or three minutes, looking down at the fender, but at last raised my eyes to the governor's face and spoke up boldly:

"Then, if I understood your Excellency, all I have to do is to go back to the place I came from."

He looked as if such a resolution on my part would be a great relief to him. He was not a little embarrassed, to be sure; but his innate kindness did not allow him to take me at my word and rid himself of all trouble on such easy terms.

"I should be very sorry," he said, softening his voice to almost tenderness, "if I had said anything discouraging. But I am sure your coming to this country was the act of your own deliberate will. You have seen nothing of it as yet: I think you should give it a trial. There is room for everybody in this vast continent; and you belong to a class of men, as Mr. Leib writes, of whom we are particularly in need. Your best course is to settle among us and just feel your way."

He then turned the conversation from the painful topic. We went back to our talk about my country, the study of languages, Greek literature, etc., etc. Though he was a great linguist, it was only in cases of extreme necessity that he spoke in any other language than his own,—his principle being that if one of the talkers was to be embarrassed and at a disadvantage it should be rather his interlocutor than himself; whilst for my own part I was glad that such was his choice, as when any language has to be murdered I always prefer that it should be any other than mine. But he spoke so slowly and distinctly that I lost not one word of what he said, and, strange enough, I found it easy to make myself understood; for so strong is in me the magnetism of sympathy that I seemed, as he spoke, to catch both his grammar and his accent, just as I caught that of Captain Ellis on board the "Independence," and that of Peter C. Sconce at the New York Hotel. It is a chameleon-like sympathy that makes it even difficult for me to converse with a stutterer without echoing and involuntarily seeming to mimic his stuttering.

I was so delighted with him that, when at last I stood up to take leave, I had forgotten my errand and laid aside every thought of my troubles. He recalled me to my senses by asking my address, and bidding me wait one minute while he wrote a line to introduce me to my countryman, Signor Pietro Bachi.

"One moment, your Excellency," I said, as he was taking up the pen and referring to my card. "I beg you to introduce me under my real name."

"Luigi Mariotti," he read. "Is it not that?"

"It is not," I replied. "Has not Mr. Leib's letter explained all?"

For I had told Mr. Leib, and every one in Tangiers was aware, that the name of Mariotti had only been assumed three years before when I wished to re-enter Italy from Switzerland, my own name being then under the ban, and that I had been obliged to stick to that pseudonyme both at Naples and wherever I was domesticated with the family of the Neapolitan consul,

because he, although a Liberal, was also a functionary of King Bomba, and might have been compromised by harboring a political refugee, had he not at least endeavored to save appearances. Mr. Leib was fully acquainted with the circumstances, and when I begged him to drop my *alias* and write down my real name, though he observed that "One name would be as good as another in America," he had promised to comply with my request. But by the time he wrote his letters he had apparently forgotten everything about it.

"Luigi Mariotti," the governor repeated: "it is so written here." And he showed me the consul's letter.

I had to go once more through the awkward explanation; but I perceived, to my great dismay, that it was not altogether satisfactory, and that, as Mr. Leib's testimony was evidently of little value, my statements did not convey as strong a conviction to the governor's mind as their truthfulness fully deserved. I had evidently fallen fifty per cent. in this good man's estimation.

"Mr. Leib was decidedly wrong," he observed, coldly. "But you must perceive that he leaves me no choice in the matter. You will easily account for the circumstances when you have established your position in the country, when, indeed, as Mr. Leib told you, one name will be as good as another: Mr. Bachi himself labored when he came here under the same difficulties. His real name is Batolo."

The line for Mr. Bachi was soon written, and the governor accompanied me to the door with punctilious but somewhat frigid ceremony, tendering me not the whole hand but only the fore and middle finger, as if he had been a Pope blessing me.

Pietro Bachi lived in Brattle Street, then a low locality, given up to pawnbrokers, gin-shops, and coach-and omnibus-offices. He was a Sicilian of good family, and had left Palermo for some cause which he did not choose to explain. Landing in Boston, he had taken at once to the business of a teacher of languages, as Piero Maroncelli and some of his fellow-prisoners re-

leased from Spielberg had done before him. Unlike their Neapolitan neighbors, the Sicilians have true gentlemanly instincts, and their address is generally more winning than that of the Italians of any other province. Bachi was, besides, a well-educated man; he won at once a very extensive popularity, published a thoroughly good grammar, and was held in high esteem as a scholar. He had had, indeed, the misfortune of being entrapped into a low marriage with a woman who deserted him, but not before she had inoculated him with her own inordinate propensity for drink. By this he had, of course, considerably lost his footing in the best society; but it had hardly affected his professional interests. He kept his place as a teacher in Harvard University, and, though he lived in solitary indulgence in the evening, as he took good care never to forget himself in the daytime, men were willing to ignore a failing from which not a very large majority of the male sex in America were in those days entirely exempt.

I found him at his lodgings, as I expected, at one o'clock in the afternoon, then the usual dinner-time for the Bostonians, and just as he was about to proceed to a French restaurant where he usually took his meals. He showed great eagerness to honor the governor's credentials, assured me the sight and voice of a countryman was the greatest treat that fell to his lot in this land of the *Amari Cani* (a wretched pun for *Americani*), and, coming to the point, he wished me the fullest success in the teacher's business, informing me that there was already another Italian in Boston employed in the same capacity, but adding that there would be ample room for us all, "the more the merrier."

We thus walked and talked together as far as the door of his restaurant, where he muttered something about "the honor of my company;" but, seeing in my face little disposition to accept a dinner-invitation on so slight an acquaintance, he gave the sentence a different turn to what he had intended, and simply "craved the honor of my company at his poor lodgings between eight and nine in the evening, when he would ask the

colleague and friend he had mentioned, by name Pietro d'Alessandro, like himself a native of Palermo, to meet me."

I accepted, and went again to Brattle Street punctually at eight, wishing to have a few minutes *tête-à-tête* with him before his other visitor dropped in. I found him seated at his writing-table, in the midst of many books, and having on his left hand a sideboard on which were arranged half a dozen tumblers, with three decanters labelled "Rum," "Gin," and "Whiskey," while a kettle of hot water was hissing on the hob of the chimney-grate near him.

He asked me "what I would take," in the regular Yankee fashion; and as to please him I was pouring only a few drops of whiskey into my glass, he tilted up my elbow with a good-humored smile, telling me I knew nothing of that bitter New England climate which, were it not for a drop of something warm inside, would soon be the death of me.

"Do not think me a sot," he added, a cloud of sadness momentarily darkening his brow; "I never drink more than is good for me,—at least not while I am in good company. The mischief is, what is a man to do all by himself in the dull long hours of a New England winter evening?"

Poor man! And he already bore on his face the unmistakable traces of the ravages of that insidious enemy which was to cut him off at no distant period, still in the prime of life. Our tumblers being drained, we lighted our cigars and proceeded to business. The first step to be taken, if I wished for employment as a teacher, my friend said, was to advertise.

"Advertise," I said; "as if I were a quack or a mountebank!"

"Advertise," he repeated. "Do you think we are in Italy? Merit with us likes to hide its candle under a bushel. Our proverb is, 'A buon vino non occorre frasca;' but here men act upon our other adage: 'In bocca chiusa non entrano mosche.' How do you expect people to come and buy of you, if they do not know you have something to sell?"

Thus saying, he laid before me a paper on which he had written :

“ A CARD.

“ An Italian gentleman, a graduate of the University of Parma, highly qualified by his manifold accomplishments and by a long practice of tuition, attends private pupils and classes at boys’ schools, ladies’ academies, etc. References: Hon. Edward Everett, Hon. Josiah Quincy, and Pietro Bachi, LL.D., Italian instructor in Harvard University. Address L. M., No. 110, Tremont House, Boston.”

“ That I call blowing my own trumpet,” said I.

“ Who do you expect will blow it for you?” he answered.

“ Besides,” I insisted, “ Governor Everett? President Quincy? How can I refer to these gentlemen before consulting them and asking their permission?”

“ Oh, that is mere formality,” he explained. “ Nobody will ever trouble those gentlemen about you. Besides, have you not letters for them? Did not Mr. Everett already recommend you to me? It is the custom here, I tell you.”

“ But I have not even seen Mr. Quincy.”

“ But you will see him to-morrow. We will call upon him together at Cambridge,” he concluded, cutting short the discussion; and, ringing the bell, he gave the “ card” to the maid-of-all-work, who answered the summons, bidding her take it to the editor of the “ Boston Daily Courier,” adding his compliments and a couple of dollars of mine, paying for three insertions, and begging that the announcement should appear in his columns on the following morning.

That being despatched, he took upon himself the task of a jovial entertainer, and did it with that buoyancy and raciness of humor, with that flow of never-flagging spirits, with that mixture of wisdom and buffoonery, which make many of my countrymen the most amusing diners out,—in male company. Half an hour later the other invited guest came in. He was

a perfect contrast to the host,—somewhat younger, better-looking, neater in dress, and more reserved in manner. He seemed suited to play the part of *Il Penseroso* in any comedy in which Bachi should personify *L'Allegro*. D'Alessandro had been in his own country a poet by trade,—a romantic, tragic, and elegiac poet. But, having been driven abroad as a political exile, he had hoped a broker's business might prove more profitable; and, having obtained the exequatur as vice-consul of one of the South American republics, he wasted at the Stock Exchange all the hours he could spare from his employment as a teacher of languages. That his hand, trained by the Muses, had not forgot its cunning, he however proved by the publication of a poem in Italian blank verse, entitled "*Monte Auburno*,"—a pathetic illustration of the garden cemetery of Boston, the pride of its citizens,—and a poem cast in the mould of Foscolo's classical work, "*I Sepolcri*," and not without some slight reminiscences of Gray's *Elegy*, but which obtained the honor of an English version and made the author's name deservedly popular.

In his private intercourse, as in his literary effusions, D'Alessandro was equally disposed to take the most dismal view of the things of this world. He was always in love and always hopeless, and as eloquent in his praises of some of the New England beauties as Captain Ellis in his rambling declamations about "*Boston gals*."

The ceremony of introduction having been performed, we sat, a happy trio, round the fire and made ourselves comfortable. Ninety-nine out of any hundred Italians you could meet at that period in their own country would be sure to be patriots, or, as the term then was, "*Liberals*." But out of their country they were all so, with hardly any exception. One might say of them, as Dante said of the Sardinians,—

"Their country is a theme whereof their tongue
Is never weary."

D'Alessandro and I were "*lambs strayed out of the sheepfold at feud with the wolves that ravished it*." Bachi was not, strictly speaking, a political exile.

With him, we were told, there had been "a lady in the case;" but in our way of thinking we were perfectly unanimous, the only point at issue being whether our worst enemies were the Austrians or the French, our princes, or the Pope and his priests. Where the agreement was so nearly complete, conversation would soon necessarily have fallen flat; but we allowed it to ramble over a variety of subjects, we warmed it up with desultory discussions, enlivened it with "quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles," giving it now a grave, now a merry turn, and carrying it on with that noise and warmth and expression of which the Italians alone seem capable, and even they only when they are among themselves.

For I may say, for my part, I have constantly observed that one of our people, however much his character may be modified by long domestication with men of alien race in all other respects, never fails to be the same man in his social intercourse with his own countrymen, whenever and wherever he may be thrown together with them, and however temporarily; that he never fails to become one of them for the time being, having as much to say, and saying it with the same clamorous, passionate eagerness and volubility as he ever evinced at home in early youth. And I see it in my own case, after a long life of "threescore years and ten," and an absence of half a century from the land of my birth; for while here in England I am voted a rather dull and "slow" companion, I hardly ever fall in with a knot of my country-people without undergoing a complete transformation and becoming at once what they call a "*Capo ameno*," my eye flashing, my voice pitched to the highest key, launching out through thick and thin, no matter on what topic, and so different from my usual tone and manner that my own good English wife herself declares that she hardly recognizes in the mercurial Italian that stands before her at those moments the slightest resemblance to the half-naturalized Englishman to whose silent, absent, and rather humdrum manner she has been accustoming herself for above a score of years.

And rarely were my spirits more elate than they were during the few hours of that evening entertainment in Brattle Street, my liveliness arising partly from natural relief after the seven or eight weeks' gloom of my recent navigation, partly from the fact that I was the latest arrival from the Old World and had most to say about its newest occurrences; so that on me necessarily fell the brunt of the conversation, and I could hardly help being carried away by the vastness and variety of my theme.

I can hardly remember ever having spent a more agreeable evening, ever having better enjoyed the luxury of hearing my own voice, ever having more thoroughly forgotten myself and my troubles.

It was only when we took leave long after midnight, and when, having walked with D'Alessandro part of the way towards his lodgings, I retraced my steps across the moonlit Boston Park, or "Common," to my hotel, that a reaction, and a collapse of my exuberant spirits, set in, and the thought of the utter precariousness of my situation assailed me.

I was all alone in my fight against that strange world, and with no other means to carry on the war than the paltry sixteen dollars with which I had arrived in Boston, some of which had that very evening managed to make themselves wings. And, after all, with what prospects? *Toujours marchand de participes!* Was it still only to be a teacher that I had all but quarrelled with my best friends, and turned my back upon a home where I had so long been living in clover?

CHAPTER IV.

A STUMBLE ON THE THRESHOLD.

A pupil and friend—A Boston boarding-house—A dainty widow—An American college—A fine old gentleman—Early rising and cold bathing—American women—Fascination—Destitution—An unfriendly yet salutary warning—A critical situation—A Job's comforter—A Good Samaritan—A begging adventure—Boston to Charlestown.

THE following morning rose under better auspices. Before the day was old, I had found a friend.

I was seated in my room, No. 110, Tremont House, after breakfast, spelling out my own advertisement in the still damp sheet of the "Boston Daily Courier," when a visitor was announced, and his card,

MR. CHARLES B. MILLS,

was laid before me.

He was a gentlemanly youth, apparently not more than twenty-two years old, with a frank, open countenance, unembarrassed and prepossessing manners, who, after shaking hands and taking the proffered chair, pointed to the newspaper on my table, and told me he had just read my "Card" the first thing as he got up, and had lost no time in finding me out, as he was anxious to become my pupil; and he wished, if I was disengaged, and so inclined, to take his first lesson that very morning.

He had, he proceeded to inform me, just finished his studies at Harvard College, and was about to be received as a junior partner in his uncle's, James K. Mills's, business in Union Street, and he was aware that Latin and Greek would be of little avail in his commercial career, and what he required was some acquaintance with modern languages. What he especially needed was French, as the universal means of communication between the European nations; and Spanish, because

his uncle's trade was with the Antilles and the South American republics; but he preferred to begin with Italian, as he knew its idioms came nearest to Latin, and must therefore be easiest to one who, like himself, had made the most of his learning at the grammar-school.

I had no books with me, but took pen, ink, and paper, and made him spell out a few words, and repeat two or three stanzas of Tasso's "Jerusalem," which I knew by heart, enabling him thus, with little effort, to get over the few difficulties of Italian pronunciation.

The lesson was easy, but it lasted an unconscionable time, because I had to do with a lively, ingenuous pupil, who flew off at a tangent from the matter before him, brought in endless extraneous subjects, asked questions, and volunteered information, so that before we had done we had become as thoroughly acquainted with each other's affairs as if we had been on the most intimate terms for years.

His uncle, he told me, was a wealthy West India merchant. He was a married man, but had no children and no other near relations than himself, Charles, and his two sisters, one of whom, Sarah, was the wife of Professor Percy, a mathematician of high renown, and the other, Harriet, still unmarried, who lived with her sister in Cambridge.

Presently one o'clock struck and the gong announced the hotel dinner. My pupil rose immediately, begged me to stand on no ceremony, added that he was a bachelor and lived by himself in lodgings in Summer Street, but that he took his meals at hotels and restaurants wherever he chanced to be, that "The Tremont" would do as well as any other, and that he should be happy if I would allow him to sit at table beside me and be one of the landlord's guests.

Dinner being over, we walked out together into Washington Street, stopped at Ticknor's book-store to buy grammars and dictionaries for my pupil's studies, and, as I had shown some distaste for the crowd and hubbub of hotel life, and agreed with him that what best might suit me was a private boarding-house in the

American fashion, we proceeded to Pearl Street, where he offered to introduce me to Miss Lekain, who, he told me, kept one of the best establishments of that description in the city.

Miss Lekain was a shrivelled but still active old lady, dressed in what people would now call "loud" colors, and wearing a golden wig that allowed no more of her natural hair to be seen than that of the Grand Roi Louis Quatorze by the time he was a great-grandfather. We found her seated in her drawing-room with a young lady in deep mourning, who was rocking herself in her chair with a book in her hand held up to her face, and who took no notice of us. This lady, Miss Lekain told us, as she showed me the room she had at my disposal, was Mrs. Dana (she pronounced Deney), the widow of a naval officer, and one of the loveliest women she had ever had in her house.

The terms with the landlady being settled, my friend, young Mills, left me at my hotel door, allowing me time to pack up my things, discharge my bill, and transfer myself to my new lodgings in Pearl Street, when in about half an hour he called again in his uncle's gig, offering to drive me out to Cambridge, where I should make the acquaintance of his sisters and of some of his fellow-students and friends.

We had a delightful afternoon. Cambridge is only three miles out of Boston, across the river Charles; a very small town at the time, with a few narrow streets all clustering together, and a number of detached or semi-detached houses round a common, in the centre of which rose two huge barrack-like buildings, constituting the main body of Harvard University. On the north side of the common stretched a line of white houses and gardens, bearing the name of Professors' Row, and at its end was the entrance to wooded grounds of some park-like pretension, embosomed in which was the residence of Mr. Andrews Norton, a retired Professor of Divinity.

All the houses, the university buildings, with their hall, chapel, museums, library, and observatory, were of wood, and called shingle houses, as were still many

of the edifices, both public and private, in the city of Boston itself.

As we drove into, and presently walked about, the college grounds, we met a crowd of youths, many of whom my friend pointed out, telling me their names, and to some of whom he stopped to introduce me. These were graduates, now staying at the college as tutors, lecturers, or proctors, some of them apparently too young for the office of professors, which they already filled with distinction.

We did not fall in with Longfellow on that day, but went past Cragie House, a famous spot, already well known for some of its former tenants,—General Washington, for one; and a fine mansion, with a lawn in front, shaded by magnificent New England elms with long drooping branches; a place one could hardly pass without feeling he was treading on hallowed ground.

We then called at one of the houses in Professors' Row, where we took tea with Mills's sisters,—Mrs. Peirce, the professor's wife, a full-blown, but youthful, lively, and elegant beauty, and her maiden sister, slender, dark-haired, gray-eyed, with a pink complexion, and shy, shrinking manners, a timidity which wore off on a closer acquaintance and made room for just a little pertness and sharpness not without its peculiar charm.

But my business, and indeed my duty, on coming to Cambridge, was to call upon the Honorable Josiah Quincy, the President of Harvard College,—College or University, as it was indifferently called; the former and more modest designation being generally used at the time of my first visit, the latter becoming the more usual appellation since.

Mr. Quincy was a remarkably handsome man, between sixty and seventy, tall and erect, with eyes still bright, smooth silver hair, and a florid complexion; as hale and vigorous as a fox-hunting English squire "all of the olden time," of that race from which he lineally descended,—the Quincys, the Adams, and the Quincy-Adams being known as an offshoot of the earliest settlers in these New England plantations.

Mr. Quincy had never been much of a student; but

he had been conspicuous as a member of the Massachusetts Legislature and of the Boston Municipal Council, a *pater patriæ*, for many years mayor of the city, which he had embellished with a magnificent market-house, a granite building, five hundred feet long and thirty-eight feet wide, still bearing his name.

It was owing to these constructive and administrative abilities that he had been elected president of the college; for the institution had fallen into some disorganization under his predecessor,—a good-natured divine and scholar, utterly deficient in energy,—and a new ruler was required to bring the riotous spirits of some of the students under control. Mr. Quincy had acquitted himself of this new task with full success. He had governed with a steady but by no means a heavy hand, the feelings he inspired as a disciplinarian being fear at first, then respect, and finally veneration and affection.

Mr. Bachi had already mentioned my name to him, and he received me with frank cordiality, without even opening the letter of introduction which I handed to him. He was sorry, he said, he had no vacant place in the college to offer me, as I had been made to expect; sorry he could not avail himself of my services in a public capacity; but any assistance I might need here in Cambridge, or in Boston, or wherever his name was known——

Here he broke off, interrupted by a slight attack of cough; then he resumed: "How do you like America?" And he went on without awaiting my answer: "You will like it, I am sure. A great country, sir! Room for everybody here! All comes in time to him who can afford to wait. All I can advise you, sir, is to be patient, and just feel your way."

These were almost word for word the very expressions Mr. Everett had used. They were apparently the stereotyped phrases with which a stranger in want of employment was usually encouraged in the United States.

"Bide my time? Feel my way?" I reflected, as, having taken leave of the kind old gentleman, I re-

joined my friend, who was waiting for me in his gig. "That would be very well if my poor fourteen dollars were not so rapidly making themselves wings."

As we were driving back to town towards evening, and I gave my friend an account of my interview with the president, I could not help expressing my admiration of the look of health and strength exhibited by that wonderful septuagenarian.

"Ay, ay," said Mills; "a green old age. That is the way men wear under the influence of what are called our withering east winds. You could not muster anything like that in the soft airs of your sweet South: could you, now? Have you many in Italy that come to a hundred, as that old buffer is sure to do?"

He did not wait for an answer, but went on his own way:

"I just wish you had asked old Quincy how he managed to be so tough at his time of life,—'You are old, Father William,' and all that follows; you know Southey's poem. Would you believe it? I asked him myself once, when I was here a freshman, and what do you think he answered? 'It is early rising and cold bathing has done it all, sir.' And, do you know, I have taken to early rising and cold bathing myself, and kept to it ever since. And, do you know, I think I shall be like that when I'm eighty."

Thus did my friend rattle on, like a man who had never been, and never could be, ruffled by the storms of life. His quaint manner, his high spirits, amused me.

"Eighty!" I said, falling into my usual heroic mood. "And to think that I shall never see thirty!"

He pulled up his horse sharp, and turned to look at me.

"Not thirty? Dear me! A disease of the heart?" he asked.

"No disease in the world," I said; "but all men do not die in a sick-bed. It may be only a fancy, but I feel I am not intended for a long life. All the same, however, I rejoice in my never-failing health and take good care of it. I am always up with the lark, and I

will henceforth try the effect of a cold dip in the morning."

And I made up my mind then and there; and that was the greatest gain I made out of that afternoon drive. Cold bathing was not so common a practice with our fathers as it has become with us; but I adopted it at once and never relinquished it.

We spent the evening at the Athenæum, a literary institution, where Mills's uncle, at my friend's request, had already entered my name; and when at last we shook hands at Miss Lekain's door in Pearl Street, I wondered whether so devoted, so useful, and so charming a friend could have been so easily won, in only one day's intercourse, in the Old World.

In the morning, at Miss Lekain's, breakfast was laid out at nine. The aged spinster sat in the place of honor at the head of a long table near the fire, before a row of coffee- and tea-pots, milk-jugs, and sugar-bowls, ministering to her guests' wants. There were about half a score of them, all apparently in a hurry to be off, seated round the table, helping themselves to the ham and eggs, cutlets, and other viands, hot or cold, with which the board was spread, and passing round from one to another the cups as they came from the landlady's hands. The guests were mostly young men employed in trade, and were away all day at their business, hardly any of them appearing at the two-o'clock dinner, and preferring a hasty snack at the cook and confectioner's on weekdays. The ladies boarding at the house had their breakfasts in their own apartments. Only on the Sunday, or "Sabbath-day," as they preferred to call it, the whole set took their meals together like a well-behaved happy family.

Miss Lekain had evidently told all she knew or imagined about me as she announced the latest addition to the roll of her guests; for they all looked up from their plates and took a good stare at the *Eye-talian*, or *Signio*, as I entered and sat down at the end of the table near the door. There were a few words of awkward silence till the landlady addressed me, as she had done all present, with the momentous question, "Tea,

coffee, or cocoa?" All my fellow-boarders, however, came up to me as they rose to go out, and all shook hands with kind words of welcome which I did not well understand. Presently I remained alone with the landlady, who, after diligently attending to my requirements, left me also, with many most unnecessary apologies, and pleading the manifold cares of her crowded household. I stepped up to one of the three balconies opening out into the quiet street in front of the house, threw myself into a large arm-chair, the only one in the room that was not rocking, and took a leisurely survey of the outer world. There was a chill drizzling rain; hardly a soul stirring; nothing to tempt a man out of doors. I took up the "Daily Courier," and made some effort to spell out the news.

Presently the door opened. A parlor-maid with a large tray came in to clear the table, and after her entered a lady with her cloak and bonnet on, apparently bent on going out. She cast a hurried glance around the room as if looking for somebody, then stepped up to the balcony farthest from the one I sat at, but after a look at the weather she evidently changed her mind about her movements, for she took off her bonnet and cloak and handed them to the maid, who, having by this time accomplished her task, took herself and those garments off, leaving us *tête-à-tête*.

I had risen as the lady appeared and made a slight bow, of which no notice was taken. The lady went up to a shelf, took down a book, and, seating herself near the fire, was soon reading and rocking.

The book was apparently not entertaining, for she soon looked up, stood up, and walked uneasily round the table, looking for something.

"The newspaper?" I cried, guessing her mind, and as I spoke I jumped up, walked across the room, and stood before her tendering the broad sheet. She thanked me with a slight bow. I looked at her. I recognized the fine elegant figure of the lady I had found the previous day seated with Miss Lekain, when I called with young Mills, and when no sight of her

face was vouchsafed to me. She was the lovely widow, Mrs. Dana.

She had on a black silk morning dress, just open enough in front to allow the tiniest peep into the most dazzling neck and throat my eyes had ever beheld. She was not above three- or four-and-twenty years of age, somewhat undersized, but faultless in form, and with features which the transcendent charm of that soft creamy complexion hardly allowed one to analyze.

"You understand English, then?" she said. "I fancied—we were told you were French—an Eyetalian?" she said.

"The latter," said I.

"Dear me! from Italy? Only to think! That's very far; farther than Holland, I reckon. Did you not like Italy? And do you like America better? Do tell?"

Her questions came thick and fast, and would have embarrassed me even if I had not been struck dumb, spell-bound by her bright face, and at a loss how to express myself in the only language she probably could understand.

"May I," I ventured to ask, "address you in French, or Italian, or——?"

She smiled, the coral lips opened, out flashed the pearly teeth.

"No parleyvous for me," she answered; "no, no!"

The reader must not imagine that I had been very ready with my English even in my intercourse with Mr. Everett, Mr. Quincy, or young Mills, educated men though they were, who spoke slowly and deliberately, shaping their sentences in that manner and giving them those turns which they thought could best convey their meaning to one who knew only as much of English as book-learning could impart. With illiterate persons, as those only conversant with one language may in our days be called, as with mere children, the beginning is much harder; but when you perceive that they have only one word for an idea, when they insist on screaming out that word till they think they have overcome your deafness, somehow you get on better,—in this as in any

other study necessity being after all the best mistress. It was not much more than a year before I had picked up a little Spanish out of the mouths of Amalia and Pepita Viale, the piquant daughters of a Genoese merchant married at Gibraltar. The sweet lips and teeth of this Yankee widow did almost as much for my English at this juncture.

She bade me take the newspaper and read out a paragraph aloud; then she took the paper, read the paragraph, and made me repeat it word by word before her. Then she thought we should read poetry. She looked for some book of verse in Miss Lekain's shelf; but, finding none, she bade me follow her, took me into a little back drawing-room reserved for her use as a private boudoir, read me and made me read Bryant's "Lines to a Water-fowl:"

"Whither, 'midst falling dew;"

and Campbell's "Lord Ullin's Daughter:"

"A chieftain to the Highlands bound."

She sang Moore's melody,

"She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps;"

she bade me sing some of Norma's airs in return, then to tell her something about the Pope of Rome, whom I did not tell her I had never seen, about the beauty of the European ladies, about the costume of Swiss and Neapolitan peasant-women, about all I had most admired here and there in my travels, regretting that I had nothing to tell her about the Hague and Amsterdam, places about which she seemed particularly curious.

Heavens! how we got on together! how swiftly flew the hours of that morning, and even more pleasantly than those I had spent on the previous day with Charles Mills! Here had I been only three days in Boston: the second day had vouchsafed me a friend; the third—this bewitching widow!

It should be borne in mind that I had throughout

the fifty days of my dreary sea-voyage been denied all intercourse with the fair sex, and that I knew absolutely nothing of the nature and fashion of American women. Women in the States were then, and are still more now, absolute mistresses of their own world and of themselves. Safe in their perfect control over their senses and temperament, they consider themselves free to indulge their fancy, to challenge men's admiration, to flirt *à outrance*. Brought up in seminaries and academies usually conducted by male instructors, they learn from very infancy how to feel and exercise their powers of fascination. Grown up, they live as queens of their household, or club together at some hotel or boarding-house, but little of the domestic drudgery falling to the lot of most of them. They are great readers at home, great talkers abroad, idle most of the day, with heads stuffed with romance and poetry, studying all the airs and graces, all the most captivating accomplishments, sharpening and polishing their weapons for the onslaught, though often greatly at a loss for the "natural enemy" against whom they are to be turned; for men—ladies' men—are terribly scarce in America, where husbands and fathers, brothers and cousins, mostly business-men, are off early in the morning after an early breakfast, only to be back in the evening for a late dinner or supper; and they come home worn out with work, debased by greed, unfitted for ladies' company by want of congenial education and polish, of sympathy with female pursuits, or appreciation of female talents and graces.

Hence it is that a male visitor, a man free from engagements and with indefinite time at his disposal, willing to devote himself to women, to humor them, to take some interest in their not very serious or heavy occupations, is looked upon as a godsend in all American households. It may be the clergyman at rest for six days in the week, it may be the doctor tarrying for a chat after his professional visit. But the most welcome is a stranger, any stranger, especially one fresh from across seas, a man better or worse than, but at any rate different from, the ordinary run of their daily associates,

a man striking their eye by the cut of his coat, by the wearing of his beard, by the very quaintness and oddity of his broken English, a man of alien tongue and outlandish manners, a Frenchman, or any other of the Latin race.

It was as a European and an Eytalian that Mrs. Dana marked me the first day she saw me, and now came to seek me out, to dazzle me, to enslave me, to have her quarter-of-an-hour's amusement at my expense. She rose that morning probably bent on mischief; she must have her day's sport, and it little mattered whether it was a ten-pound salmon, pike, or carp, or merely a gudgeon or minnow, that came to her net.

What defence had I against her? I was beset by gloomy thoughts, distracted by anxiety about my difficult, my dangerous position. My purse so nearly empty stared me in the face. Here was balm to soothe the wounds of adversity; here was a haven, however temporary, for shelter against life's storms. There is no one so prone to fall in love as your penniless man. It may be true that "when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window;" but that is only after marriage. We were now in mid-October; the rainy season had set in. Morning after morning, evening after evening, we were thrown together, always together, frequently all to ourselves. There was no escape. A chain of irresistible circumstances conspired to entrap me. I might say, with Petrarch,—

"What wonder, with a heart as soft as tinder,
If I was instantly burnt to a cinder!"*

I must confess, moreover, that there was something by no means unpleasant in that roasting process. And for what concerns myself, I could flatter myself that there was work as well as pleasure in it. We had to

* A somewhat free translation of those magnificent lines,—

"Io che l' esca amorosa al petto avea,
Qual maraviglia se di subit' arsi!"

sit very close as we held the same book between us with both hands,—all the closer as we happened to be both near-sighted. An occasional, involuntary, almost imperceptible contact with her elbow or her knee, the brushing of her ringlets against my face, the inhaling of her sweet, warm breath, were inevitable occurrences.

There was ecstasy of the senses, but there was also improvement to the mind, as I watched the movements of her lips and the expression of her eyes, to catch the peculiar lisp of the “th,” the hissing of the “sh,” the stronger or softer aspiration of the “h.”

There was sorcery in the smile of approbation and encouragement with which any show of aptness and intelligence on my part was rewarded, and there was almost as great a charm in the slight frown with which my dulness or slowness of apprehension was occasionally visited. But, combined with all that, there was the consciousness that I was making wonderfully rapid progress in my English,—a progress arising from a tension of the mental faculties commensurate with the strain of the overwrought nerves. The widow was in a double sense my mistress,—a charmer and a teacher. She was twice a goddess: any emotion caused by her allurements as a Venus was chastened by her gentle but firm discipline as a Minerva.

The fascination might nevertheless have turned out dangerous in the long run. But there were too many circumstances conspiring to put an end to it. The very *Dea ex machina* that first broke the spell was no other person than Miss Lekain, my golden-wigged landlady. She had sent me up her account for the first week, as was her wont. I went down to the office on the ground-floor with her bill in my hand with an intended request for a postponement of its settlement, to which she made no objection. Indeed, she received me most graciously. She congratulated me on my rapid proficiency as a learner of English. She gave full credit to the ability and zeal of my instructress. She lavished high praises on the personal attractions of my enchantress. She looked at me with a knowing leer, conveying all the taunt addressed by the ghostly chair to Tom

Smart in the Bagman's story in "Pickwick:" "The widow's a fine woman—eh, Tom?" and "You are *very* poor, Tom." She perceived, she said, that I was greatly smitten with the charms of her fair boarder. She regretted to see me so keen after her, so intimate with her. That, she might as well tell me, could lead to no good. Mrs. Dana was not for me. Mrs. Dana was no longer her own mistress. She was betrothed to Mr. Notteboom, a great, rich, Dutch merchant. They had met at Nahant last summer. Mr. Notteboom had left three months ago for Amsterdam to get everything ready in his house for the reception of its future mistress. Mr. Notteboom was on his way back now. He was already in New York winding up affairs there previous to his final retirement from business. In two or three days he would be here in Boston, in Pearl Street, in this house, and the wedding would come off on Thursday next.

She perceived that her words were taking away my breath. Presently she softened her tone, approached me with a more benevolent expression, and laid a hand on my arm.

"I feel for you, signio'," she said. "I think you have been unfairly dealt with. It is too bad of the young women of our time,—widows, above all things. They ought to know better. But what can I say? We are not in the Mormon country. A woman in America may only marry one man; and I am sure she ought not to love two."

I protested that there had never been one word of love or marriage between me and the widow, which was strict, sober truth, whereupon she spoke out her mind:

"I am glad to hear you say so. What I must tell you now will give you less pain. You see, signio', Mr. Notteboom will be here in two or three days. He is a queer, peppery, elderly gentleman. He might be told—he might suspect. There might be the — to pay in the house."

"I do not care a rush for Mr. Notteboom."

"Ah! but I do, and so does Mrs. Dana. You are too

kind, too considerate, signio', to wish to compromise her and to ruin me."

"The long and the short of it, Miss Lekain," I said, with some warmth, "is, that you want to turn me out of your house."

"Pardon me, signio'," she answered, "I said no such thing. It was your own good sense and good feeling that prompted the expediency of such a step. You surely cannot wish to stay here and see your lovely widow snapped up before your very eyes by that snuffy old Dutchman!"

"The widow is nothing to me, I told you, Miss Lekain," I said, with a great gulp at my throat. "I can always go back to 'The Tremont;' only, you see—I told you, your bill——"

"Let that be no hinderance, signio'; it's a mere trifle," she cried out, eagerly. And she added, in what the poor deaf old body meant for an aside, "We shall be well rid of you at that price."

But I heard her, and flamed up in my wrath. "You think I intend to swindle you?" I cried. "Do you take me for a Yankee? Here—your bill is sixteen dollars, fifty cents. Here are two gold eagles" (ten dollars), throwing the coin on the table. "I can give you a note of hand for the balance. You shall have your money to the last cent."

With this I rushed from the room, the rickety glass door closing after me with a bang.

I walked about for half an hour in Washington Street, jostling, but hardly seeing, the crowd, before my blood began to cool. Presently the thought of the awkwardness of my predicament resumed its ascendancy over my mind. What was to be done now? Here I was! I had parted with my very last dollar, and was even in debt. I had barely fifty cents to pay the street-porter who should take back my luggage to the hotel. "The hotel!" I thought, as I walked towards it: "how could I think of running up a new bill there?" I went to the door, as I had done every day for the last week, to ask if any one had inquired for "L. M.," in answer to my advertisement. The advertisement had appeared

three times, and the address, 110, Tremont House, had not been altered. But no one had taken notice of it. Mr. Charles B. Mills was the first and last pupil the announcement had brought me. Even this, my best and only friend, seemed to have forsaken me. I had not seen him for a week, nor had I, in my infatuation about the widow, found one moment to call upon him. Day after day the good young man had written, appointing the time for his second lesson; but the note had invariably been followed by another, apologizing for the broken engagement, and explaining that they were overwhelmed with business at his uncle's counting-house, and he had not one minute at his disposal. To the counting-house I went. I found my friend deep in his ledgers, but he got up, seized my hand with his usual warmth, and said, "I was just going to see you."

Then he hurried me into an inner room, where we found both his uncle and aunt. He went through a hurried form of introduction, presenting me as the Italian master and friend "about whom he had said so much," and who was now to be *their* friend in his absence.

He then turned to me, and informed me that he was to sail that very evening for Havana, where his uncle's business required looking after, and he hardly could hope to be back before the end of the year. Business was so pressing that he had not even been at leisure to go out to take leave of his aunt at Brookline, and she had to be driven to town to bid him good-by.

That was my luck! I bade him good-by in my turn, and parted with him at the counting-house door, just stopping one moment and wondering in my distress whether I should remind him of the little he owed me for the only lesson he had taken; for the veriest trifle might have been a help to me at that juncture. But the extremity itself of my need made me bashful; and I must say that from the beginning to the end of my career as a teacher it was always not the lesson but the fee that revolted me. My pupils could hardly give me a harder slap in the face than by asking for my "terms," or calling for my "bill,"—a silly pride, of

which the majority never cared to take notice or scrupled to wound, but which a few delicate persons, especially ladies, guessed, and managed to humor and to honor.

My repugnance to enter into any conversation on such subjects was invincible, even under present gloomy circumstances, and as my friend, I thought, chose to make no sign, it was not for me to give him a hint that might sound like a reproach.

My poor friend, however, had forgotten nothing, omitted nothing, and was only anxious to spare my feelings, of which his own good instinct had made him aware. For he had already laid in his uncle's hand a letter for me enclosing a ten-dollar note, intending to acquit himself of what he owed, not only for the one lesson he had received, but also for those he had bespoken and missed. But it chanced that the letter was overlooked and allowed to lie on his uncle's table for three days, at the end of which it was sent to my address in Pearl Street, when I had already left that house, and whence it reached me after a further delay,—reached me, still welcome, but not the same present help in trouble it would have been had it come in the nick of time.

With a harassed mind and an empty purse, cold and hungry, I rambled from street to street, sat idly on a green bench under the elms of the Common, counting the hours as the clock struck them from the turret of the State-House, looking wistfully to the right and left, as if I waited for an appointment or expected somebody or something to turn up, and all because I was loath to go back to Pearl Street, where I might have to confront Miss Lekain or my artful widow.

My passion for the widow, if it indeed was love, oozed at my fingers' ends, or was turned to a kind of resentful feeling. I was angry with her for the folly which had made me waste in my dalliance about her a precious time that would have been better employed in a struggle for my daily bread. "Had it not been for that witch of a widow," I said, "I should not now be at the mercy of that hag of a landlady."

My landlady! Six dollars! Where were they to come from? A paltry sum, forsooth! but how colossal it looms before the imagination of a man with never a cent in his pocket! I had never known what it was to be in debt. To beg or to borrow seemed to me not much less criminal than to steal. That Miss Lekain had made light of my debt, that she had expressed so much readiness to waive her claim, was what most bitterly grated upon my feelings. Leave her house without settling her bill! Rather blow out my brains on her threshold!

In this tragic mood my hours passed. What a day it was! I wandered and sat, sat and wandered, past the dinner-hour, past the glow of sunset. At last I loathed my own company. Was there nowhere a man to help me? My countryman? Pietro Bachi? Alas, not he!

I had often seen Pietro Bachi, always at his house, and always in the evening; for that was the only time my fatal widow denied herself to me, closeting herself with her milliner or mantuamaker, with whom she had daily consultations,—a proceeding which was to me a mystery till Miss Lekain spoke out, when, of course, I understood that the widow was employed in getting ready her wedding- and travelling-garments.

In any hour of leisure I was glad enough to see my countryman; but I had seen enough of him to look upon him as only a fair-weather friend; and, as the glass for me now stood at "stormy," it was not without a heavy heart that, at dusk, I turned my steps to Brattle Street.

He received me in his usual friendly but cool, cynical manner, offering me his never-failing bumper of hot punch, and looking at me as I sipped it, as if under the impression that I meditated an attack and it behooved him to stand on his defence. I had repeatedly thrown out clear hints to him as to the terrible difficulties that encompassed me, but he had invariably, with great adroitness, parried any appeal I might venture upon, and given me clearly to understand that I could expect no assistance from him. All this seemed very

hard to me at the time. But I have learned what the world is since, and I am now convinced, as he probably was, that beggary grows upon what it feeds upon; that a man who sinks so low as to borrow is like a horse that has once fallen on his knees,—never safe from new and more disastrous tumbles; and that the best, the only way to save a man—a true man—is to leave him to save himself.

This was stern but wholesome doctrine. And I had often read it in Bachi's face much more clearly than I had heard it from his mouth.

"My dear friend," he said to me, "my dear Mariotti, I have spoken out to you from the beginning. My principle is, 'Everybody for himself, and God for us all.' There is room in this Boston, in this Yankee Athens, for more than three Italian masters. But, for myself, I must say I do not receive any more applications for my services than I am fully able and extremely glad to attend to, and, even if I had any lessons to spare, I should be under a sacred obligation to give them to our friend D'Alessandro, on the principle 'first come, first served.' "

All this with respect to any hint I threw out as to any help in the way of business. As to any aid of a more delicate nature I had never breathed a word, yet he had already repeatedly volunteered his information that his experience of the wickedness of the world had always been so disheartening that he had registered a solemn vow in heaven, in obedience to which he could "neither a borrower nor a lender be." It was therefore not with any hope of obtaining relief or sympathy that I came to him on that evening. It was merely to give vent to my pent-up feelings; and no sooner had I laid down my tumbler than I ventured on a full exposition of the sea of troubles which made my position desperate, and asked, as if advice could avail, "What shall I do?" "Go to the d——l!" he would have said; but he was too polite for such words. He was moved in spite of himself nevertheless, and I even fancied I saw something like moisture between his eyelids, but he soon mastered his emotion, if he indeed felt any,

and looked stern and cold and angry with himself as well as with me,—as if my appeal, after all he had said, had taken him by surprise, and was by him considered an unwarrantable liberty, an abuse of hospitality.

“Very hard!” he said. “Very dreadful! But with what other expectations did you come to this country? Surely it was not to me—not to a man whose existence you did not even suspect—that you looked for aid in your troubles? Your friends in America should be the Americans themselves. Why do you not try Mr. Everett?”

It is true, I had forgotten his Excellency! What had I not forgotten under the influence of that buxom sorceress, my Pearl Street widow? But I did not choose to take Pietro Bachi into my confidence on the subject of that silly romance, and merely answered that Mr. Everett’s manner, though consummately kind, was so icy and distant that I had not dared to trouble him again with my presence.

“Mr. Everett cold! Mr. Everett haughty or indifferent!” he exclaimed. “That is all you know him. Is it because he does not wear his heart on his sleeve? Is it because he does not hug you in his arms like a Neapolitan? You must take men as they are. Reserve is the main feature of the English character; and an American, if a polished man, if a gentleman, is as stiff in his behavior as an Englishman and a half. By all means go to Mr. Everett. Go to him immediately, —to-morrow morning early. Do not go to him as if you dreaded or mistrusted him. Be frank with him; rely on him with perfect confidence. There is not one man in the world with readier sympathies or more generous impulses than Edward Everett. Go to him, and then let me see you again and hear what you think of him.”

Having said this, he laid hold of a volume of Dante lying on his table, and reopened a discussion we had had on the four stars of the Southern Cross, which the poet describes as having seen on the shores of Purgatory at the Antipodes,—a discussion which had arisen between us a few evenings before, but which, in my

present state of mind, made me wish to see both Dante and all his commentators in that warm but not hopeless region the poet has so forcibly evolved from his imagination. It was fortunate that in the heat of debate we were joined by D'Alessandro, who came in as my auxiliary, and carried on the controversy, leaving me to my thoughts of the morrow, which were Purgatory enough for me.

I left my friends, still warm at their dispute, at midnight, and on reaching my home in Pearl Street I let myself in with my latch-key, threw myself on my bed, and only rose, unrefreshed, after the ordinary guests' breakfast, when I again stole out of the house without falling in with any of the inmates. I then lost no time, but went over to Charlestown, and had the good fortune to catch Governor Everett as he was about to step into his modest carriage to proceed to the State-House. He looked at me for a moment, and was evidently struck with my pale and haggard face; but he asked me to take the place near him on the front seat, and talked pleasantly about subjects connected with his city and State business, and it was only as he alighted at the door of his official residence that, under pretext of showing me the building, he invited me to go up with him, led the way into his private office, and, when we were both seated, he opened the conversation with the question, "Well, Mr. Mariotti, and how have you been getting on?"

I told him in a few words how the waters of adversity had gone over my head, how I had followed his advice to "bide my time and feel my way," but wound up with saying, "While the grass grew the steed was starving."

He listened to me patiently, with his large prominent eyes fixed on mine. But somehow, though my face is plain, I think it struck him, as it strikes many others, as that of a truth-telling man. He seized my hand and pressed it, and held it for a few minutes while he was thinking, and when at last he released it he said, "We must keep the steed alive."

And he went on adding that no means for the mo-

ment occurred to him by which he could help me unless he gave me temporary employment in his own house. He had two daughters, he explained, whom he had for his own amusement given the rudiments of Latin, French, and Italian. These he offered me as pupils, warning me that I should have a good deal of work, and that he could not afford a very liberal remuneration. As I would have to give three hours of my time daily at his house, he thought it desirable for me to move my quarters to Charlestown, where it would be easy to find bed and board on easier terms than those I paid in Pearl Street.

"If," he concluded, "you will be so good as to call for me here at four o'clock in the afternoon, when I drive home, I will take you myself to Mrs. Hodge's, a worthy woman who keeps a boarding-house for medical students, where I shall leave you at liberty to make your own arrangements. It is to-day Friday; you may leave Miss Lekain's to-day or to-morrow; the lessons with my daughters may begin on Monday at ten."

Thus I had at once turned the corner. The blackest cloud had vanished, and fair weather promised to set in. Of actual starvation there was no longer a question. But, alas! there still remained to tide over the three days that separated us from the first working day of next week.

I went again in the evening of the same day to Brattle Street to convey my glad tidings to my friend Bachi. He seemed overjoyed by the news; but when he heard that there were still rocks ahead—the six dollars fifty cents due to Miss Lekain—he made a long face, and his brow darkened, his expression conveying as clearly as any words could have done his settled mind, "neither a borrower nor a lender be."

He regained his usual serenity of countenance, however, and tried to pooh-pooh the whole thing.

"Why, what folly!" he said. "So much fuss for a paltry six dollars? Miss Lekain will wait, to be sure."

But I explained that there had been high words between me and my landlady, that the woman had been

insolent, and that I would not leave her house without acquitting myself to the last cent.

"But if I speak to her myself," he suggested.

"Not for the world," I said. "The woman must be paid, and at once. But I thought that you—— Think of it, Bachi: it is a mere trifle of six—at the utmost of eight or ten dollars, to tide over these few days till Mr. Everett——"

"By the way," he interrupted, "why do you not speak out to Mr. Everett? Why, man, go back to him; make a clean breast to him; tell him your perplexities, and ask for prepayment of the first month's tuition."

"I have not thought of it, my friend. No, I could not think of it. It is only for a month, and at the end of it, I give you my word of honor——"

He threw up his head and whistled. Then he spoke: "Let me look at your watch." I handed it to him. It was a poor old silver article, on which the most liberal Jew would never have advanced fifty cents. He turned it over, in and out, and then he looked up with a brightened face, as if a happy thought had just struck him.

"What a fool I was not to have thought of it all this time. The priests! The priests! Why should you not apply to the priests at the Oratory?"

And he exclaimed that the Roman Catholic Bishop of Boston had a fund intrusted to him for the relief of those of his flock who might chance to be in distress, and that he had in many instances paid the passage-money for immigrants who had found America not quite the El-Dorado their imagination had depicted, and who might wish to go back to the country they came from.

"To the priests?" I exclaimed, resenting the suggestion as the greatest indignity.

"To the priests!" he insisted. "Wherefore not? Are you not a Catholic? Not a better one than I am, I dare say; but still you belong to the community. The money they dispose of is not theirs. It is not the Church, but the State, the laity, that supplies it. The clergy are only the stewards."

"But you forget," I said, "that only five years ago I was up in arms against both Church and State as they now exist in Italy. In the eyes of the State I am a rebel, and the Church drives me out as a reprobate."

"All the better, my friend. *Autant de pris sur l'ennemi*. Besides, these are American priests, not like ours, and they have longer purses than the Pope himself. Of course, you may do as you like. But, in your place, even priests' money would not stink in my nostrils. Consider, my friend," he added, getting up from his chair, stepping up to me, and taking my hand with an expression of genuine benevolence. "Your fortunes are now mending. The battle is more than half won. Mr. Everett is the silver lining to the cloud that was darkening your prospects. Go and borrow the priests' money if you can, and when you have it——"

"But if I would rather be indebted to you——" I cried.

"But I can neither lend nor borrow, I tell you," he replied, thus ending the controversy.

And I got up and left him in a huff, and without one word of adieu.

I went out, walked about, full of bitterness against him, against the priests, against myself. "Borrow from the priests!" I muttered. "The priests my only resource! Had it come to that?"

I walked about, fretting and chafing against the fatal necessity which, as I then imagined, held me in its fangs. Had I been in my right mind there would have been nothing so formidable in the situation. A compromise with Miss Lekain, an explanation with Mr. Everett, would easily remove the mole-hill which my harassed mind magnified into a mountain. But long fast and unrest and worry had dazed my brain. I hardly knew what I was doing. I walked and walked at random, with a vague idea that, whatever happened, I must not let another night pass without ridding myself of all obligations to Miss Lekain, of all connection with Pearl Street.

My feet almost instinctively seemed to take me to the neighborhood of the Oratory. I was passing the door just as the clock struck ten. The building was all in darkness. All the inmates had probably retired. With that vague hope I stopped and rang the bell. The door was instantly opened. I looked bewildered, and the door-keeper was almost frightened.

"Whom do you want?"

"Monsignore."

"This way, if you please." And, to my surprise and dismay, I was at once admitted, and found myself in the prelate's presence.

He was a dignified, good-looking man, somewhat portly and fresh-colored, and with an unmistakable English face; almost as handsome a man as Cardinal Howard. He rose slightly from his seat, and, with an air of great benignity, asked me "my business."

What I told him, in what words I explained my want, on what terms I preferred my request, no effort of memory would now bring back to me. I do not know what he thought of me or whom he took me for. He made no remarks and asked no questions. He simply opened a mahogany box on the table before him; he took out two gold pieces and six paper dollars, and laid them before me, apparently without counting them. Thus ended the interview.

I had done it. I had begged my bread, and could hardly believe my senses. What was in my hand was money bestowed in charity. Three days later, I received the letter of my friend Charles Mills, enclosing the ten-dollar note. I folded the note in a parcel with the six paper dollars I had not yet touched, and dropped the parcel into the alms-box of the pro-Cathedral, thereby thinking I had acquitted myself of my debt to the Church. But, on mentioning the transaction to my friend Bachi, I was told that I had acted unwisely,—that the bishop might never receive that parcel or never dream that it came from me, and naturally conclude that the money had not been borrowed, but given as alms. And thus all my scruples were reawakened, and the wound to my pride bled afresh.

But, three months later, I had saved money enough to be able to make up a new packet, with the same sum of sixteen dollars, which I addressed to the bishop with compliments and thanks, still maintaining my anonymous; and I delivered it with my own hand at the mission-house door. Thus did the Church, in her dealing with me on that occasion, lend her money at a rate of interest of a hundred per cent. But the transaction of that evening left on my mind a sense of humiliation that no lapse of centuries could either efface or assuage.

I had occasion to meet that bishop at a later period at one of Mr. Ticknor's literary reunions, where the master of the house amiably introduced me to his lordship. The bishop was bland and courteous, and talked to me without the least shade of constraint or embarrassment, as he might have done with a stranger never seen before. Had he really forgotten me? or did he fail to recognize in the broad blaze of many tapers a countenance he had only seen by his own pale lamp-light? or was it that his right hand ignored what the left had done, and by his perfect control over his feelings he wished to reassure me, and inspire me with the same self-possession, grounded on a mutual oblivion of the past?

Take whatever view one may please, the bishop, as no one will deny, was a gentleman.

But I have anticipated the conclusion of that, the most dolorous episode of my life, and must have done with it at once. Late in the evening of that unfortunate Friday, upon leaving the Oratory with the bishop's dollars in my pocket, I went home to Pearl Street, where I had another sleepless night. On the Saturday I rose late, read till long after twelve o'clock at noon, then packed up my things, then read again till dusk, taking hardly anything in of what I read—on and on till late in the evening, waiting for an opportunity to settle my account with Miss Lekain, and to be gone without any other leave-taking.

When the house at last seemed perfectly noiseless, I went down to the landlady's private parlor on the

ground-floor, but found there only one of the housemaids, from whom I learned that Miss Lekain was in the drawing-room. Up to that room I went, and there indeed she was, but not alone. I found with her the very person whose sight for the last three days I had most carefully shunned. Conspicuous in her usual corner near the chimney sat my pretty widow, rocking herself, and opposite to her, on the other side, was a fat flabby old man in a loose dressing-gown and slippers, with a long meerschaum pipe in his mouth. Neither of them was disturbed by my quiet intrusion, or took the least notice of me. But Miss Lekain, of the golden wig, who was seated at a side-table with the tradesmen's account-books before her, jumped up on seeing me, crying out,—

“Do you want to see me, signio’?”

And, as she said so, she seized the candle before her with great alacrity and led the way down-stairs to her office, where our accounts were soon made up and the money paid down.

“That was Mr. Augustus Notteboom,” the landlady said, volunteering information I had never asked for. “He got here this evening, before he was expected, and just before supper-time; and he came down in his *schlaf-rook* and *pantoffel*, as he calls them, just as if he had been in one of his own Dutch pot-houses. Such are their beastly manners in the Low Countries. He is a beast, that he is! and you cannot go near him, he smells so that he knocks you down. Were he to be three days in the house my boarders would soon be packing. They all got up and went away this evening before they had quite done supper, ‘to leave the betrothed to their *tête-à-tête*,’ they said, but indeed because no one would sit near the Dutchman. Never mind! The Dutchman has a mint of money, and Mrs. Dana will be as grand a madame as any in Amsterdam. That’s what women sell themselves for nowadays.”

I made no answer. I told Miss Lekain I would look for a street-porter, to whom she should deliver my luggage, and one hour later I was in my new quarters at Mrs. Hodge’s, No. 17, Spring Gardens, Charlestown.

CHAPTER V.

UP-HILL WORK.

Charlestown and Bunker's Hill—A new home—New friends—An enemy—A Sabbath-day—A lively breakfast—A godly morning—A great divine—Preaching and stage-acting—A dull dinner—A godless afternoon—Week-days' employment—A stubborn pupil—Increase of custom—Day-work and evening pastime—Yankee girls—Volunteer police—A change in prospect.

No. 17, Spring Gardens, Charlestown, near Boston, was a dull house on a Sunday morning. New England in those days beat Scotland herself in her observance of the Sabbath-day, and Boston was the virtual capital of New England, as it was the nursery of parsons and schoolmasters, the Athens of the United States, and the "Hub of the Universe." Charlestown was its largest though not, perhaps, its most fashionable suburb. It lay across the water, north of the river Charles, on the skirts of Bunker's Hill, an eminence which pious old women still called Mount Ararat, famous for an encounter between the colonists and King George's troops, fought at the outbreak of the War of Independence, of 1775, in which the Yankees did *not* "lick the Britishers," but in which they behaved with so much pluck as to deserve, or at least to consider themselves entitled to, the monumental obelisk reared in their honor on the summit of the hill,—a monument which in the year of grace 1836 had only reached one-third of its intended height.

The suburb was mainly recommendable for its cheapness. It was the home of many of the well-to-do minor traders and artisans in the city, and it boasted of a few detached villas of some pretension on the outskirts. It took its ideas in general, its fashions and luxuries, from the city, but had its own religion or religions,—its various sects and congregations combining the utmost

anarchy of creeds with the most complete strictness and monotony of forms of worship.

New England, colonized by emigrants escaping from religious persecution in the mother-country, became, as is well known, a savage persecutor in her turn. But something like a reaction against blind bigotry had now set in; the idea of mutual toleration had been accepted as the irresistible corollary of State independence and individual right. And, although true religion had lost nothing of its earnestness and intensity, free scope was given for boundless inquiry and controversy, subject only to the rules of common decency and mutual forbearance.

New England, and especially Massachusetts, and especially Boston, were Congregationalist communities. Every minister was his own Pope. He gave his name to his meeting-house instead of a saint. He dictated his views and doctrines and enforced his discipline to the full extent of the influence which his eloquence or his character could establish among the elders or vestrymen, who determined his election and constituted his council. His attendance on the synods that were supposed to rule the sect to which he belonged was not compulsory, nor were their resolutions binding upon him. His authority and his very existence were grounded on the free suffrage of his flock, who fattened or starved him, set him up or pulled him down, followed him in all phases of faith, in all quibbles of doctrine, according as he managed to humor or to bully them.

On the point of the observance of the Sabbath, however, there was no deviation from the common rule. It was a day of rest, and it was to be kept holy. People made it a duty to rise at least one hour later and to go to bed two hours earlier. The business of the day was simply eating and praying: three meals and three services was the rule. At ten in the morning, after a light breakfast, streams of well-dressed, long-visaged people set out, each in different directions, crossing one another with no collision, though with no very warm charity, till each current reached its destination, when the

thoroughfare remained deserted, and all life was at a stand-still. Two hours later the streams met again on their homeward way, with the same silent gravity, but with an air of partial relief, and a little more mutual sympathy, as if all grateful for relief after the common infliction. Noon was the dinner-hour; two brought the people together for afternoon service; four was tea-time; then evening service; then supper; then a Bible chapter or meditation with drooping eyelids, not unlike a doze.

I found Mrs. Hodge's family assembled at breakfast as I went down for the first time into the parlor at half-past nine. My seat had been reserved for me on the landlady's right, facing the hissing hot urn from which the cups were being rinsed. Half hidden by the urn, on the landlady's left, sat Miss Dwight, a lady boarder; near her, on the same side, were two medical students, Messrs. Briggs and Lyons. The landlady's daughter, Hannah, fourteen years old, sour and pale like an unripe apple, and her younger brother, Ephraim, a sandy-haired cub with an embryo bumpkin face, had their chairs at the lower end of the table, but jumped up every second waiting on their mother's guests. The head of the family, a grown-up bumpkin, whom no one saw on week-days, and of whom nothing was known, a mere drudge to whom the Sabbath brought no rest, was on the back-stair landing, blacking boots. Mrs. Hodge was a stout matron, fifty years of age, tall and majestic, with a grand domineering countenance and a clear resolute voice. She was a worshipper at the Rev. Obadiah Farrar's meeting-house, and the main pillar of that great man's tabernacle. She acknowledged no president or governor, no other ruler above her, but her minister, who stood in awe of her, though he was for her God's vicegerent upon earth. He was her daily visitor and weekly guest. She indulged him in his weaknesses and ministered to his grovelling tastes and appetites in private life, though she prostrated herself before him when in the pulpit. She had been somewhat mollified by Mr. Everett's condescension in introducing me, for Mr. Everett was a great personage in Charlestown, and

had been a divine, though in the opinion of the suburb he was in the wrong box as to faith, and was, besides, a backslider. But Mrs. Hodge had been delighted with him, and not a little curious about me, and was only taken aback by her minister when she mentioned my nationality, the wielder of her conscience hinting that an Italian was almost sure to be a Romanist, likely enough a wolf in sheep-skin,—a Jesuit in disguise.

There was silence, with deep meditation, after I had taken my seat and the unavoidable greetings were exchanged. It was broken by the landlady, who turned to me with a look of interest, and spoke.

"I am afraid you will find us heavy and stupid, signio'," she said; "but this is our day of rest. A very different day, I am told, from what you have been accustomed to in your own country."

"I shall do very well, madam, thank you," I answered, very awkwardly. "I like work better than Sunday amusements."

"No work here, if you please, sir," she replied, taking me up sharp: "business to-morrow."

"Just so," I said, correcting myself: "to-day everybody to church."

But I was not all right yet.

"Not everybody, signio'," she explained. "Some go to church; many more to chapel. You will be sure to go to the Oratory."

"Not quite so sure, Mrs. Hodge," I answered, again putting my foot into it. "I am a Christian, and can join all Christians, no matter of what denomination, as brethren in their devotions."

"Humph," muttered the matron, with a grunt that would have been creditable to her pet minister. "Very broad doctrine that."

"The signio' is a traveller," called out Mr. Briggs, one of the medical students; "do at Rome as the Romans do."

"Romanism won't go down in this country, Mr. Briggs," snapped up the landlady, "that I can tell you."

"Of course you will go to Mr. Farrar's?" put in Miss Dwight, addressing the landlady.

"Of course, as you say," was the answer. "Will you not go with us?"

"No; thank you very much!" quoth Miss Dwight, with a wry face, as if there were something in the proposal to set her teeth on edge. "And if the gentleman," she added, with a slight bow across the table addressed to me, "will keep me company, I shall be most happy to show him the way. Your friend Mr. Everett," she concluded, "used to preach in what is now Mr. James Walker's meeting-house."

"Mr. Walker is a worthy divine," struck in Mrs. Hodge, "and a grander man in the pulpit than Mr. Everett himself. But he—but they are both Unitarians. Very clever men all, but next door to Rationalists."

"That is, reasoning beings," quoth the medical student. "Need all religion be irrational?"

"I shall not argue the point with you, Mr. Briggs," retorted the landlady. "'Except ye be converted and become as little children,'—you know the rest."

I had to accustom myself to this domestic sparring, which was then to me a novelty, but which has never since ceased to be dinned into my ears. Religious discussion is daily bread to the Anglo-Saxon race, the *odium theologicum* not being, as it is with other people, confined within the precincts of the sanctuary, but turning society into a polemic bear-garden and every family into a controversial cockpit. I had lived in countries where tyranny forced men to agree; I had come to countries where liberty allows them only to agree upon disagreeing.

We had not far to walk to Mr. Walker's church, or meeting-house, nor had we a very large stream of people going along with us. For Unitarianism was then the fashionable denomination in Boston, and had its votaries almost exclusively among the highly-educated classes; and these were but a small minority in Charlestown, where blind Calvinism and rabid Puritanism were still rampant. The church was a large and not inelegant new Grecian building, and was comfortably filled with intelligent-looking people, many of

whom were from Boston; for Mr. Walker had kept up, if not increased, the reputation given to the sacred edifice by Mr. Everett, for whose use it was originally built. As we—Miss Dwight and I—were looking for free seats, Mr. Everett, who was already seated in a large square pew, with his family, kindly made room for us near him.

The service was of the simplest, and differed in no essentials from the common forms of the Presbyterian rite. It began with a solemn voluntary on the organ, played by a masterly hand, during which entered the minister, in his plain college gown, followed by a single lay attendant in black. The minister sat down, allowing the last note of the organ to die away, then rose and read the first lines of a hymn. These were taken up by the congregation singing in a chorus in which well-trained female voices predominated. Then followed an extemporaneous address to the Deity,—as high a strain of poetry as a composition without rhyme or measure could well be. Then, with the interval of another hymn, came the sermon, taking up the best part of an hour. Then another hymn, after which the congregation was dismissed with a short benediction, and went asunder amidst loud peals of the organ.

Mr. Walker had no rivals among the divines of his sect. He was a man in the prime of life,—about forty years old. A stately figure, a noble countenance, the finest voice with the most wonderful powers of modulation, were his external gifts, merely accessory to the mental and moral faculties on which he relied for effect. I believe he wrote every word of his sermons, and there was no greater master of style or language; for he was editor and chief contributor to the "Christian Examiner," the foremost theological review in the United States, and was, in later days, elected President of Harvard College,—i.e., placed at the head of the whole educational establishment of North America. But he forgot both his sermon and himself in the brunt of sudden inspiration, and was, or seemed to be, carried away by the *Deus in nobis*, by that divine enthusiasm which makes a great sacred orator the most consum-

mate stage-actor, brooding over his part, clothing himself in it, and sinking his personality in it till nothing of himself is left. There was no cant or rant, no striving after mere histrionic effect. It was a performance, no doubt, but it was the result of natural elevation of character and depth of earnest, genuine feeling. Mr. Walker was, at least in the pulpit, as truly the man of God, the bearer of His tidings, the herald of His law, as Macready on the boards was Othello, or Kemble Richard III., or as that poor demented Booth was Brutus, when he shouted "*Sic semper tyrannis*," and fired his pistol at the innocent Abraham Lincoln.

We came out, Miss Dwight and I, dumb-stricken and almost terrified by the thunder of that impassioned delivery. As we walked home, and gradually recovered our breath, my companion had many particulars to give me about Mr. Walker, about Mr. Everett, and yet another even higher object of her hero-worship, Ralph Waldo Emerson. She herself belonged to the set described by Oliver Wendell Holmes as the "Brahmin Caste of New England," a race of parsons and school-masters. She lived by teaching, poorly and contentedly; she was old-maidish and lady-like, reading much, and loving writers and thinkers. She had a brother, Professor Dwight, at Providence, Rhode Island, a place where she took me, two weeks later, on what turned out an eventful Sunday.

At Providence, besides her brother, I was introduced to his friend and colleague, George Fuller, and, what was more, to Mr. Fuller's sister, Margaret Fuller, a woman whose greatness began just then to dawn on herself and on the world. For she was on the point of placing herself at the head of a new school of thought, together with her brother, with Ralph Waldo Emerson, and other New England new lights, whose paper, "The Dial," was soon to point out the hour of the day to mankind. Margaret was very simple and modest, not pretty, and not bright, but with something solemn and mystic in all her acts and utterances. She had something of the ecstatic manner of a seer.

Such was the impression she made upon me at first

sight, for I had no further opportunity for intimate acquaintance, though I occasionally fell in with her both in her own country and years later in England. I need hardly tell how, valuable as her work may have been in her lifetime, it is mainly on the romance of her death that her fame must rest. The whole world heard how in the zenith of her glory she crossed the ocean, flashed like a meteor over Europe, then in the throes of the hundred revolutions of that *Annus Mirabilis*, 1848, ending her philosophical and æsthetic tour in Rome, amid the din of the rise and fall of the Mazzinian republic, which she befriended, and where, when she had already reached the meridian of life, she was caught in the toils of love and marriage, and went back as Marchesa d'Ossoli, a happy wife and mother, only to perish with all she loved just outside New York harbor, not fifty yards from the landing-stairs, and in sight of many of her greeting friends.

But, to go back to my first Sunday in Charlestown, the dinner at Mrs. Hodge's, which we found spread on our return to Spring Gardens, was eaten in the same order as the breakfast I have already described, the only addition to the company being the Reverend Obadiah Farrar, who sat in my former post of honor beside the landlady, and who, as we were about to fall to, thumped upon the table with a thundering, "Should we *not* call down Heaven's blessing on our food?"

No one saw any reason why he should not; so he said his say, with an attempt at gravity, but in a great hurry, for the morning service had made him ravenous, and he was more impatient to begin than any of us.

Mr. Farrar was a big man, a prodigious feeder, with a broad jaw and an awful squint, one of whose sinister eyes was steadily fixed upon me, the "wolf in sheep-skin, Jesuit in disguise," while the other wandered greedily from the plate before him to the carving-knife and fork of the ministering landlady. His forbidding countenance seemed to freeze the words on the guests' lips, preventing a return to the interesting but ticklish topics which had enlivened our morning talk.

Our "food," after it had been blessed, consisted of boiled beans and bacon, with huge hunches of "corned" beef, with the never-failing squash and parsnip, and carrot, and hard-boiled eggs and salad, and famous cranberry sauce, followed by a dessert of thanksgiving pies, minced-meat pies, baked for the solemnization of Thanksgiving Day, the Puritan Christmas, and kept cool from week to week, not only to wait till the President should appoint that great solemnity, but also to grace the board on grand occasions before and after it. In the present instance they came forth as a special treat and compliment to me, the new-comer.

The fare was plentiful, if not dainty; but, fortunately, I never cared much for what I ate or drank, and a keen healthy appetite made me as fully at home with the Yankees of the middle class among whom I had fallen, as I should have been had I been dining under Samoyede or Hottentot tents.

The repast was over in about an hour; and I had risen to open the door for the ladies, when the two medical students stopped me—Briggs acting spokesman—with offers of some choice Havanas, which, they informed me, the stern discipline of the house only allowed to be smoked in the boarders' own rooms. I found these young men pleasant companions, especially Briggs, who had a great deal to say for himself, acquainted me with the fact that "he hailed from Newburyport, and his friend Lyons from Springfield," and showed me his books, most of them pirated editions of the works then most popular in England, especially the dramas "Ion," "Philip van Artevelde," "Fazio," "The Love-Chase," etc., of which he read out a few short passages with much spirit and feeling, though with more "mouthing" than Hamlet would have approved of, his friend Lyons rapt in admiration, like a very Pylades listening to the declamation of his Orestes, while all I could do was to catch a word here and there, by looking over the reader's shoulder, and following him as he went on, line by line, on the book.

Presently, when the town was quiet, its good people digesting their dinner as they could under the infliction

of their second sermon, we stole out for a breath of air and a brisk walk up to Bunker's Hill, and far away to Mount Auburn and Fresh Pond, my friends entertaining me with pretty gossip about their acquaintance in the town, the "fun" they had with the girls, and many a harmless jibe about Mrs. Hodge and her squinting pet minister, with some more serious, free-spoken invectives against the men of his cloth, and a declaration of their conviction that "*the country would never thrive till it had more pigs and less parsons.*" In proof of which they pointed to the ruins of a large edifice close to Bunker's Hill, which had been an Ursuline nunnery, the inoffensive and useful inmates of which had been attacked by a mob stirred by the fire-and-brimstone eloquence of a preacher of the Obadiah stamp, who set fire to the convent, and spirited away the poor sisters from their warm beds, driving them all over the country in their night-gowns in a snow-storm of a New England winter.

Towards dusk we came back all in a glow, and met again in Lyons's rooms, where he was busy mixing his cooling drinks, "mint-juleps and sherry cobbler," to be sipped lovingly through the conventional straw; with which, as with "cocktails, gin-slugs, and pick-me-ups," I had soon to become acquainted, though I am thankful to say never intimate; for one could not live otherwise in that thirsty Yankee land,—a land in which you could hardly call on a dying friend without his opening his filmy eyes and with his last breath and spent voice blurting out his never-failing, "What'll ye drink?"

The drift of our talk, as we sipped, was still literary, friend Briggs quoting largely from his Byron and Shelley, known to him by heart, while in the intervals up came the strains of our landlady, who sat in the parlor, brewing her Obadiah's grog, slowly and drowsily rocking herself in her chair, keeping time with the ticking of her wooden clock, while with folded arms and drooping eyelids she hummed out, in a droning voice,—

"From Greenland's icy mountains,"

the deep base of the minister occasionally striking in with

“Salvation! Oh, salvation!”

To which the profane Briggs made response by a slight but wicked modification of the first four letters of the word:

“D——ation! Oh, d——ation!”

And such was my first experience of the light and darkness of a New England Sabbath.

On the morrow, Monday, I was up early, dressed with more than my usual care, and punctually at eleven presented myself at Mr. Everett's door ready to take up my task as tutor to his daughters.

The eldest of these young ladies was an infant prodigy; she had up to her present age of twelve been her father's love and pride, and had under his tuition developed precocious talents of the very first order, which had been cultivated, or, let us say, *forced*, with so much more zeal than discretion, that she was stunted in growth and spoiled in temper, a poor, thin, sallow, peevish thing, sickly as a hot-house plant, and, as it was easy to foresee, and actually happened, doomed to an early grave; while her younger sister, with a more genial disposition, was perfectly content to be considered the dunce of the family, and grew up plump and frolicsome, so that I heard of her, years afterwards, as a happy mother and grandmother.

Between me and Miss Everett there was ill-blood from the beginning. She “did not believe I was an Italian; I did not look like one,” she often observed. She disliked my face, as she had good reason to do; and I felt inclined to quarrel with it myself when I caught the reflection of it in the glass at shaving-time; for it is a face remarkable for a plainness bordering on ugliness; and an Italian leading journal* has lately characterized it by establishing its striking resemblance to that of “Socrates as he appears in his ancient bust

*“Fanfulla,” April 27, 1883.

in the Capitoline Museum." Miss Everett would probably not have gone so far as to "hang me for my face," but she certainly was not charitable enough to consider that our features, rough- or smooth-hewn as they may be, are not our handiwork, that they have been moulded for us without our knowledge or consent, and such as they are we must carry them about with us to our earthly journey's end.

There was no pleasing Miss Everett. "I came," she said, "from the north of Italy, and what could I know of *lingua Toscana in bocca Romana*?" My French was not like her papa's French, and as to my Latin, there was no possible understanding between us, as her father wished me to teach it with my broad Italian pronunciation, and the stubborn girl stuck to her mincing Oxford vowels; and she laughed at me if, for the sake of quiet living, I humored her by trying to adopt her English accent.

The vixen was reasonable and submissive enough when her father was present; but this happened very seldom, for the governor's time was taken up by the debate in the Massachusetts Legislature of the "Eighteen Gallons Bill," or "Striped Pig Law," as it was called, from one of the many tricks by which its provisions were evaded,—a bill or law intended to enforce temperance by forbidding the retail trade in liquors,—a stolid measure, which the party in power managed to carry, but which arrayed against them the mass of the drinking populace and the whole brotherhood of the publicans, who were strong enough to overthrow the government and repeal the obnoxious enactment at the next election.

In her father's absence, Miss Everett was sure, in her bickerings with me, to be backed by her mother,—an indulgent mother, who never attended our lessons, but who naturally accepted her daughter's version of all subjects in dispute, and reported to her husband accordingly; so that, though the governor was fair enough to listen to both parties and strove for some time to keep the peace with equal balance, he perceived, at the end of a month, that his life was made a burden

to him, and he listened to his wife's suggestions that the girls needed a change of air, and that they should be sent to a marine villa at Nahant, where one of her own unmarried sisters was still enjoying the sea-breezes with the latest bathers. To smooth the blow that was thus dealt at my purse and my *amour-propre* at the same time, Mr. Everett volunteered to become himself my pupil, and went with me through a course of readings of Dante in the evenings, in which he persevered with great steadiness, and in spite of his manifold engagements, even when he was forced to perceive that he could crack the hard nuts of the abstruse poet much more easily than his would-be master was able to do.

By this time, fortunately, my prospects as a teacher of languages had brightened; for my friend Miss Dwight had exerted herself in my behalf with heroic and disinterested feminine affection. She had taken me to Providence, as I have said, and introduced me to a little literary coterie in which George and Margaret Fuller were conspicuous, and these found me ample employment, if not in Charlestown or Boston, at least in the neighboring towns of Salem, Lowell, etc., to which I travelled almost every day in the week, either by rail or on horseback, or, as the winter set in, by sledge,—my great delight being to ride or drive those incomparable long-legged New England trotters, warranted to carry me at the rate of twelve miles an hour.

Though teaching was never my calling, and I took to it only as a temporary employment, and under protest that "if I was fit for nothing better I might as well never have come to America," yet its practice was not altogether irksome, as it now and then brought me into contact with interesting young men of my friend Charles B. Mills's stamp, or with still more attractive persons of the gentler sex, whose charms of mind and body were enough to reconcile a man to whatever there might otherwise have been unendurable in the new continent, and some of whose images are still treasured up in memory's shrine as something it has been worth while for a man to have lived and suffered for.

For the rest, such leisure as was allowed me by my avocations, especially on the Sundays and the evenings of the week-days, was spent with my good friends Briggs and Lyons, with whom I took desperately long strolls in the neighborhood, or visited at their friends' houses in the town, the little suburb of Charlestown having its little social circles, with their round of balls, concerts, and other parties, altogether under the management of the young ladies of the various families, who went to and from such entertainments alone or under the escort of their partners or admirers, with that charming self-dependence and confidence which gives every Anglo-Saxon maiden the sacred character of "Una and the Lion."

To me, accustomed hitherto to the jealous, half-Oriental ways of Italian, French, and Spanish society, the boundless freedom allowed to females in general, and especially to girls in their teens, at their peril and upon their own responsibility, seemed at first as strange and incomprehensible as it was pleasant. I was always wondering what results such intimacy might lead to, and it was only by a deeper initiation into the affairs of the little community that I learned how thoroughly, both by her own instincts and by her neighbors' example, a Yankee girl is taught to take care of herself and to look to the main chance, drawing a broad distinction between flirtation and—business.

There was hardly one of the most winning belles of the town who would not go out with me in the dark,—with me, a stranger, a foreigner and "Eye-talian,"—show the way to the house of a friend to whose party she had procured me a card, where she would dance, play, or flirt with me or anybody else, but whence at the end of the rout she would expect me to be in attendance as her *cavalier servente obbligato* for the evening, my duty being to see her safe home, either by the straightest or by a circuitous route as moonlight or her fancy might suggest; and all would end by my leaving her at her door at or after midnight, where she would stop just one second on the threshold to shake hands, or to bestow some other slight favor of which it would

be unbecoming a gentleman to "tell." And *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

On the following morning, if I cared, I was welcome to call and inquire how the damsel had slept after her dissipation, when I found her in her drawing-room, a pink of neatness, busy with the perusal of "Henrietta Temple, a Love-Story," or "Eugene Aram," two of the "last things out from the old country," when she would with scant ceremony introduce me to the "old woman,"—if this latter happened to come in all wrapped in her morning shawl and with her hair in curl-papers,—crying out, "Oh, mother, this is Mr. Mariotti, a friend of Josh Briggs, who was with me at the Chaplins' last evening, and who will probably go with me to the Potters' this evening, and who, by the way," she added, with an arch expression of affected jealousy, "admired the gray eyes of Louisa Chaplin as if there had been no other eyes in the room." Whereupon the obliging elderly dame would smile and courtesy, and mutter something about "our friends' friends being our friends," and presently retire, pleading the domestic *chores* that demanded her attention, and never showing herself again, had our *tête-à-tête* lasted three hours, her discretion telling her that "two are company and three are none."

To enliven our existence, which in spite even of such harmless philandering might otherwise have been liable to sameness and tameness, there came a little incident which had no serious consequences, but which was nevertheless the cause of considerable alarm.

Boston and its suburbs constituted at that time so orderly and exemplary a community as scarcely to require any armed force or police to keep the peace. With a population of eighty thousand souls a single constable was deemed sufficient to enforce respect to the law, as it was understood that in any emergency the law could rely on the free support of all good citizens. Which might be true enough so long as the passions of the said good citizens lay dormant; for otherwise we have seen, even in this little hole of Charlestown, of what outrage a mob, set up by the intemper-

ate address of a fanatic preacher, could be guilty, with the connivance, or at least without hinderance, of an unarmed authority. We have seen it, I say, in the case of the Ursuline Convent burnt to the ground in a fatal night, during which the only law was lynch-law.

But a real element of disorder, in ordinary times, were the Irish, some ten thousand of whom lived in the back slums of the city, higgledy-piggledy with the "niggers," and whose habit of celebrating their noisy funerals on the Sabbath-day gave dire offence to the native Puritans, and led to frequent collisions with them. One of these half-formidable, half-laughable Irish rows I had already witnessed from my friend Pietro Bachi's windows in Brattle Street, where a large multitude of the sons of Erin had intrenched themselves behind a huge pile of brickbats, and there withstood a charge of mounted citizen militia, till they were overpowered, when the triumphant Bostonians broke into their wretched houses and gutted them, throwing down the furniture from the windows, and ripping up their mattresses and feather-beds with such energy that in a few minutes the whole atmosphere of the city was dense with the floating feathers as with the flakes of a heavy snow-storm; the riot ending after dark with loud pæans and ovations of the victorious party, the vanquished withdrawing from the field and living to fight another day. That the Irish vowed vengeance, and would have it if they could, we might easily expect; but to what extent their resentment took the shape of the frequent fires which night after night lighted up the darkness of the city and its suburbs was merely matter of conjecture. The fires, however, were rather too frequent for any man to doubt that they were the work of incendiaries; and to put an end to the evil, or to allay the terrors it caused, the Boston constable bethought himself of the expedient of swearing in a few respectable citizens as special watchmen, assigning them their respective localities, supplying them with hooked staffs, rattles, and lanterns, and bidding them patrol the streets from sunset to sunrise.

Briggs, Lyons, and I, and the *elite* of the youth of our suburb of Charlestown, were of course pressed into this patriotic service, and "jolly nights" we had in the guard-room, where we kept up our spirits and whiled away the tedious hours by much talk and a little drink, and issued forth warm and merry, keeping the streets alive with our heavy tramp, making night hideous by springing our rattles and by the strains of vocal and instrumental music, with which we serenaded Louisa Chaplin, Theresa Potter, Hester Budds, Jane Burbidge, and other beauties whose sweet slumbers we professed to screen from disturbance.

My private affairs meanwhile might be said to be in a flourishing condition. I had work throughout the day, amusement in the night; a moderate but assured income; friends of both sexes, to say nothing of un-failing health and unflagging love of reading; I had paid my debt to the Church twice over, discontinued the Dante readings with Mr. Everett, parting with him on terms of sincere friendship. There was, in short, nothing I had reason to find fault with; hardly anything by which I could rationally hope to "better myself." Yet all at once the uneasy feeling which so often made me wish for and look forward to some change began to haunt me. I was not—not yet—tired of America. I did not see how I could emancipate myself from what I foolishly considered my "degrading trade" of a teacher, but to something new I must aspire,—to some other home than Mrs. Hodge's, another residence than Charlestown, other friends than Briggs and Lyons, other sweethearts than Louisa Chaplin or Theresa Potter. And the opportunity for the change happily soon presented itself.

CHAPTER VI.

COLLEGE LIFE.

Charlestown to Cambridge—A girls' school—Peach-trees and the New England climate—A lofty home—Cambridge—Harvard University—Professors and students—Rising men—Southern men—Politics—Social circles—Lady friends—Peaches unripe and over-ripe—A flash of jealousy—A walk with Longfellow—Its results.

AMONG the many friendly acts by which kind Miss Dwight had endeavored to forward me in my business, I must reckon an introduction to Mrs. David Marx, the wife of the Principal of the "Harvard Young Ladies' Academy," near Cambridge. Between the establishment so called and the venerable Alma Mater over which the Honorable Josiah Quincy presided, there was not the least connection. But the Academy rose in close proximity to the University, on the high-road between Boston and Cambridge, about half a mile from the college buildings in this latter place, and its situation afforded the female academicians the advantage of the lectures delivered in the Young Men's Institute in the town-hall, which were open to the public, but where the Harvard professors were often the lecturers, and the Harvard students not unfrequently looked in. For lectures were, at that time, the intellectual daily bread and the only evening entertainment of the upper and middle classes in the United States, when Boston itself could hardly be said to have an opera or play-house, the Tremont Theatre itself never being open for more than two or three months in the year.

The principal of the Young Ladies' Academy, David Marx, was a dull, uninteresting animal, tall and lank, without a backbone, with dim eyes, hollow cheeks, and drooping whiskers, never looking more than half awake. But his wife was bright and sunny, all life and spirit; and I never was so glad as when I went out with Miss

Dwight to spend a Sunday afternoon at the Academy, where we had tea in the garden under a famous peach-tree, which had only four peaches on one of its branches,—“a fruit,” said the mistress of the house, “that grew to a large size and had a most delicious flavor.” With respect to those fruits there was a standing war between me and the fair lady, inasmuch as I contended that a peach could never ripen in the open air in New England, and pointed to those four little balls no bigger than walnuts, which, in my opinion, were visibly shrinking and withering from Sunday to Sunday; and the lady flamed up with anger,—for your Yankees, like your English, are ever touchy on the subject of their climate, and, though loud enough in their abuse of it among themselves, are always, in their intercourse with strangers, as ready to take up the cudgels in defence of it as if they had made it themselves.

It was at the close of a warm debate on that vexatious subject that Miss Dwight, as we were walking home, communicated to me a proposal of Mrs. Marx that I should move my quarters from Charlestown to Cambridge, and establish myself at the Academy, where I should have my board and residence in return for my services as Professor of Modern Languages.

The offer suited me in many respects, and before a week was over I found myself at home in my new situation. The Academy consisted of a large three-storied, isolated building, surmounted in the centre by a square tower with an open terrace for its roof, which was the part of the house intended for my habitation. My apartment in the tower was airy and spacious, and from its four windows, as well as from the terrace above, it commanded an extensive view of the country as far as Boston and its harbor, and the villages crowning the heights of the undulating region around. Communication between the house and the tower could only be had through a narrow, winding, wooden staircase, and I was thus in perfect seclusion and solitude in mid-air,—a situation which had at all times the greatest charm for me, and for the sake of which I never minded how

many hundred steps I might have to climb up. My room was plainly but not meanly furnished. It had a camp-bed, an arm-chair, a large writing-table, and shelves full of books, among which I found Shakespeare, Gibbon, and other English classics, as well as an "American Cyclopædia," an excellent English translation of the Leipsic "Conversations-Lexikon," published in New York under the management of Franz Lieber, a German professor, at that time held in high honor throughout the United States, and especially in Charleston, South Carolina, where he had his residence. For two or three of those long winter months I shut myself in my lofty abode and led a scholar's life. My duties at the Academy were extremely light, the principal's object being rather to have it in his power to say that languages might be learned at his establishment than to see that they were actually taught. Part of the afternoon was sufficient for that work, and for such other engagements as I had still from home. But from earliest morning till after noon I pored over those books. In my boarding-house life at Boston and Charlestown I had had good opportunities for my practice of colloquial English. But now, in my hermitage, I went through a course of incessant reading, and steeped my thoughts in those English books, till my mind seemed to undergo a thorough transformation, and I began to think, and feel, and breathe in English. I am one of those who believe that a great deal may be learned from a good dictionary. That American Cyclopædia supplied me with as many ideas as words. I went through the rudiments of universal knowledge, renewed such education as I had had at my Italian university from beginning to end. It was like the superposition of one brain upon another.

Moreover, the practice of correcting my pupils' themes and summoning the English expression that could best convey my foreign thought gave me the most thorough insight into the intricacies of comparative grammar, and so rapidly advanced me in my English that I was almost as much at home in the language at the end of my first six months in Amer-

ica as I ever became in the thirty or forty subsequent years.

It was not long also before I perceived that I was living in Cambridge in an altogether different American atmosphere from what I had hitherto been accustomed to. I often attended the evening lectures at the town-hall; not, indeed, for any great profit I derived from them,—for I often found it difficult to follow the train of other people's spoken thoughts, and knowledge always reached me rather through the eyes than the ears,—but because the Lecture in America, like the Opera in Italy, is mainly an occasion, and almost a pretext, for social intercourse. I met at the town-hall such acquaintance as I had, or as I was making from day to day; stopped to talk to them on the hall steps; walked with them on their way home to their doors, inside their doors, and tarried sometimes till a late hour, till my presence became familiar, and my visits were admitted as a matter of course.

There could be hardly anything in the world more pleasant than Cambridge society was then. Though the distance from Boston was only three miles, the severity of the winter that presently set in made the communication between the two places anything but agreeable; and Cambridge, almost completely isolated, had to put up with such elements of social life as her own local resources could muster. It was almost altogether an academical society. But it so happened that most of the professors were men of mark,—either young men eager to attain distinction, or elderly gentlemen happy in their consciousness of having achieved it. Most of them had travelled and studied in Europe; all labored to divest themselves of the peculiar foibles and prejudices of Yankeeism. Without ceasing to be patriotic, they eschewed politics,—at least home politics; for those were still the days of Andrew Jackson (Old Hickory). Under the almost absolute rule of that soldier-President, there was a truce to the usual agitation of national parties; and as to mere local State questions, such as the "Striped Pig Law," they seldom troubled the serene strata of our academical atmosphere.

Cambridge scholars prided themselves on purity of language, on refinement of taste, on a simplicity and freedom of manners not entirely dissociated with a certain polish and elegance. And, as it must always naturally happen where the sexes are placed socially on a footing of equality, the ladies were more amusing and interesting, more brilliant companions, than their lords; for these latter were by the nature of their business what we now call "specialists,"—men mainly if not wholly absorbed in some particular branch of study, not much at home on other subjects, and not very eloquent even in their own, for they labored under the perpetual fear lest their hobby might run away with them, lest they should carry their hearers out of their depth, lest they should be voted bores and pedants, men of one idea or of one order of ideas, unable to "sink the ship" and be like other men in a drawing-room. While for their own part the ladies were general readers, more desultory and catholic in their theories, with peculiar gifts enabling them to choose their own subject and give whatever turn they pleased to the conversation, so as to fit the talk to their listeners; they were more expansive, more sympathetic, more enthusiastic on a variety of topics.

The first and best of my Cambridge female friends were the two sisters of my earliest Boston acquaintance, Charles B. Mills, Sarah and Harriet, to whom he had introduced me two months before, and who seemed now bent on indemnifying me for his unavoidably prolonged absence by being everything to me that he might wish to have been. The elder, as I said, was the wife of the professor of astronomy, Benjamin Peirce, a mathematician of good renown, who had published an English translation of La Place's "*Mécanique Céleste*," had been its author's friend and constant correspondent, and was now deeply engaged in some original writings of his own. His life was above the clouds, and he was seldom out of his working-room; but he was jovial and sociable when he condescended to come down into this nether world, and lived very happily with his wife, who was free from the encum-

brance of children and was therefore glad of her younger sister's constant company. For weeks and months of my acquaintance with these ladies I was considering within myself with which of them I should fall in love, for in love with somebody I must of course be wherever I went,—a matter of but little consequence to the object of my devotion, as my love was of a quiet, unaggressive nature, and it could do nobody harm, whatever good it might do to myself. Mrs. Peirce was a clever, keen-witted, sensible woman, pungent and sarcastic in her jests and repartees. She was about twenty-seven years of age, in the early pride of her matronly beauty. Her sister was barely out of her teens, thin and agile, with a fresh, light-pink complexion, sylph-like. There was between them a potential resemblance with a difference, as between the rose and the rose-bud. Both were good-looking; both were sharp and lively, but the elder had much of the softness and roundness, the dignity and demureness, of the grown-up cat; the younger had more of the playful graces, of the half-coaxing, half-scratching skittishness, of the kitten.

I was a good deal with these sisters, dangling about them in the evening, going with them to their friends' houses where the company assembled, sharing with them the winter pleasures of skating, sledge-driving, or "sleighing," as they called it, or walking on the crisp, hard-frozen snow. The most sociable houses, besides the Peirces' were Mrs. Fay's,—Judge Fay's wife, with an only daughter, a fine, strapping girl, fair, handsome, and good, and an heiress; and next door to the Fays were the Websters, the family of Professor Webster, an M.D. with a large bevy of daughters, established for several years in New England, but originally coming from the Azores; the professor an undersized, thick-set, bullet-headed man, with wife and daughters very much like him, all of them short, globular, and solid, with dingy complexions suggestive of more than a few drops of Spanish, Portuguese, or even darker blood in their veins. They made up a homogeneous household, all kind and hospitable, simple-minded and affectionate, musical, artistic, accom-

plished; all intent on pleasing their guests, and anxious to bring together many of them,—the very last house and the very last man one could ever have dreamt of associating with a crime of the deepest dye; yet it was that same bullet-headed professor, as many now living may remember, who a few years later startled the world by deliberately murdering, in his laboratory in Boston, a creditor who had dunned him out of all endurance, and cutting him up into mince-meat, in the vain hope of escaping detection and punishment.

Besides these there were other families of equal or higher social rank, whose houses, owing to some peculiar domestic circumstances, were not equally opened to evening visitors, but whose masters or mistresses were also friendly and into whose good graces I managed to make my way. One was the family of Mr. Andrews Norton, an eminent divine, for several years at the head of the theological Unitarian school, then a secluded invalid, though always an active writer, whose wife, Catherine Eliot, a stately lady, still young, of a wealthy family, highly educated, had been among the earliest and warmest friends of Piero Maroncelli, Foresti, Castiglia, Borsieri, and other Italian prisoners, lately released from the cells or dungeons of the Austrian state fortress of Spielberg, and who was just then revising the proofs of her translation of Pellico's "*Le mie Prigioni*," the best version of that singular ascetic book extant in any language.

A member of the same family was an only son, Charley Norton, as he was then called, a promising boy of ten, now ripened into Charles Eliot Norton, a traveller and art-critic, apparently aspiring to the reputation of the American Ruskin.

Another house, also with the door ajar, so to say, rather than closed, was that of Judge Story, the great jurist, whose authority on legal subjects carried then as much weight in the Old as in the New World, whose home was at Cambridge, but who was often absent as a judge of the Supreme Court at Washington, and even when at home could spare but little time from the

compilation of his "Commentaries," yet who never showed himself without winning men and women by his still handsome presence, his bland, courtly address, and sly humor. A great attraction to the house was his daughter, Mary,—a charming young lady, with much of her father's look and manner, wise and quiet, and with none of the gushing, noisy energy characteristic of too many even of the better class of Yankee girls. Less frequently seen than the judge's daughter was his son, William Wetmore Story, at that time still an undergraduate, as hard-working as his father, and to whom men already gave credit for that versatility of mind which enabled him in after-years to wield the pen, the brush, and the chisel with a talent bordering upon, though in the opinion of his critics just stopping short of, genius.

But of other interesting individuals, married or single, old or young, teachers or students, who frequented those houses and grouped themselves around the main figures of my Cambridge acquaintance, the name was legion,—many of them men of whom the world has heard much, of some of whom it expects to hear more.

There were first the divines, the new lights of the Unitarian school of theology, the disciples of Andrews Norton and William Ellery Channing, John Gorham Palfrey, Henry Ware, junior (the senior still living and not very old), with other professors of divinity,—all pretty good sacred orators, but better writers; all busy as editors or contributors to the "North American Review," a publication which had then reached its highest standing, and which still struggles to maintain it at the present day.

There were graduates and undergraduates of the university; promising youths, who were soon to fulfil their promises; young men like Richard Henry Dana, then aged twenty-two, who had just come back from his madcap cruise and was then at work on his "Two Years before the Mast;" men like James Russell Lowell, of the "Biglow Papers," now United States minister at the court of St. James; men like Oliver Wendell

Holmes, who had already published a small volume of half-sentimental, half-humorous poems, but who, soon finding out that "*Carmina non dant panem*," deserted the Muses and took seriously to the medical profession; and it was only several years later, when he had insured his position as medical professor at Harvard, that he came forth again as editor of a magazine, author of the "*Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*" and of "*Elsie Venner*," the latter one of the greatest and strangest novels of our age, in which the author's knowledge as a physician is blended with his imagination as a poet, and both are brought to bear upon the solution of metaphysical and physiological problems about which he had long cudgelled his brains as a philosopher.

Distinguished among the students were two graduates who still lingered about the precincts of the university, Charles Sumner and Bancroft Davis, both clever, gentlemanly youths, who had just achieved their first European tour and brought back some notions of European refinement, who had been welcomed in England in the best social circles, and were enthusiastic admirers of everything English, yet—sad to say!—whose juvenile Anglomania was in later years turned to sour Anglophobia, when, at the close of the American civil war of 1861–65, Sumner fanned into a flame the smouldering embers of Yankee rancor against the old country in the Senate at Washington, and Davis stood up, Shylock-wise, for his pound of John Bull's flesh at the Geneva Conference for the settlement of the Alabama claims, in 1872.

Haleyon days, still, were these in which it had befallen my lot to live in the United States. Political and trading interests had brought about a truce between the North and South of the great Union. There was a virtual, if not an actual, adjournment of the vital question of negro slavery; and although Sambo was still hailed as "a man and a brother" in Longfellow's verse and Channing's prose, although Lloyd Garrison and other fanatics still ventured across the borders of "Dixie's Land" and carried on an apostleship which often ended in martyrdom, yet the idea began to gain

ground that the general interests of the country imposed on all reasonable men the duty of mutual forbearance,—that slavery should be looked upon as a peculiar institution of some States, with which other States had no business to meddle, and that Lloyd Garrison and his fellows, some of whom had been tarred and feathered and whose revolutionary printing-presses had been burnt, had only met the fate they richly deserved.

These were not yet the times of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," nor would such times ever have been, had not what was a mere moral question been mixed up with the political animosities of party warfare. The Boston merchants were at this period bidding higher than ever for the custom of Southern planters; and scores of Carolina and Georgia youngsters matriculated at Harvard, where they were not only extremely popular among their Yankee classmates, but also readily admitted into the best social circles, both at Cambridge and Boston, and looked up to as gentlemen and aristocrats, the scions of old Cavalier families, altogether a superior breed to that of the "money-grubbing, psalm-singing, canting and cheating descendants of New England Puritans." Some of these Southerners were no doubt tall, athletic fellows; they had the habit of command, a lofty way of making free with their money and running into debt; but all this could scarcely reconcile one to the nastiness of their smoking to excess and spitting, to the negro accent which they sucked with their milk from black nurses, to their swagger and bluster, their drinking and betting, gambling and quarrelling, and other vices which their partial friends held up as virtues, in disparagement of the more sober and cleanly though more homely and niggardly habits peculiar to the rawest Yankees.

Among these strange and to me all new phases of American life I felt as if my old school and college days had come back again and I was going through a second course of academical studies. I joined the students in their sports and frolics, mimicked with them the peculiarities of the Teutonic accent of our German teacher, though he was no less a man than

Charles Follen, a German patriot of the old Tugendbund days,—a friend of Arndt, Jahn, and other heroes of the memorable “Year Thirteen,” and a suspected accomplice of Sand, Kotzebue’s crack-brained murderer,—although he made himself a high position in America as a poet, a scholar, a jurist, and a divine, and went from State to State as a missionary, preaching Unitarianism with the zeal of a convert, till his career was cut short by a tragic death, in 1840, when the steamer that was conveying him from New York to Providence caught fire, and he perished by burning or drowning, with one hundred and seventy-five of his fellow-passengers.

It may seem hardly credible that I, an outside barbarian, who even now, after a fifty years’ practice, can still hardly ever open my lips without betraying my foreign accent, should be so prodigiously silly as to make fun of poor Follen because he objected to sign the “*Dirty-nine Articles*,” because he spoke of the Hebrews as the chosen *Beoble*, and prefaced his address to the Deity with his solemn “let us Bray.”

Still more thoughtless and ruthless was our treatment of the French master, Monsieur Sales, an elderly gentleman of high rank and courtly manners, who had to fly from his country in the darkest days of the Reign of Terror, and found in Cambridge a refuge which he was loath to quit at the Restoration of 1814, and who, although he had dropped his titles and honors in a republican community, still cherished in his heart the remembrances of the France of his youth, and went about the university buildings wearing the round broad-brimmed hat, the powdered wig and pigtail, the cut-away coat, the tall, gold-headed Malacca cane,—all the old fashions of the court of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. From tying a string to that pigtail and hoisting that wig in the air while the mounsheer was unfolding the theory of the irregular verbs, what truant school-boy’s hand could possibly have refrained?

And in the company of school-boys I was myself little better than the merest school-boy. I am bound to confess that my brain was one of those which blos-

som early yet ripen late. Though I was always the youngest of my classmates in my college studies in Italy, my sympathies were always with my juniors ; and even at this American phase of my life, when I was more than a quarter of a century old, in the midst of all the semi-tragic moods and mock-heroic yearnings of a passionate quixotic nature—in spite also of the desperate odds against which I had to fight the battle of life—it was not without some effort that I resisted the temptation to play childish monkey-tricks or indulge in harmless but foolish practical jokes.

Who could believe, for instance, that I took a fiendish delight in teasing and nagging my amiable friend Mrs. Marx on the subject of those famous four peaches in her Academy garden about which her patriotic susceptibilities had been so cruelly wounded on our first interview ? The quarrel between us about those poor withered and shrunkn fruits had gone on throughout the fall, and was kept up till the first frost set in and the country was white with a sprinkling of snow, when I plucked them from the branch, laid them in a large china dish before her as she sat at table with her school-girls at the end of dinner, and "Here!" I exclaimed, "here, young ladies, are Mrs. Marx's peaches, beautifully candied and sugared, for your dessert." Then, pointing my finger at the chafing schoolmistress, amid the ill-smothered tittering of her pupils, "I hope," I said, "you will now agree that your cooking-apple is the only fruit that will ripen in this bleak New England climate."

It was a too easy and wanton victory, for I well knew that peaches came to full maturity in the good lady's garden once every three or four years, and I was well aware that the State of New Jersey was a very forest of thriving peach-trees ; and as for cooking-apples, it is known to the world that no country can rival the magnificent pippins of New Hampshire. But I wished to have my laugh at the matron's expense, and it was only too late that I perceived that the jest had been carried too far, and that it was more than the victim could bear. In my anxiety to smooth the dear lady's

rumpled feelings, I bethought myself of a house where I had lately seen, and where I could easily procure, four peaches, far better than those to which the inclemency of the Cambridge air would allow a fair chance even in the most propitious season. I had that very day to ride on my teacher's business to a large farm, three or four miles north of Cambridge, belonging to Mr. Hambro, a rich Boston merchant, with a fine garden and a well-supplied row of green-houses. Mrs. Hambro and her daughters had often shown me their graperies and pineries, taking especial pride in a wall on which were spread the branches of a peach-tree in espalier laden with fruits, larger or juicier than which I have never seen, unless it be in the Duke of Devonshire's conservatories at Chatsworth. Of these I begged four from Mrs. Hambro, who kindly wrapped them up in broad vine-leaves and put them into a napkin which, upon taking leave, I tied to my saddle-bow. My haste to deliver my precious gift, and the smart trot of my willing hack, soon brought me back to the Academy, where I again found the mistress and her pupils seated at tea, and where I laid down my bundle with a triumphant air, saying,—

“Here, Mrs. Marx! Here are peaches, fairly ripened, mellow, luscious peaches; and they are genuine New England peaches. I was a fool to vex you. I have no doubt now yours would have grown up to the size of these, had I left them on their branch till next Easter. See here!”

She looked, and all looked; and as I untied the end of the napkin, and threw open the bundle, behold! four large peach-stones half buried in a pulpy mash, sticking to the vine-leaves, while a great part of the juice oozed through the tissue of the napkin, and, as I perceived now that I also looked, had run down in a broad fragrant streak along the left side of my nether garment. Thus was Mrs. Marx fully avenged, and her girls' laughter was turned against me.

Of these girls with whom I found myself domesticated, somewhat like a kite in a dove-cot, some were almost grown-up women, and some of them—two of

them at least—in my Italian class were no unfair specimens of blossoming Yankee beauty. One was like a violet, pale and shrinking, had large gray eyes with long lashes, casting on the whole countenance so deep a shade of sweet melancholy that I could not help telling her one day that to look at her was like uttering her name,—Helen Hurd,—a name which, on account of the alliteration of the aspirates, I could never pronounce without sighing. The other's name was Lizzie Baker, which I took the liberty to translate into *Fornarina*, a merry lass with a lustrous face and a bouncing figure, whom I delighted by frequent allusions to the wonders of Raphael's favorite model, of which I told her she was a perfect picture.

To what extent I cared for these girls, and whether my preference was given to the *Pennerosa* or the *Allegra*, I never troubled myself to inquire, and would never have found out, had it not been for an untoward encounter, in which, I must say, I behaved in a black-guard manner, of which I could never have thought myself capable.

Mr. Marx had in his establishment, as a Latin usher, a half-starved poor devil, by name Vincent Wilson, who followed his course at Harvard as a divinity student, and lent his services at the Academy for little more than his board and lodging. He was a small, thin, weakly youth, with the hatchet face, the high cheek-bones, the angular features, the dark-red complexion, which, either owing to mixed blood or to some mysterious influence of the climate, gives to many Yankees the characteristic type of the native Red Indian race.

The upper class of our young ladies had been told off for the evening lecture at the town-hall, Wilson and I going with them as an escort, the principal and his wife following a few minutes later. Helen and Lizzie headed the fair procession, and I had already made up my mind to offer my arm to the former, when the usher went up to the other with the same intention. I can hardly say what strange, sudden, perverse fit of jealous anger seized me. All I know is that I rushed at once between Lizzie and her would-be cavalier, tore

the girl's arm from him, and pushed him rudely aside, crying, "Stand back, sir! Lizzie is my own."

He was thunderstruck for an instant, but soon he turned purple and livid, looking tomahawks and scalping-knives at me, and revealing all the vindictive feelings of the savage. But it was only a flash of momentary passion. Whether he bethought himself that his cloth forbade him to engage in battle, or whether he fancied that, as an Italian, I must have a stiletto secreted about my waistcoat-pocket, he fell back to the rear, allowing me to walk on with one of the two half-terrified, half-flattered damsels on each arm, bearing them off all the way to the lecture-room as the prize of a too easy victory.

It was a blackguard deed, and, I hope, quite at variance with every *trait* of my character,—one of those sallies of temper which a man should never allow himself, and which he is sure to remember and bitterly regret all his lifetime.

I was walking slowly past Cragie House on the following day, still very much ashamed of myself, when I saw the tenant of the place, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, standing at the gate with his friend the Greek professor, Cornelius Felton, pulling on his gloves and preparing to go out.

"Here comes our Italian," said the poet, in an undertone, but which did not escape my keen sense of hearing. "And he comes in a brown study, reminding me of Guido Cavalcanti, whom Boccaccio describes as going about with a downcast head, as if wondering if one could make out that God does not exist."*

And as he stepped out into the footpath flanking the road, he addressed me with a smile.

"A penny for your thought, signor," said he.

"That would be filching a copper from you, professor," I answered. "The day is rather warm, and it is my custom to go, like Gozzi, thoughtful in mien, vacant in mind.† I was on my way to Mount Auburn," I added. "Will you go?"

* "Se trovar si potesse che Dio non fosse."

† "Pensoso in vista, com' io soglio, e dentro senza pensier."

Upon which, to my surprise, he shook hands with Felton, who had to attend his class in college, and declared he was ready to join me in my afternoon stroll.

Longfellow was then about thirty years old, beautiful as the god of day, with golden hair which he wore down to his shoulders, clear blue eyes, a fair, healthy complexion, and well-cut features. He was somewhat undersized, but there was both ease and dignity in all his movements, and the expression in his face was that of a cheerful, benevolent disposition.

I had read "Outre-Mer," which I found somewhat affected and insipid, and a few of his early poems, which did not seem to me to rise above mediocrity. But I had some talk with him on subjects with which I thought I ought to have been tolerably conversant, and which gave me a high idea of his proficiency in those branches of literature which he had taught, first at Bowdoin College in his native Maine, and later at Harvard. What I was especially struck with was his charm and elegance of utterance, which made me set him down rather as a talker or teacher than a writer.

We had only met twice or three times at friends' houses, but there had been no interchange of visits; and I surmised that by volunteering his company in my walk he had an object which, I had no doubt, could bode me no ill. To see Longfellow and not to like him—not to love him at first sight as a Pico della Mirandola or a Crichton—is more than many men could do.

He spoke with genuine feeling of the beauty of our language; informed me that he was busy with a prose translation of Dante, which was published many years later. He asked me to recite some of the passages of the divine poem, which I knew by heart, regretting his inability to master the indefinable *nuances* of the Italian accent. Then he proceeded to catechise me on the subject of living Italian literature; stopped at the gate of the cemetery, and inquired whether I had read Alessandro's "Monte Auburno;" finally, coming to the point, he turned all the light of his blue eyes upon me, and said,—

"What about yourself, Signor Mariotti? Surely you have written and you do write poetry, do you not?"

"Guilty, my lord," I pleaded. "I have wasted reams of paper in my day, but I have burnt every sheet of it. What I write is for me alone; it is what no man could have patience to read, what I have vowed no man shall read."

"Be it so," he insisted; "but I do not propose to read, I only ask *you* to read—or recite—to me what is denied to all men. There shall be no breach of your vow; and think how great shall be my privilege!"

I need not tell how long the matter was debated between us, nor can any one doubt how the discussion ended. Of course he would take no denial; and of course I was too much flattered not to be overruled.

There were in my desk about half a score of short pieces, chiefly *Romanze*, or ballads on chivalrous subjects, with which I had cheered my weary hours in Tangiers, attuning my verses to some of Bellini's airs, popular at that epoch. They belonged to what was called the "romantic school," based on the study of German and English literature, of which Manzoni, Grossi, Berchet, and other Lombards had taken the lead, but which, I believe, has now been set aside as out of fashion.

It was not without a shamed face and a faltering voice that I stammered out a few stanzas of "Blondel and King Richard," "Gabrielle de Vergy," "Inez de Castro," etc.; but he listened with apparent interest, bade me repeat some of the verses, and asked for more, till he had not only coaxed all I had to give out of me, but actually, before we left the cemetery, had extorted from me a promise to leave the manuscript in his hands for his calmer perusal.

To make the matter short, he had his way in everything. He read the ballads, gave them to Charles Folsom, the manager of the University Press, to put them into type, submitted the proofs to me for correction and revision, had them printed and published in a neat little volume, *édition de luxe*, and asked his friend Henry Theodore Tuckerman, who was then rising

into high reputation as a literary and artistic critic, to review them in the "Boston Courier." The review was favorable, and it gave a translation of some of the pieces. The whole edition was sold. I had the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing myself in print, and being the talk of the town for nearly nine days.

There was not much, I fear, in those juvenile productions. I brought them out again in a new edition in London, in 1844, published by Rolandi, with some additional pieces, under the title of "*Oltremonte ed Oltremare*;" and I am bound to confess that they attracted but little notice, though probably not less than they deserved.

CHAPTER VII.

CAMBRIDGE SOCIETY.

A new situation—*Pro* and *contra*—Soldier or teacher?—School-girls' nature—Social intercourse—A stranger's popularity—The *ami de la maison*—Two charming women—A fancy fair—A ladies' post-office—Doggerel poetry—A success—The long vacation—Deep at work—A western tour—A black-gown meeting—A New England autumn.

AFTER that walk with Longfellow I felt like a new man. I did not, indeed, blind myself to the real merits of my poetical effusions, and could make due allowance for the mere good will of the kind friends who had brought them into notice. Moreover, I was by no means sure that even their unbiassed judgment of verses in a foreign language might be accepted as decisive and final. Longfellow himself could hardly as yet be said to have established his reputation. His pupils and friends had certainly a high opinion of him, but "*Hyperion*" and "*Voices of the Night*" had not yet appeared, and what he had hitherto published had not taken a very firm hold of the public even in his native land; and there was nothing in his productions that seemed to justify the long hair and the somewhat outlandish, picturesque garb by which he made himself conspicuous.

Both himself and Tuckerman were only looked upon as rising men.

But, even attaching the utmost importance to the good opinion they might have of me, I could not help feeling that my success as a literary man must be in every sense ephemeral. I could never make my living in America by writing Italian verse. Holmes and Pierpont had proved how even English poetry could earn no daily bread in New England; and what hope could I entertain of ever being able to set up as an English writer, be it of rhyme or prose?

Was there no other business open to me than that of a teacher of language? Had I not loathed that employment in the Old World, and should I never be fit for anything better in the New? What had become of my hankering after a military—a warlike career? Was not that, in my estimation, the only calling for a gentleman? Yet what chance was there of my being a soldier in America? I had opened my mind on the subject to Mr. Everett in one of my earliest interviews with him at Charlestown. He had told me, not without his usual grave, benignant smile, that “I had brought my pigs to the wrong market,” that soldiers were of but little account in the United States, where they never dared to show themselves in their uniforms among the citizens of the Eastern cities, lest their presence should awaken the jealous susceptibilities of a free people. The army of the great republic, he said, did not exceed ten thousand men, and these were quartered beyond the boundaries of civilization, all along the frontier of the Far West, where their only occupation—a laborious and even a perilous one—was to hunt down the buffalo and the wild Indian.

“The Secretary for War,” he concluded, “is my friend. It would not be difficult for me to get you an ensign’s commission, and I might at once write to Washington, if you really meant it, and could make up your mind about it.”

Of course I jumped at the offer; and he sent in the application in my name, observing that there would always be time to draw back if I thought better of it.

But there was hardly any occasion for deliberation. The War Secretary answered that he was only too happy to place an ensign's commission at Mr. Everett's disposal, but accompanied his letter with the "Rules and By-Laws relating to Enlistments and Promotions," and one of its clauses forbade the admission as an officer of any one past the age of twenty-one, no exception being made even for the cadets of the Military Academy at West Point. And I was then in my twenty-fifth year!

This settled the matter. I had then renounced all hope of being a soldier, which was to me the ideal of a man's life, and I dared not now think myself born to be a poet, which might have seemed the next best thing. I must, therefore, resign myself to be a teacher, —possibly a teacher for life. Fortunately, in proportion as the necessity of looking on my employment in that capacity as a permanence was forced upon me, I began gradually to overcome my distaste for it, and to acknowledge that there was sweetness enough mixed with the bitterness to reconcile a man to that or to any other irksome occupation.

In the first place, my business, with very rare exceptions, was with female pupils. I liked them, —most of them. It did me good to be with them; they kept my heart warm and kept it sober, for there was safety in numbers; and, whatever freedom might be allowed to the eyes, there was a Papageno-like padlock of duty and honor on the lips. I was with them on business; between them and me there was the barrier of the irregular verbs. Had I only been a visitor, received on equal terms, I still could hardly have made my way with them; for I was shy, deficient in small talk, and might easily have been set aside as a "gawk" or a "muff." But I went in professionally, invested with a master's—*i.e.*, with little less or much more than a parent's—authority. However pert and hoydenish the girls might be in my absence, however heartily they might laugh at my expense behind my back, at lesson-time they came to me demure and submissive, and there was no end to the cajoleries and

coqueties by which they strove to win my good will and keep me in good humor. How earnest and eager they were in their studies, at least for a time! How anxious for praises which were so seldom awarded! How ready with apologies to ward off rebukes which were hardly ever administered! What bright intelligence they displayed! What keen sensibilities! What rapid alternation of smiles and tears, called forth by a perpetual succession of indefinable yet uncontrollable emotions! Wonderful magnetism of intersexual sympathies! There is hardly a lass who will not, if she can overcome her dread of him, prefer a master's tuition to a mistress's; hardly a lad that will not rather work with his sister's governess than with his own tutor, whatever opinion he may have of the pedagogical abilities of either of them.

It was but seldom, however, that the zeal of my fair pupils for their philological studies endured beyond a few weeks. There were too many domestic duties or social pleasures, too many superior attractions of the singing-, drawing-, or dancing-masters, to damp their ardor for mere pronouns and participles. Some of them were wearied by my insistence in forcing their stubborn English organs to the utterance of pure Tuscan or Roman sounds. No eloquence of mine could convince them of the necessity of opening their mouths to the average Southern width. In the matter of translation, in learning by heart, they showed more than sufficient aptness and quickness. It was in the mere parrot-work that they broke down. Their difficulty lay in their catching and repeating the words which I spoke or read aloud to them; dulness of ear was the most common failing, which interfered with any attempt at conversation; and as they liked to talk, and talk they must on any terms, they broke out in their own sprightly Yankee, when the parts were reversed, and, instead of their learning Italian, it was myself who made progress in my English.

There was another circumstance that tended to reconcile me to my teaching-trade; and that was the estimation in which it was held by all about me. New

England was nothing if not pedagogical; Cambridge was neither more nor less than a teaching-shop. Between a teacher of Italian and a professor of Latin, or Greek, or physics, or metaphysics, the difference was only of degrees; and the finest range of houses in the town was only "Professors' Row." Moreover, although the notion of republican equality in America, whatever might be thought of it politically, was socially an egregious delusion, still some allowance was made in favor of an alien who was not born and brought up to the profession, who had not chosen it, and had only been driven to it by the force of circumstances beyond his control. Although nothing may be known or said about a new-comer's birth or extraction, he will easily be taken at, or even above, his own valuation, if his manners and education seem to any extent to justify his assumption. It certainly never happened to me—as to a French royalist *émigré* who earned his livelihood by frying and selling fritters on an oven at a corner of Broadway in New York—to be suspected of being "a prince in disguise." But few were the houses where I entered as a teacher in which I was not received as a gentleman,—a teacher and gentleman in the school-room in the morning, a gentleman, friend, and guest in the parlor or drawing-room in the evening.

Society in those days, it must be observed, was in America, and especially in New England, something very different from what I found it in later visits. It was in a great measure an untravelled country. The thousands that came to it as emigrants were mere illiterate boors and laborers. For their own part, the Americans who ever went abroad for any other than commercial purposes were few in number. Those who—like Everett, Ticknor, Longfellow, etc.—left home as students saw little besides the walls of Göttingen and other German universities, and seldom allowed themselves more than a run and race along the common tourist track.

Up to the fall of Napoleon, the Continent was closed to them as to the English, for which they risked to be

mistaken; and it was some time, even after the Peace of 1815, before a few of the wealthiest and most enterprising ventured as pioneers to brave the discomforts of long-disused highways, inns, and posting-houses.

In a country still severed from the Old World by the whole width of the ocean, at a time in which the very thought of a transatlantic steam navigation had as yet hardly been seriously entertained, a "foreigner,"—for so every stranger not a native of the British Isles was still emphatically styled in America, as well as in England itself,—if he knew how to present and behave himself, was sure to excite at least an idle curiosity, which it was always in his power to turn into earnest and lasting interest. He brought with him novelty and variety, oddities and peculiarities, which were easily condoned when they were not of a nature to be particularly admired. His broken English itself had a charm which caused it to be mimicked and almost brought into fashion; just as the Italian accent of the French queens of the house of Medici came into vogue at the court of the Louvre.

A foreigner, in short, was the lion of a season in American circles, and it was for him to see how he could keep his place against any other animal that might come to supplant him. Foremost among all aliens were the Italians, because, as I have said, Pellico's fellow-sufferers at Spielberg had won all good men's esteem and love in the American cities and exalted the name of their country and cause,—a cause about which there could scarcely be dissentient opinions, as Austrian supremacy in Italy was not even grounded on actual rights of conquest, and rested on mere diplomatic arrangements, about which the nation had never been consulted. Of the released captives of Spielberg, some were settled in Philadelphia and New York, others in Springfield, Massachusetts; but none had taken up their residence either in Cambridge or Boston. The field was now clear. Bachi and D'Alessandro had had their own day, and it was now upon me alone that the sympathies of the Italophiles of this part of New England could be expected to centre.

Of all the houses open to me in Cambridge, the one to which inclination most assiduously led me was that of Professor Peirce, probably for the reason that I had not from the beginning entered it professionally, but as a personal friend of Charles Mills, who introduced me to his sisters. There I made bold to drop in uninvited in the evenings, first four or five, and at last all the seven evenings in the week,—till my visits became matter of daily occurrence, and I was received as the inevitable and indispensable friend of the house.

I was at the time deep in my encyclopædical readings, and I came in full of the subjects which had engrossed me in the mornings, which had for me all the charm of novelty, but on which my lady friends, Mrs. Peirce and her sister Harriet, who had had the advantage of a more than average female education at some renowned academy at Troy or Albany on the Hudson, were quite competent to be my mentors. I thus found myself at school where I had come to tea; but there was nothing didactic in our learned entertainments. Mrs. Peirce, who had a horror of a blue-stocking, and took as much pains to hide her light as any other woman conscious of her acquirements might have been tempted to exhibit it, managed to keep our talk within such terms as made it grave enough to wean the professor, her husband, from the abstract speculations in which his mind was usually absorbed, yet sufficiently light to admit the pleasantries, the fancies and conceits by which her sister Harriet, "the kitten," enlivened it.

In the midst of the quiet of that private intercourse the spring of the year 1837 broke upon us, when something occurred which gave me a chance of being of some use to the friends by whose kindness I was so signally profiting. There was to be in Cambridge a Ladies' Fair or Bazaar in behalf of some public charity; and my friends Mrs. Peirce and her sister were to have the management of the post-office department,—a task in which they thought they might avail themselves of my co-operation.

Both the bazaar and the post-office were as yet nov-

elties in New England; and they were contrived to embolden ladies and young ladies, as keepers of amateur flower-, cigar-, and liquor-shops, and sellers of pin-cushions, embroidered braces, and nicknacks of every worthless description, to dip their fingers into the gentlemen's waistcoat-pockets and rifle them of their loose cash, making themselves beggars and cheats for the benefit of *bonâ fide* mendicants and poor rogues; thus carrying to the utmost extent the practice of that much-abused precept of the Jesuits, that "the end justifies the means."

Our post-office had, of course, a receiving and a delivery compartment; we had a letter-box and a franking-window open to all comers; but we had besides a large provision of ready-made letters purporting to come from distant regions,—the more distant the better,—from inland and from beyond seas,—the postage of which was charged upon the heavy tariff laid by all countries in those days long before Rowland Hill's scheme for a uniform penny postage came into operation.

To create a demand for such letters, it was necessary to give them flavor and piquancy, and it was to that scope that our energies were turned in the Peirces' drawing-room. We were expected to have the right thing for any one who might call for his correspondents' letters at our office windows. We had to guess who would be likely to apply for them, and to season them so as to suit his peculiar tastes and meet his peculiar circumstances; and as the bazaar lasted three days, and the office was to remain open all day, those to whom we handed letters had full time to throw their answers into the box,—when it became our task in many instances to sit up at night till a late hour to concoct the replies.

In a small community like that of Cambridge, where we all knew each other, where every man's house looked into his neighbor's garden, and the tastes and foibles, the joys and sorrows, the loves and hatreds of private life were public property, we found it easy to play Asmodeus's part, to unroof all dwellings, and open

Momus's window between every man's or woman's ribs. We could amuse ourselves as we wrote, as if we had been at a masked ball, puzzling and *intriguing* all we met by showing how well we knew all about them, while we challenged them to find out aught about us.

The letters were in some instances anonymous, some were merely signed with initials, in others the signature was disguised under some anagram easily deciphered, or instead of the pretended writer's name some surname or nickname was given by which he was or could easily be made known. We had every specimen of handwriting at our disposal, for we pressed even the cook and housemaid into our service as amanuenses, and the two ladies were perfect mistresses of all manners of composition,—Mrs. Peirce excelling in every variety of lofty or familiar, inflated or slipshod epistolary style, while her sister Harriet tried the witty and humorous, indulging in waggeries and drolleries, in squibs and epigrams, the point of which was blunted by an adroit admixture of *naïve* and graceful, girlish or kittenish, nonsense.

It was especially as an auxiliary to Miss Mills's lively quizzing and bantering that I found employment. Not a few of Mrs. Peirce's epistles were in verse,—high-strained poetical effusions, some of them models of taste and sense. Miss Harriet's pleasantries were also not unfrequently versified, but she made choice of quaint, loose measures and far-fetched, impossible rhymes, *à la* Hudibras, or *à la* Ingoldsby, adding to the pungency of her jests the charm of vanquished difficulties and successful *tours de force*.

How hard we toiled at our task, and with what zest! And verily we had our reward. A wonderful hit was our post-office, and heartily we enjoyed the "fun" which we served out to our customers. More money was poured into our till than was lavished on any other branch of business at the bazaar. Morning and evening for three days we had a jostling crowd at our windows. Our letters were snatched from hand to hand, large extracts from them were read out aloud amid roars of laughter, the readers being equally ready

to make themselves merry at their own or their neighbor's expense. A few of them, to be sure, laughed from the wrong corners of their mouths, and some laughed not at all, but, after a mere glance at the packet of which they had hastily broken the seal, they would fold or crumple up the paper as if not worth reading, or thrust it into their pocket, endeavoring to look blank and disappointed, and vexed with their lazy correspondents who "had evidently forgotten them and allowed the mails to arrive without even a line to their address."

These, however, were but an insignificant minority. The generality seemed heartily delighted with what had fallen to their share, and our jokes were bandied about as "excellent," some of them perhaps rather sharp and cutting, but none ill-natured or unbecoming, nothing that could fall heavier than a mere rap with a lady's fan; everything to be taken as a mere piece of carnival frolic. Some of Miss Harriet's *bons-mots* were deemed so good as to be quoted in print, and made the tour of the press of the Union, from the "Boston Daily Evening Transcript" to the "New Orleans Picayune."

Forty-six years have passed since that memorable ladies' fair. How many of the sellers and buyers at its stalls are now living? How many of the survivors harbor any remembrance of its transactions? -How many of the dearly-purchased gewgaws there treasured up as keepsakes, how many of the scraps of letters then so popular, could now be produced? Who shall say? For my own part, distance, the lapse of years and the frequent change of scene, the habit of tearing up all lumbering old papers, and an invincible disinclination to keep a journal, or to take note of current events or passing thoughts, to help a retentive faculty at no time very lucid, and now waxing dimmer and dimmer,—every circumstance has conspired to reduce all reminiscences to a mere haze, out of which the bare phantoms of the past glimmer in hopeless confusion.

I ought to be heartily ashamed to confess that, with all the interest I took in our post-office, and with all

my admiration of its fair amateur clerks and managers, I could not now recall a single line of the two sisters' prose or verse, and that, on the contrary, so perverse is the nature of memory, so little under our control, so apt to retain what it ought to dismiss, and to drop what it ought to hold fast, that a few lines of my own composition, out of many which I could not now recall for my life, still, in very spite of myself, linger in the archives of my brain.

They are, I warn the reader, the merest doggerel, too silly for any man to avow, and only remarkable for their egregious absurdity; and if I now write them down it is only to show what liberties we allowed ourselves with our acquaintances, what personalities would pass as good jokes under the mask of anonymous correspondence, and also to give some idea of the degree of proficiency that practice of versification had enabled me to attain in my English after little more than six months' residence among an English-speaking people; for it is true that we should dabble in verse in order to learn to write prose.

The first of these short squibs was addressed to J—— L——, a dapper professor of some branch of the philosophical course, whose too obvious advances to a well-known Boston beauty, Miss J—— S—— (I use only initials, for the persons thus alluded to, though by this time more than sixty or seventy, may still be living), were thought to be particularly distasteful, but who would take no denial, and came again and again to the charge, and was heard to say that "where women were concerned, what could not be had by opportunity should be won by importunity." The lines ran as follows:

"Oh, give it up, Professor;
Give it up, Professor Joe!
If Jane won't have you, bless her!
Why should you plague her so?
Your suit, you fond adorer,
But wastes your night and day;
For if you simply bore her,
What can you get but *Nay*?"

The other piece was handed to a young Southern

student, a gallant, gay Lothario, who, brought up on a Carolina plantation, and accustomed to look on the mulatto and quadroon slave-girls in his mother's household as a kind of domestic game, probably deemed himself entitled to the same privileges in his behavior to the free and independent "helps" in the respectable New England boarding-house where he lived, and was seen by some of his Puritan neighbors as he attempted to snatch something from the landlady's pretty housemaid, a liberty which this latter, perceiving that she was overlooked, requited by a sonorous slap in the face. To this imprudent as well as immoral libertine the post conveyed the following admonition :

"There is no law I heard or saw
Forbids to kiss a maid, Florindo;
But it would be, it seems to me,
Good policy to shut the window.
For many a lark with damsels dark,
You were well known to be courageous;
But here, I ween, when they are seen,
A kiss will make our maids rampageous."

The success of these mere tomfooleries far exceeded our most sanguine expectations, and was sufficient to make us popular for the remainder of the academical year. Some of those verses, strangely parodied and applied to a variety of new subjects, were pressed into the service of those walking black singers who were already the rage in the United States, and were presently, under the various names of "Ethiopian Serenaders," "Christy's Minstrels," and the like, to make their way into Old England. Two of my above-quoted lines, with slight modification,—

"Oh, take your time, Professor;
Take your time, Professor Joe,"—

were eternally dinned into our ears under our windows, together with "Jump, Jim Crow," "Jim along, Josey," and other favorite burdens of negro melody. But, in the mean while, it was something to have my name mentioned in the same breath as that of Mrs. Peirce and

Miss Mills, those two bright sisters whose talents were as fully and universally appreciated as their rare good looks. And many were they who envied me the privilege of basking in their smiles, a privilege which was indeed a reward out of proportion with my poor services.

My intercourse with those ladies, after the bazaar, was not, for that year, of long duration. The New England climate, which had swathed us in snow and ice during several months of an almost polar winter, was soon to choke us in the sultry atmosphere of an almost tropical summer. From numbing cold to stifling heat there seemed to be but one step, so damp and windy and fickle was the season which the almanac put down as spring. It was soon full time for the long vacation. From July to November there was silence and loneliness, both round the wooden buildings, or "bays," as they were called, of Harvard College, and along the corridors and class-rooms of Dr. Marx's Young Ladies' Academy, which was still my home. Most of the professors' families were thinking of a flitting. Some were off to the Saratoga springs; some to the sea-baths at Nahant or Newport; others to the gay hotels and boarding-houses on the Hudson; others again to the farm-houses and rich orchards of Vermont and New Hampshire. The Peirce ladies were among the first to go. And I was left behind—alone.

Alone, however, I have never found existence unendurable. My business as a private teacher had, of course, fallen away from me. But I had at all times a frugal mind, plain, inexpensive habits, and a saving disposition,—making hay while the sun shone, and laying up a provision for a rainy day. I could well afford a few days' rest, and was not sorry to be rid of the drudgery. As to company, I had plenty of books, the librarians of Harvard College and of the Boston Athenæum, both my friends, supplying me with the utmost liberality, free of expense. And I have always found my pleasantest companions rather among the dead than the living,—rather among writers than talkers; for your greatest genius is sure to put his best

foot foremost when he takes pen in hand ; and there is also this advantage, that when an author becomes flat or obscure, or from any cause unentertaining, one can always, without incurring the charge of incivility, bid him "shut up." Argue with him, of course, you cannot, unless by a great effort of imagination you conjure up his ghost, and laugh or weep with or swear at him, as he chances to meet your views or to shock your convictions.

I was from early youth a near-sighted man, which meant my eyes were the best for desk-work, and I could read or write hour after hour by daylight or lamplight in my arm-chair or in an express railway-train without knowing what fatigue was. What a season that was too for reading, that of 1837 ! Besides the *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis* with which my American Encyclopædia was making me familiar, had I not Walter Scott, whom we in Italy in our boyhood called "the Ariosto of the North," but with whom I came now into a more intimate acquaintance than I had ever been able to do through Barbieri's or Borsieri's Italian translations ? Had we not "Marmion," and "Ivanhoe," and "The Bride of Lammermoor," of whom I suggested the theme and laid the plan for an opera to Donizetti ? And had we not "Maltravers," and "Venetia," and "Pickwick," and the pick and choose of English novels in their American reprints with the very bloom of novelty upon them ? Had we not Carlyle's "French Revolution," fresh from the publisher's hands, and Macaulay's essays in the "Edinburgh Review," and his "Lays of Ancient Rome," and his "Moncontour" and "Ivry" ?

Had there been only one poor sixpennyworth of genius in my brain, what new and vast sphere of intellectual life would those books have opened before it ! what glorious flood of light would have overspread it ! what genial warmth, what teeming power it would have elicited ! what seeds of great ideas would have been sown ! what creative energies would have been called into action !

But, alas ! what avails it to cudgel one's brain, if

"your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating" ? It is not by any amount of good will and diligence, not by hard reading, or even by some average faculty of appreciating what we read, that our mind can add one cubit or one inch to its stature. It is not by flapping its short wings that the ostrich can raise himself and soar into space, emulous of the eagle.

The mind not, perhaps; but what of the heart? Could any words of mine express the infinite good that all that reading did me? Could I ever do justice to the sound, bracing, purifying influence my introduction to the treasures of that living English literature exercised upon my moral character? What a healthy tone of feeling! What earnest thoughts and generous aspirations! What sober views of the aims and duties of life were awakened! What new and, as I would fain flatter myself, better being was created within me!

Only four years before, in July and August, 1833, as I well remembered, I had been in the South of France, sweltering in an equally oppressive summer heat, with no other diet than three daily penny rolls and water, and no other occupation than lying on my back from morning to evening and reading French books.

It fell out so: By a flagrant abuse of arbitrary power, and under a most flimsy and false pretext that the presence of a few Italian political exiles in Corsica might cause some umbrage to the Tuscan and Roman police, several inoffensive strangers were served with a thundering decree of the French authorities, bidding them leave the island at a moment's notice. For my part, I was seized by the gendarmes in my bed at an early hour in the morning, compelled to dress in five minutes, and hustled on board the steam-packet "*Liamone*," just as that vessel was weighing anchor, bound to Toulon; where considerable time elapsed before I could send for my luggage and for the remittances of my family and friends, and whilst I was awaiting an answer to my application for a passport to turn my back on a country that was treating me with so outrageous a breach of the commonest rules of hospitality.

Having nothing better to do, I lay on my back in the shade, as I said, and read. But what had I to read? It was "the golden age" of Louis Philippe's reign,—the best days of Victor Hugo and Balzac, Eugène Sue and Paul de Kock, Georges Sand, Jules Janin, and Alexandre Dumas. The world rates these writers now at their just value, and sees the results of their teaching in the conditions of the public and private life of the French republic. To these poets, novelists, and dramatists, and to the historian Thiers, decidedly the greatest romancer of the whole tribe, there is no doubt that the worst faults of the modern character of their countrymen must in sheer justice be signally ascribed. It is from these writers, to whom it would be impossible to deny the gift of the rarest fertility and versatility of genius, that the French caught their rampant Chauvinism, their dog-in-the-manger jealousy, their vaingloriousness, self-conceit, and arrogance, their inordinate love of change, their eagerness to carve out for themselves a short cut to fortune, their proneness to prostrate themselves before success, however achieved, their want of faith in God and man, their sneering contempt for whatever is most sacred in domestic ties and family life. Surely never has the world seen a more deplorable combination of brilliant intellects, instinctively, as it were, and unconsciously conspiring to deprave and debase a nation naturally high-spirited, upright, and generous, by pandering to its worst propensities and kindling their most dangerous passions. Never has there been a more lamentable downfall in taste as well as in morals than that which led from the "Notre Dame" of 1830 to the "Assommoir" and "Nana" of 1880.

The transition from the high-seasoned garbage of this half-century of French literature to the plain and perhaps slow diet furnished by the English writers of the early days of Queen Victoria's reign had upon me the effect of a second mental and moral baptism, a thoroughly purifying and regenerating process. And so beneficial was the general discipline undergone at that crisis by my mind and body that it has never since

happened to me to take up a book or even a newspaper in the French language without a feeling of invincible repugnance and almost loathing. And I have never ceased to regret and lament the strange fascination which French literature seems to exercise, not only upon the people of Latin blood, Italian or Spanish, but even on men of Teutonic descent, German or English, who cannot, like the Italians or Spaniards, plead in their exculpation the scantiness of their own national literature or the affinity of language,—a Frenchified taste pervading and tainting almost every style of writing, but especially the drama and romance, throughout Europe. Of this deplorable tendency to a servile imitation of French productions a flagrant instance we have in the novels of “Ouida,” a writer half French, half English by parentage, and more than half French by her early education and initiation into social life. Of her it may be said that if the pen be English the thought that set it to work is merely a caricature of the very worst thought that ever swarmed in a disordered French brain. That we should see to what condition France has been reduced by her moral as well as by her political development, and yet that we—all of us Europeans—should insist on meanly borrowing her ideas of government and her style of writing—as we do her fashions of dress and furniture—is to me the most inexplicable and inconceivable marvel.

The only diversion from my all-engrossing pursuits that I allowed myself during that summer and autumn was a short trip across part of the State of Massachusetts, and that was undertaken at the suggestion of my kind friend and hostess Mrs. Marx, who feared that my incessant poring over books might bring about brain-fever. She strongly advised me to accompany David Marx, her husband, who was about to set out for Amherst, there to attend a grand conference of all the schoolmasters of New England, anxious to devise the means of extending the limits of female education throughout the United States.

Amherst is a little provincial town, at that time with

a population of about twenty-six hundred souls, lying at a distance of eighty-two miles from Boston in a northwesterly direction. It is a kind of rustic Cambridge, with a young men's college and a young ladies' academy, both institutions dating from 1821, and mainly differing from Harvard University and its dependencies in this, that, while Harvard was the stronghold of Unitarianism, a religious persuasion which, in the absence of a Dominant Church in the Union, is, or was then, the fashionable establishment, Amherst, and other seats of knowledge, scattered here and there about the provinces of the same State of Massachusetts, belonged to a variety of dissenting sects, all, however, known under the same name of "Congregationalists," and professing to look upon all members of their various denominations as brethren and Christians, their only exception concerning the Roman Catholics, whom they stigmatized as "Pagans," and the Unitarians, whom they denounced as "Rationalists," both of whom they therefore excluded from their communion.

Every incident in that short excursion is so blurred and muddled in my recollection that I might almost feel tempted to set it down as a mere dream. I have only a vague notion that the journey began by rail, that we went on by coach, and ended by hiring a ramshackle vehicle, which my friend Marx called a "buggy," drawn by a long-legged black old brute which should never have been put to anything but a hearse.

At our journey's end was Amherst, with its straggling college buildings and an open space between them, where we found an assembled crowd of clerical-looking men in rusty and in some instances threadbare black, through the midst of whom we made our way to a venerable-looking elderly gentleman with long white locks, to whom I was presented as a "distinguished stranger, an Eye-talian," and with whom, after the exchange of a few civil words imperfectly understood on either side, conversation had to be given up as altogether impracticable and unprofitable.

Presently I was led into a large whitewashed room, with a gallery on two of its sides, an organ-loft at one

end, and on the other a raised platform, on which the same white-haired gentleman, backed by some of his colleagues, the Amherst professors, was holding forth to the same rusty crowd, all standing up at the tail of a row of long benches crammed with women, old and young, but all showily attired ; and a few hours later I sat in the same room at a long table with some two hundred of the rusty men above mentioned, and the same white-haired gentleman at the head of it, the table groaning under the weight of huge joints of boiled pork, with beans and squash and cranberry sauce and other delicacies of New England fare, the banquet preceded by a long grace and followed by longer thanksgivings, while the female company, in their showy dresses, stood idly looking down on the busy guests from the gallery, and from the organ-loft there burst forth the occasional peal of thundering notes which may equally have been the Dead March in "Saul" or the "Battle of Prague."

To make up for the dulness of that pedagogic meeting and the weariness of the journey out, we changed our line of route on our way home. We made a rambling tour in our buggy, passing many a neat little town and village on the Connecticut River. We stopped at a place of which I now vainly try to recall the name, a place standing on the bank of a stream, and between two steep conical hills, one called Mount Holyoke,—which I ascended,—the other's name, for aught I remember, being Mount Horeb or Sinai ; a charming spot, which may have suggested to Wendell Holmes the scene of his "Elsie Venner,"—the western town at the foot of the *Maountin*, with the dreadful Snake's-croft on its crest big with the fate of the weird heroine.

New England is a comparatively old-settled community. There is nothing wild or primeval in her scenery, no grand natural features with which a traveler may fall into raptures, but there is enough in the freshness and healthiness of the land, in its tidy though primitive cultivation, and in its peaceful domestic look of general contentment to more than reconcile one to

its tameness, even in its every-day dress of spring and summer. But it must be seen, as we then saw it, when its foliage has put on its gorgeous though evanescent autumn garb, when the whole landscape is glowing with the deep crimson, the vivid gold, and all the endless variety of rich tints, which no artist could venture to convey to his canvas, with a view to produce it at a European exhibition, without suggesting a doubt as to the soundness of his visual organs or the sanity of his perceptive faculties.

CHAPTER VIII.

A TURN IN THE TIDE.

Back to Cambridge—A distinguished visitor—An unexpected proposal—American lecturing—Lecturers and spectators—A mock-lecture—Lecturing in earnest—Lions in the path—A memorable evening—A serious lecture—The matter—The manner—Writing and reading—The ordeal—The result—Doomed to appear in print—A new acquaintance—Ladies' schemes—A bright winter night—A cold night walk.

On the 7th of October, 1837, the anniversary of my first landing in New York, I was again at home in my turret above the attic floor of David Marx's Young Ladies' Academy, seated in my arm-chair before my writing-desk, and surrounded by my well-filled bookshelves, when an early morning visitor was announced.

The little town or village of Cambridge, half a mile off, barely visible through its almost leafless cluster of trees, was rapidly recovering its usual inhabited appearance. The blinds were up at the windows of many of the dwellings in Professors' Row. The doors of the library and of some of the museums, freshened and sweetened by several days' application of soap and water, stood invitingly open. A few of the students, anxious to secure the best rooms in anticipation of the forthcoming winter term, were crossing the open space

between the two great college buildings,—an open space which, although between parallels, could still, strictly speaking, hardly be described as a square, and was not even—though it was often improperly so called—a quadrangle, exchanging friendly greetings as they met, and gathering here and there in little knots, their joyous talk betraying no symptoms of the home-sickness against which at least some of the freshmen might be presumed to be struggling. Along the streets and avenues leading to the college, ladies and young ladies were flitting backwards and forwards, bound on their morning shopping,—recent arrivals, most of them, from the springs or the sea, their blooming cheeks and elastic steps bearing witness to the virtues of the waters and the breezes to which they had repaired for the benefit of their jaded health.

My visitor was one whom I had often seen, and to whom I had been formally introduced, yet with whom I was not as yet on terms of intimate acquaintance. It was Henry Ware, jr., a professor of some branch of the theological faculty, a D.D., and a distinguished orator both in chair and pulpit, and co-editor with Professor Palfrey of the "*North American Review*."

He was a man of low stature, with a broad square back, hale and strong-knit in every limb; his face was dark, with straight angular features and a projecting heavy chin,—a countenance which somehow reminded me of the picture Walter Scott's illustrators have drawn of the Black Dwarf.

Under this not very prepossessing exterior, Dr. Ware hid an earnest and active, benevolent disposition, his zeal especially prompting him to be on the lookout for any rising talent among the college students, with a view to encourage and promote it. This praiseworthy, charitable instinct in one so eminent was not common among his learned colleagues of Harvard College.

He was, he told me, a member of the committee charged with the management of the course of lectures to be delivered during the winter at the Cambridge Town Hall, and he "made bold" to address me, as a resident near the town, begging to be allowed to write

down my name among the lecturers "on some subject of which he would leave me the choice."

I was too utterly thunderstruck by surprise to be aware of the honor the good professor intended to me, and to thank him for it. Had the proposal come from anybody else, I should have felt inclined to resent it as a silly jest; but with a man of his character such a supposition was out of the question. I answered, very gravely, that I was at a loss to imagine who could have given him the idea that I could serve him in the capacity he mentioned. "My experience as yet," I said, "has been limited to private tuition: I give lessons, not lectures."

"Pardon me," he replied, "I have been privileged to read, and I have here in my hand, something of yours that is not only a lecture, but a lecture on lecturing. Your essay has shown us, if not what lecturing should be, at least what it should not be." He smiled slyly at my evident confusion, and continued, "I trust you will acquit Mrs. Peirce of indiscretion if she has put into my hands what you, perhaps, only intended for her private perusal. But your manuscript, she knew, was safe with me. Here it is, and without your permission it will go no further."

It was true; I had in an idle moment, when bored to distraction by some of the droning lecturers to whom, for the sake of company, I had doomed myself to listen evening after evening throughout the previous season, indulged a passing whim to parody and caricature the style of some of the heavier orators. I had made free with their personal appearance, their voice and gesture; I had described the pompousness and solemnity with which they retailed their stale truisms and flat commonplaces, the dulness with which they threw in their ponderous jokes, the trash they made of their history, moral philosophy, political economy, and what they called "sociology," the threadbare sentimentalism, the bombastic appeals to the patriotic, humanitarian, or utilitarian feelings of their audience,—the intolerable deal of fustian and clap-trap, in short, in which their pennyworth of sense was too frequently involved.

After this unceremonious treatment of the chief performers on the platform, I turned to the spectators, a name, I said, better fitting them than that of hearers, for it was to see rather than to hear, to be amused rather than instructed, that most of them came, and if the lecture had nothing of what they considered "fun" in it they would have it at the lecturer's or at each other's expense. I took a survey of the dames and damsels, who constituted the majority present, especially on the front rows, commenting on their eager faces, on their settled determination to look wise, to show that their real purpose was the improvement of their minds, and I noticed how, as the lecture went on, unless some supreme intellect or transcendent wit—say an Everett or an Emerson—cast the magic spell of his name upon them, unless a chemist or natural philosopher lighted up his subject with the blue lights and red fires of electricity or magnetism, or a geologist or mineralogist handed round shells or corals, gold nuggets and other specimens to keep their curiosity on the stretch,—I noticed, I say, how if the lecture was mere prose their attention would flag. I noticed with what difficulty they would smother a yawn; what weary vacant look would steal over their faces; how their eyes would wander, first up at the ceiling, then at their neighbor's scarf or mantle, whence their thoughts would naturally turn to their own attire, and they would smooth down a ringlet, open the fur tippets about their necks for air, wriggle slightly on their chair for an easier or more picturesque posture; finally, when quite satisfied about what they owed to themselves, they would venture on a sly whisper; they would, especially if screened by the tall bonnets or turbans of the blue-stockings before them, engage in a quiet undertone chat, a few innocent bits of town gossip, or, more naturally, of æsthetic strictures on the lecturer,—who, if aged and plain, was "such a *dear old quiz*, with his bald pate and goggle eyes, and the treble pipe of his cracked voice," or, if young and handsome, "*such a duck of a man*, with such charming lisp, and long, smooth, ambrosial whiskers" (for long beard and moustaches were at that time a great abomi-

nation), and "such dear little hands, with taper fingers as white as the fine cambric pocket-handkerchief which he so frequently and so bewitchingly drew across his highly intellectual brow!" For, be it remembered, nowhere in the world do women, old or young, privately or openly, discuss and comment upon men's personal appearance as do those of emancipated Yankee-land.

That mock-lecture of mine, as may be easily perceived, was only a silly but harmless little bit of satire, intended for the strictly private diversion of intimate friends; and it was suggested by my wonder at the fondness for lectures evinced by the people among whom I lived. For my Italian prejudices were still very strong within me, and I could not help thinking that, if the purpose of these lectures was to combine instruction with amusement, surely the aim could hardly be as well attained by a desultory series of essays on disconnected subjects written by men of often divergent and sometimes even conflicting views, as it would be by the drama or the opera, either of which might be preferable, not merely as a literary and artistic production, but also as a means of drowning by its noise any chat, banter, or flirtation which it might be desirable to encourage among the spectators.

I took the manuscript from the hands that tendered it, half blushing and half laughing as I asked,—

"Surely, sir, you would not wish me to deliver such a lecture as this before your Cambridge audience?"

"Not this, my young friend," he answered, also smiling; "but one as good as this. This only proves how well you can write if you have a mind to do so. Mrs. Peirce tells me you hardly spoke or understood a word of English when you first called upon her with her brother a twelvemonth ago. You will not think me a flatterer if I tell you that I think you have made the best of your time. Understand me," he added, after a brief pause, seeing that I cast down my eyes and looked sheepish; "I do not mean to say that the English of this manuscript is perfect. There may be

here and there some slight word that needs correction; but this I maintain, that you have acquired a mastery over our language that seems to me surprising, and that I find in your manner something quaint and outlandish, maybe, but not un-English,—some happy turn of your Latin phrase into our Saxon idiom, by which you almost seem to teach us our English, and to find in it what we would vainly seek in it ourselves.”

It may be easily believed that such words from such a man called up a flush of color on my cheeks. But I gulped down the emotion of gratified vanity that was rising in my breast, and answered, without affected humility,—

“You are very kind, I am sure, and it is not for me to challenge your judgment. I cannot deny that I have given my English all the attention I could command, and necessity is the best mistress; but, admitting even that I could, by taking pains and soliciting some friend’s revision, get up an essay in sufficiently correct and decent English, how could I muster an accent that would make me intelligible? I can tell you that I hardly ever address a street-porter, a housemaid, or even the postman, to ask my way, without being met by a blank stare, and a ‘*Me no parlévous.*’”

He laughed. “I confess you have not caught the pure Doric of our lower classes yet; perhaps you never will catch it; and it will be no great harm to you if you don’t. But the kind of audience you will address at our town-hall have more experienced ears. Many of them have travelled. Most of them have studied Latin or French, if not Italian. Your speech is sufficiently distinct, though peculiar. If you read slowly and calmly, I have no doubt we shall be able to follow you.”

I had nothing to answer, and he went on:

“What you can give us, and what we want, is novelty. Our audience, especially the feminine part of it, must have something to awaken their interest. Our lecturers are apt to get into the common groove, both as to their subjects and as to their way of illustrating them. There will be something in your favor in the

mere fact that you come from the other side of the water. Our own men when they return from their travels always look as if they had added many an inch to their height. People will expect something new in your matter as well as in your manner."

"Matter! manner!" I re-echoed. "How could I even think of a subject?"

"How could you be at a loss for a subject?" he broke in, with vivacity. "You, an Italian! a patriot! a man, I have no doubt, well versed in the ins and outs, in the past and present, of that most interesting of all the old countries——"

"Still, I assure you, nothing occurs to me that would seem at all to the purpose."

"Allow me. Oblige me. What part of Italy do you belong to?"

"I am from the north; I was born and brought up in Parma, though not of a Parmesan family."

"Parma, Parma," he reflected. "Let me see! Parmesan violets! Parmesan cheese! Correggio's paintings! Parma, the Latin for a shield. By the way, is there not a Grand-Duchess of Parma? Is she not the widow——"

"Yes," I interrupted; "our sovereign lady is styled 'Maria Louisa, Imperial Princess, Archduchess of Austria; by the Grace of God Duchess of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla,' and was once 'Her Majesty, the Consort of Napoleon the First, Emperor of the French and King of Italy.' There is no grand-duke or grand-duchess in Italy, except he of Tuscany."

"Is that so? And yet you are hopeless of a subject? My dear young friend, by all means stick to that. Give us something about that imperial lady of yours. Our people like nothing half as well as gossip about royalty. Give us the empress as she was and the duchess as she is, and I make myself answerable for the result."

Little more was said, but I was booked. I promised to have my lecture ready within two months, up to which date the list of orators was filled up; and by the end of the week I had the honor to see my name and my subject printed among the notices in all the Boston

newspapers. I need hardly say that I felt bound to exert myself to the utmost. There evidently was a lady in the case. My wise friend, Mrs. Peirce, had easily read my inmost heart. Perhaps, also, I wore it more openly on my sleeve than I was aware, or than prudent persons would recommend. She had probably perceived that I fretted against the humbleness of my lot, and had a sufficiently favorable opinion of my abilities to think that I might, under better circumstances, deserve and achieve distinction. And she had prevailed upon Dr. Henry Ware to offer me an opportunity.

My task was by no means a difficult one: for the biography of Maria Louisa, from the date of her birth to that of her marriage, very few words would be required. From her ascent to the throne as Empress of the Great Napoleon to her escape from the catastrophe which overwhelmed her husband, French history—and especially M. Norvins' "*Histoire de Napoléon*"—would supply ample materials. The work of M. de Ménéval, "*Napoléon et Marie Louise*," did not appear before 1843; that of M. Lecomte, "*Parme sous Marie Louise*," as late as 1846. But for the imperial lady's doings as a grass-widow from 1814 to 1821, and as a widow and for the second time a wife, up to the year 1837, the time I was writing, I was as familiar with my subject as any man in America.

I had received no favors at the hands of the empress-duchess; neither did I harbor any ill will or resentment against her. I had, it is true, been imprisoned by her order in the state fortress of Compiano; I had come out of durance in time to bear a hand in that storm-in-a-teapot of Central Italy in 1831, which had momentarily dethroned and expelled her; and upon her restoration I had been one of the twenty principal offenders whom she excluded from her magnanimous decree of general amnesty. But my enmity was not against her, but against the Austrians, in whose hands she and all the other princes of Italy were no more than mere puppets; and as to any orders or decrees that bore her name, either before or after that petty,

semi-serious revolutionary episode that sent me adrift into the world as a political exile, I knew that she had no more hand in them, or in any other act of her government, than the babe unborn.

The narrative style, the best suited to historical and biographical composition, unless an attempt is made to excessive pomp or superfine elegance, is among the easiest, because it is the least idiomatic, the one in which translation from language to language is least impracticable. I could have no pretension, and felt no inclination, to what is called "fine language," and had always a hearty detestation of *highfalutin*. All I aimed at was clearness and neatness, and, as I had plenty of time and loved work for work's sake, I tinkered and cobbled at my poor lecture till its language seemed to me to run sufficiently smooth, simple, and natural.

The difficulty lay in the delivery. Consciousness of unconquerable shyness disquieted me; and there were peculiar combinations of English consonants, such as the *w* and *wh*, and still more the *s* after the *th* in *months*, *truths*, etc., to which my Italian teeth and lips positively refused to give utterance. We have also no aspirations in Italian, and, do what I might, I never felt sure that I would not, in an unguarded moment, drop my *h*'s like a cockney. The natural melody and smoothness of our Italian language, besides, rendered it extremely difficult to keep my intonation from falling into a monotonous *cantilena*, or sing-song.

However, I was in for it, and it was too late to draw back. My fair friends of Casa Peirce did their best to keep up my spirits, and suffered me to read out to them, by way of practice, whole cantos of "Childe Harold" and the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," till I set their teeth on edge. Every one assured me "my pronunciation was wonderfully good," as they invariably added,—*"for a foreigner,"*—and that all I had to take care of was *"to read precisely as I spoke."*

Well, the eventful evening, the 23d of December, 1837, came at last, and either the expectation of something new and "funny," or else the strenuous exertions of my well-wishers, had brought together a consider-

ably larger crowd than was usually in attendance at the town-hall. As I sat on the platform among the members of the committee, and on the right of Henry Ware, their chairman for the evening, I stole a glance at the audience, and, though my near-sighted eyes did not allow me to see very distinctly, I was surprised to be confronted by so few familiar faces, and felt how very limited my acquaintance in the country had hitherto been. Mrs. Peirce and her sister Harriet were, of course, in the front seat, and met my glance with encouraging smiles. Behind them was a row of young faces from Mr. Marx's Academy,—among the brightest those of Helen Hurd and Lizzie Baker. My countrymen Bachi and D'Alessandro had been good-natured enough to come all the way from Boston to keep me in countenance. On the benches to the right and left of the platform sat several of the professors, Felton, Bowen, Lovering, Longfellow, and others. At the back, the students of Harvard were thronged, many of them standing.

As the clock struck eight, Dr. Ware rose and introduced the lecturer, and named the subject appointed for the evening.

I stood upon my feet, and shuffled them about for a few seconds, turning over the pages of my manuscript. There was a breathless, ominous silence, in the midst of which my voice rose sufficiently distinct and unfaltering to reach even the remotest corners of the hall:

"Ladies and gentlemen," I began: "My purpose in addressing you this evening is to give you some account of a great lady who, for a brief space, occupied a prominent position in the European world, one of those actors in life's drama who step upon the stage preceded and followed by all the *prestige* which should only surround the protagonists, but who, when the curtain falls, may be said to have only played the part of mere dummies and supernumeraries in the action."

Here I paused to take breath, and by the time I had come to the end of that first sentence I had recovered sufficient composure to forget my audience and to pro-

ceed as if I had been simply reading to myself. Thanks to my near-sightedness and my unwillingness to trust to memory, I had to hold up the written pages close to my face, and what was out of my sight gradually vanished from my mind.

The lecture went on at a fair pace, with little change in the tenor of my voice, no attempt at impassioned emphasis or pointed accentuation, all smooth and plain, and somewhat monotonous, risking nothing for mere effect. All my faculties were engaged in keeping so firm a control over the nerves as to prevent any diversion of the mind from the task before it, and to exclude any thought of the severe ordeal I was undergoing, or any eagerness to escape from it by hurrying through it.

My mentor, Henry Ware, had recommended calmness and slowness. And I felt that as long as I was slow I must at least appear calm. Unfortunately, some one behind me kept whispering every moment, "A little louder!" "Not so fast!" and these ill-timed hints had a contrary result to what was intended. They only disconcerted and caused me to scamper on rather too hastily towards the end.

My audience's behavior was beyond all praise,—friendly and sympathetic as it was intelligent, and patient from beginning to end. There were no outbursts of enthusiastic applause, no movement betraying deep sensation or uncontrollable emotion, as indeed it was neither my object nor was there anything in my theme or in my style to call forth the expression of very lively feeling. But I was listened to in unbroken silence and with unflagging attention. The interest my hearers might not feel in the subject of the lecture was evidently shown in the person of the lecturer, who, as a foreigner, and battling, as it were, with the mere rudiments of the language (never then or at any later time having opened an English grammar), came before them performing what might be called a *tour de force*, and deserved as much indulgence and benevolence as one of a showman's "infant prodigies," something like a girl not yet in her teens turning somersaults on the

tight rope, or a boy ten years old emulating Paganini's fiddling on one string.

When all was over there arose a slight fluttering of ladies' fans against their neighbors' chairs, a feeble rattling of gentlemen's canes on the floor, meant, I suppose, as a mild show of approbation. But it was at the best an abortive attempt, and went no further. Somehow, however, there seemed to be no disposition to rush from the hall, the usual symptom of an audience wearied beyond endurance. They all stood up in their places, some gathering in groups and commenting, not unfavorably, in as far as they were audible, on what they had heard, but most of them pressing forward to and on the platform,—friends taking me by both hands, strangers soliciting an introduction, nearly all with something to say about the "treat" (such was the word) they had had that last hour. There was, in short, an "ovation," as the morning papers described it in the account they gave of it on the morrow. But it was a very quiet affair. No one had been enraptured or electrified; but, on the other hand, no one was altogether dissatisfied. They had had their money's worth in the gratification of their curiosity, and none of those whose opinion I had reason to value—Judge Story, Mr. and Mrs. Andrews Norton, and many of the professors—hung back, or was chary of some kind word of congratulation or encouragement.

In the midst of the little hubbub inseparable from the going asunder even of the best-behaved assemblage, my friend Dr. Henry Ware made his way through the crowd to the platform, followed by Professor Palfrey, and came up to me just as I was taking up my hat, gloves, and stick, and, pointing to the roll of my manuscript, which was still lying on the table, he said,—

"Would you please to place your lecture again in my hands for a few days? Here is Professor Palfrey, my good colleague and my co-editor, who wishes—as I also would wish—to see that lecture in print in the 'North American Review.' Have you any objection to it?"

I was too much taken aback by this unexpected pro-

posal to find a ready answer; but my friend, of course, ascribing my perplexity to an overpowering sense of the honor that was intended, chose to interpret my silence as assent to his desire, and simply nodded his thanks, adding, "The January number of our Review is already in print, and your article will have to stand over till April. It will come out with the violets and the primroses, the daffodils, and every sweet thing with which the new season will bless us."

With this he departed, taking with him his friend and my lecture, leaving me still half dumfounded, unable to realize the fact that my English writing was already deemed good enough to appear before the world in the very best company that the "great guns" of American literature could afford. Meanwhile, the crowd had become thin enough to allow me to think of an exit. As I was threading my way through the feminine part of the crowd who were waiting in the lobby for their male friends, I heard a voice behind me saying, "There he is; pray introduce me." And, on turning, I saw Mrs. Peirce and her sister, and with them another lady, a stranger to me, to whom Mrs. Peirce introduced me, naming her as Mrs. Rufus Kingsley, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

There were a few flattering words about the lecture, as a matter of course, and a question or two about some points relating to the subject, which required explanation; after which, as we were leaving the hall, and the ladies parting at the door had to walk in different directions, the strange lady, who apparently was unattended, asked if I did not think that we might improve our acquaintance by my escorting her home.

I was "too happy," of course, and when we came to her door I was also "delighted" to step in and take tea with her and her young students. We found, as we went in, these two young gentlemen in the drawing-room, who had just preceded us, coming from the lecture-room, and whom she presented as her sons, Rufy and Henry. These youngsters, after tea had come in and had been removed, left me *tête-à-tête* with the lady.

Mrs. Rufus Kingsley, as I had heard, though I had never before seen her, was a widow lady, who had come to Cambridge at the beginning of the college term, in October, and who had soon taken up a high position in our little social circle, being preceded by the fame of her husband, the Honorable Rufus Kingsley, who had been a leading statesman both in his native State of Ohio and in the Senate and Cabinet at Washington, but who had been prematurely cut off by death in the midst of his brilliant career. His widow, left alone with those two sons, had attended with the utmost care to their education in their paternal home at Cincinnati, and had now come eastward and settled with them in Cambridge, in a dame's lodging and boarding-house, where they were to study the law under Judge Story, their father's friend, and under the other professors of the law faculty.

Rufus Kingsley, the oldest son, was more than twenty years of age. It was, therefore, natural to presume that his mother was bordering on the close of her eighth lustre. But she was tall and stately, with a splendid complexion, a great wealth of dark-brown hair, and a brow to grace a diadem. In her evening dress and by lamplight she was still entitled to the boast of a striking beauty. There were no crow's-feet under her large gray eyes, no appearance of excessive portliness interfering with the perfect symmetry and elegance of her magnificent figure.

She sat on a low stool by the fire, and bade me draw up my chair closer to her. She talked volubly and freely about many things,—about Italy, about the Pope, whom she called Mumbo-Jumbo, about her sons, about Harvard College, about the Yankees, whom she, as a good Western woman, held in sovereign contempt, etc. Finally, giving an abrupt turn to the conversation, she came to the lecture of the evening, and asked me to show her the manuscript.

"Sorry I have not got it, madam," said I. "It is in Dr. Ware's hands." Then, with a silly smile of mock-modesty, I added, "I should have thought that any one who had heard that lecture would have had enough

of the infliction,—at least if my foreign accent allowed him to understand what he heard.”

“Ha! you are fishing for compliments, now,” she said. “You shall have none from me. I aspire to be a friend, and cannot, therefore, be a flatterer. It is true, my son Henry declared he could not catch one syllable; but I followed you word by word.”

I bowed and thanked her, and she went on:

“We have had a long talk about you with Mrs. Peirce, and it was that which took me to the town-hall. You have made a hit this evening; and you know it. But, allow me frankly to tell you, you have made your best of the very worst subject. Maria Louisa was a worthless woman,—a disgrace to womankind. She had not even that poor last virtue which is so very seldom wanting in one of her sex, that makes a wife, well or ill mated, stick to her husband when he is down. Had she run away with one of the Emperor’s chamberlains—or even one of his grooms—when he was at the height of his fortunes, there might have been some excuse for her; but to forsake him in his hour of adversity! Pah! The wife of one of your Sicilian brigands will follow him to the foot of the scaffold, as true as the Virgin Mary. But the world has judged the ex-Empress, and it was not of her I was thinking now. Mrs. Peirce and I have been laying some plan about you. She thinks highly of you, takes a strong interest in your welfare; and so do I. You have made a hit this evening, I repeat. The papers will tell you so to-morrow morning. It is the tide in your affairs which must be taken at the flood. We wish you to be a lecturer,—a lecturer in good earnest. We will give you better themes; we will advise you, help you. There are worse careers in this country than that of a lecturer, and, let me tell you, it is only with women’s help that any man can get on in America.”

She had been talking at a great rate, and I had never dreamt of interrupting her. And now when she stopped to take breath I was not ready with an answer: so she continued:

“It is late now, and I see you are tired; you must

be tired. This is not the moment to enter into particulars of our ladies' scheme. We want to set up a class of ladies and young ladies—gentlemen not excluded—for whose instruction you will lecture on the history and literature of your country. You will deliver your course of lectures here in Cambridge; you will repeat them in Boston. You will carry them throughout the Union, not forgetting dear old Cincinnati. But about all that to-morrow. Be so good as to call here at eight to-morrow evening. You will find here Mrs. Peirce and her sister Harriet. We will discuss the business at full length. Mrs. Peirce and her sister are great friends of yours, and how handsome the elder is! and the younger how pretty! and how clever both! I declare, you are the luckiest of mortals. I wonder which of the two you love best."

So saying, and smiling with a sly, half-malicious look, she rose, and I took the hint. I shook the hand that she held out to me and was half tempted to kiss it. But I thought better of it in time, and backed out of the room, the lady following me a few steps to the door, repeating, "To-morrow evening, at eight. Do not forget." To which I answered, "Never fear: I never forget."

In the entrance I found the lady's younger son, Henry, looking very sleepy, holding his study-lamp to light me out, and who closed the house-door after me with a shivering "Good-night."

Outside the air was bitter cold, but there was all the brightness of a New England winter. It was not far from midnight. I walked briskly along the footpath on my way home to Dr. Marx's, the hard compact snow which lay deep on the ground breaking up into a shining silver dust as I crunched it with my boots. My eyes ran up to the blazing starry vault, and descried Sirius, now southing on the meridian, Sirius my favorite star, because the biggest and brightest,—my guardian star, as I fancied, whose sphere I trusted I was destined to inhabit in some future life if I continued to be a good boy to the end. There was a briskness in my steps, and a feeling of elation in my heart, such as I had not felt yet since my first landing in America.

How could it be otherwise? I was going to see myself in print, and there were three lovely ladies who had my well-being at heart. Unconsciously I repeated Mrs. Kingsley's words, "How handsome this one was, how pretty that other, how clever all of them!" Why should I have no faith in myself, since three such angels cared for me? And I went back with my memory to those verses of Dante which seemed so admirably to meet the circumstances :

"Dunque, che è? Perchè, perchè ristai?
Perchè tanta viltà nel core allette?
Perchè ardire e franchezza non hai?
Poesia che tai tre donne benedette
Curan di te nella Corte del Cielo?" *

"My career," I continued, "is before me, my fortune made." Then I stood still for one moment as a thought crossed me. "Career!" I said. "Fortune! A lecturer's business, a teacher's trade! Is this a hero's path? a patriot's life? a soldier's death? Was this all I was to gain by my voyage across the Atlantic?"

With these conflicting thoughts, alternating between vain confidence and idle repining, I reached my home at the Academy, threw myself into my bed, and had a few hours' dreamless sleep.

* "What is this comes o'er thee, then?
Why, why dost thou hang back? Why in thy breast
Harbor vile fear? Why hast not courage there,
And noble daring; since three maids, so blest,
Thy safety plan, e'en in the court of heaven?"

CHAPTER IX.

A FAIR CRITIC.

A New Year's Day—A social *corvée*—The coming trial—Female support—Reasonable hopes—My mentor—Her personal appearance—Her character—My estimate of it—Her religion and mine—Her taste and mine—Convinced against my will—The eve of battle.

WE had a pleasant New Year's Day in New England in 1838. Out of Puritan hatred to the practices of Anglican worship, the Pilgrim Fathers had abolished Christmas as a religious festivity; and whatever there was in that auspicious day of a purely domestic and social character was transferred to the day following a se'nnight later. In their eagerness to substitute French for English manners and usages, the Yankees had introduced the fashion, universal on the Continent, of the interchange of visits of the *jour de l'an*. But the visits were not, as in France, paid by the transmission by post or messengers of little pasteboard cards. In America all the gentlemen—at least, all the young ones—were expected to call personally on all the ladies and young ladies,—at least, on those whose acquaintance they valued and wished to keep up; a practice, one may see, that would have been materially impracticable in large cities like Paris or London, but which was still within the limits of possibility in the minor New England communities.

In Cambridge this year, as in Charlestown a twelve-month before, we youngsters had hunted in couples or in bands, the *jolly green* youths being glad to show themselves under the auspices of their less bashful or more popular friends. And, for their own part, those of the ladies who had any dread of being overlooked and left alone and disconsolate clustered together in the drawing-rooms of their more favored acquaintances, and sat with them in state, ready for the callers from

an unconscionably early hour in the morning till absurdly late in the evening.

It may well be imagined that such a custom involved not a little of a *corvée*, at least for the male members of a reasonably extensive social circle. The walking or driving along the streets, and the running up- and down-stairs, were prodigious. Nor had the ladies much rest on their sofas or divans; for they had to get up and shake hands, every Jill with every Jack, at each new arrival, the intercourse being usually, though not invariably, limited to a "How do?" and "Good-by!" each of the male parties being expected instantly to give way and make room for the party which followed at its heels.

The mere fagging of all that locomotion would not, however, have been above the power of a man of average health and strength, so long as he had the use of his legs; but the mischief was that the receiving ladies, like so many Circes, had, on a side-board near their sofas, large salvers with decanters of choice wines, chiefly old madeira, with dishes of cakes and sweetmeats, and a long row of glasses ready filled to the brim, at which all the callers were expected, invited, and pressed to help themselves; and it was held uncourteous and churlish not to have at least a sip at one of these bumpers, the ladies themselves blessing the brim by a slight touch of their lips; for the great purpose of the visits was for the two sexes to wish each other "health and happiness for the incoming year, with many, many happy returns of the same."

In a mere sip, however, multiplied by ten or by one hundred, there might have been no great hardship; but it so happened that in any lull between the incessant rat-tat of the knocker and the tinkling of the bell at the house door, some privileged party would be allowed to tarry and sit down, when, what with the heat of the walk, and the liveliness of the talk, and the sparkling of bright eyes, and the archness of sweet smiles, and the fumes of that Circean liquor, some of the visitors would so far succumb to the witches' spell as to make swine of themselves; while those whose temperance

and self-command were proof against all seduction were at least apt to become extremely merry and waggish, their hilarity hardly stopping short of uproariousness.

In all these prolonged entertainments, at least where I was present, my Italian lectures were introduced as a first topic and almost as the event of the day, the ladies kindly wishing me success, and the gentlemen taking it as a matter of course, and celebrating it with many a hip, hip, hooray! It had been settled by my three lady patronesses that the course should begin the first week in January, that it should go on from week to week, and should consist of twelve lectures. For the first, or introductory, we had appointed the first Saturday after New Year's Day; and, as it was intended for a mere experiment, it was notified in the newspapers that it should be freely open to the public, subscriptions to the course being only accepted on the day after its delivery.

Those three lady patronesses of mine had exerted themselves most heroically, and had excited in my behalf an expectation which was as frightening, to say the least, as it was flattering, and might as easily have led to the most disastrous as to the most satisfactory results. They had been unremitting in their calls upon their friends among the most fashionable and influential queens of Boston drawing-rooms. "I should have the whole city in attendance," my New Year's well-wishers assured me. There would be as large a crowd and as much excitement in Cambridge as there was on Commencement Day of Harvard College, or at the celebration of the anniversary of the Phi Beta Kappa Association (a learned body set up in emulation of the London Royal Society), when the event of the day was an address delivered by some of the greatest orators in the country, those in my days being such men as Edward Everett and Ralph Waldo Emerson.

There was not much to cheer nor much to depress me in these palpable exaggerations. But I was sufficiently affected by them to consider it incumbent on me, as a duty to the friends who had shown me so much inter-

est, to do my utmost to avoid actual failure. And I worked all the harder, as my theme was no longer like the one suggested by Dr. Ware, a reigning lady for whom it was impossible to harbor much respect, but a subject which engrossed all my best feelings,—love of my country,—my wish to exalt her name and uphold her honor, till the day should come in which I could bear a hand in avenging her wrongs and retrieving her fortunes,—the only feelings, I may say without hesitation, to which I was true all my lifetime, and which will remain unchanged to my dying day. Faithful to the habits contracted in Southern climates, I rose desperately early and worked in the cold, giving to my writing all the time I could spare from my teaching-business in the day and from my social duties in the evening.

The main duty after dark was a call on my lady patronesses, and especially on Mrs. Rufus Kingsley, who took me in hand as an instructress and carefully revised and corrected every line I submitted to her severe censorship. I was with her *in prima sera*, and if I was still in time when I took leave of her, I gave the rest of the evening to Casa Peirce.

A strange and wonderful character was that of Mrs. Rufus Kingsley, and the study of it was probably to me the most interesting pursuit of the many that engaged us in our daily intercourse. On a slight acquaintance with her, people described her as a "grand lady," not exactly proud or disdainful, but "distant;" not uncivil or repellant, but overbearing and exacting, and only bestowing her good will where she found unlimited submissiveness and deference. With me she was, though at first somewhat stiff and austere, always gentle and affectionate, and her voice, when she spoke to me, had often a soft maternal tone, almost more tender than when she addressed her own sons. People sneered at us, calling me "Mrs. Kingsley's Italian pet," and wondered what she could find in me that was worth all the time she devoted to me, all the interest she took in my advancement. And, to tell the truth, I was myself not a little surprised at all that kindness, and

often lost myself in vain surmises and silly conjectures to assign to it what in my own country would have been thought the natural and obvious motive. I was as yet scarcely beginning to understand something of the character of American women, and my Southern temperament and Italian education had conspired to instil into my mind the most absurd, ungenerous notions about women in general. From the days of Ariosto to those of Casti and Pananti, we have had in Italy, if not the most immoral, at least the most indecent interpreters of the mysteries of the female heart; and their vile theories about the inevitable consequences of too close a proximity between "fire and straw" scarcely admitted a possibility of an intimate and yet blameless intercourse between the two sexes. I had not yet learned to set a proper value on the sterling qualities of the women of Northern, and especially of Anglo-Saxon, blood,—of their high sense of honor, their disciplined temperament, the easy control they were taught to exercise over their feelings. And I made no allowance for that eager and almost morbid activity, that fussy and fidgety instinct, which, when not sufficiently engrossed with the cares of their nursery or of their husband's household, impels them to look anywhere for some object for their overflowing sympathies and for the proper employment of their superfluous energies.

Mrs. Rufus Kingsley was staying with her sons at a boarding-house, that paradise of many American women, married or single, which exempts them from the burden of domestic duties. Amusements in Cambridge, or even in Boston, were few and not to her taste. Her sons were out at their classes morning and evening. Her mind was of too expansive a nature for prolonged solitary study, and the winter evenings were distressingly long. Her intellect wanted communion, contact, interchange of thought, transfusion of ideas, whatever could establish influence over a kindred mind. She had, maybe, conceived some favorable opinion of my natural abilities. She fancied she had found a soil amenable to her culture and likely to repay her hus-

bandry. She hoped and wished to educate me, to cast me in her own mould, to train me after her own fashion. She was a clever woman; she had read much and lost nothing of what she had read; she could talk wisely or wildly on most subjects, on some with all the eloquence of an enthusiast; she had deep convictions, she seldom expected dissent from her views, and was little disposed to brook contradiction.

She was deeply and sincerely religious, not irrational or uncharitable in her piety, for she prided herself on her liberality and even impartiality in controversy; but there was something intensely aggressive, if not bigoted, in her spirit, which left her little inclination to give quarter to a vanquished adversary. She was what might be called a black Protestant. Her hatred of the Papacy went further than I could have expected of any man or woman not an Italian. And as she saw that I chimed in with her invectives against the Pope and his priests, she took it for granted that I had abjured Catholicism, and asked me whether I was a Unitarian or an Anglican, or "American Protestant Episcopalian," the latter being, as she informed me, the denomination to which she herself belonged.

"Neither," I answered.

"But you are not a Catholic?" she asked.

"I was born and brought up a Catholic, and have never seen reason to go over to another sect. But I confess I am a very bad Papist, an implacable enemy of the Pope-King."

"But have you no religious belief?" she insisted.

I looked into her face somewhat surprised, and answered, with some deliberation, "That depends on what you mean by belief. I can only truly believe what I understand. I believe in daylight when I see it, and I believe that the sun will rise to-morrow morning, not from any certain knowledge, but from inference drawn from the fact that it has risen invariably for several thousand years. And I believe I must die, because none of the millions of human beings who have lived before me escaped death. Anything that exceeds my comprehension I can only *profess* to believe."

She looked perplexed. "Am I to understand that in your opinion there is no God and no future life?" she inquired, with a long face.

"My dear lady," I replied, "these are subjects which it is dangerous to examine in one's own private conscience, let alone to discuss them with others. You ask me what religious denomination I belong to. I can only answer that I am of a Church with only one member,—myself. There are important points about natural religion which I must settle in my own mind before I can proceed to challenge the titles which this or that confession or persuasion can put forth for my preference. To begin with, you may ask, 'Am I a Deist?' My answer is, 'Yes, if to be one I need only declare that if there were no God it would be expedient to make one.' Again you ask, 'Do I believe in a future life?' My answer is, 'Yes, if you accept as *belief* my *wish* and *hope* that the wrongs of this world may be redressed in another.'"

She looked at me in silent amazement, and I went on: "What do I know? Here I am shut in in a dark chamber, lost in an ocean of doubt. I find myself in a world of matter of which I can neither assert nor deny the immensity or the eternity. The infinite crushes my finite faculties. Is the universe a body, and is there a soul to it? Is God this *anima mundi*? There are forces and laws which we can neither resist nor control, and these may well be in the hands of a spirit powerful enough to have created, powerful enough to annihilate both matter and space and time. *Cælo tonante credidimus Jovem*. All that is above me I am willing to acknowledge as God. But what do I know about his person? What do I know about a spirit? If there is a God it is a *Deus ignotus*. All rests on a mere hypothesis, on nothing that can be established by reason as incontrovertible fact."

"Just so," she broke in: "hence the necessity for a revelation."

"Allow me," I said: "I have already expressed my conviction that if there were no God it might be advisable to make one. Unfortunately, the thing has

been done and overdone, time out of mind, again and again. Man has created a god,—many gods,—all in his own image. There may have been something god-like in the Jehovah of the Jews or the Jupiter of the Greeks. But these gods have served their time. They no longer answer as prototypes of the Man-God of our age."

"What about Christ?" she asked, very solemnly.

"Christ was no God, but only God's messenger," I answered, hastily, then added, apologetically, "At least, such is the opinion of the Channings, the Nortons, the Wares, and a thousand divines in this country whose titles to intellectual culture and blameless life you would be the first to acknowledge. Unitarianism was the doctrine held by at least one-half of the Church from the fourth to the seventh century, and in no part of the world had it cast deeper roots than in my own country. Nowhere did it revive (as Socinianism) with greater spontaneity than in Italy, when, at the dawn of the Lutheran Reformation, religious thought was put to the test of free inquiry all over Europe. The bent of an educated Italian's mind is towards Positivism. If he *must* have a creed, he will choose the one that calls for the least abnegation of reason."

"It is sheer spiritual pride that blinds you," she said, with evident concern. "The beginning of wisdom is the fear of the Lord."

"Wherefore should I fear the Lord?" I retorted. "I am a Christian. I believe in God's messenger. And I believe in Manes, Confucius, and Mahomet; and I believe in Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare, in all of whom I recognize God's messengers. Understand that I give God the benefit of the doubt. And I ask myself, if God exists, on what terms rests man's responsibility to Him? If God exists, He must be an all-powerful, all-prescient Being; and man can only be what God has made and makes him. We are the creatures of circumstance, and can only act according to our lights. When will the Churches ever settle the questions of predestination and free will? If there is a God in the world, there must be as much of Him in us as is good

for us. We have a reason and a conscience; instinct would be a sufficiently safe guidance for us, were it not for the evil that encompasses us all round about. And what is evil? Who is the author of evil? Is not God the Creator of all that is? The only religious scheme in which my mind might possibly find rest would be a kind of modern civilized Manicheism. The Manicheans believed in two Gods,—two co-eternal antagonistic principles of good and evil. The one was light and spirit, the other darkness and matter. Whatever is matter in us, our bodies, our baser propensities, innate or hereditary, enslave us to the evil power; but against it we have our reason and conscience, our God. That God, indeed, is not omnipotent. The power of the two principles is nearly balanced. Between them there is endless strife, with a gradual but infinitely remote chance of the ultimate victory of light over darkness. In this warfare between good and evil we are all militant,—all of us according as the spirit prevails in us against the flesh, or the flesh against the spirit. We can and ought to fight for God against the devil. Our life is but a battle and a march; every step should be on the path of intellectual and moral progress. But we can only do it according to the forces that God—*i.e.*, nature and circumstance—bestowed upon us. Some have been extraordinarily gifted in that respect, and we look upon them as supernatural beings, and these are the God's messengers, the messiahs, prophets, poets, and legislators. Some of them are our guides by reason of their intellectual faculties; some on account of their moral qualities. In most of them both gifts are admirably blended, in none more so than in Christ. *Non surrexit major*. But perhaps the fulness of the times is not yet. What man shall put limits to the powers of man's mind? And wherever the development of man's mind manifests itself, there we must recognize God's revelation. For the present I am content to be a Christian."

"You believe in Christ, but, I suppose, not in His miracles?"

"My dear Mrs. Kingsley," I said, with genuine

warmth, "what greater miracle should I want than the Sermon on the Mount,—the only moral poem in which no critic has yet found a blemish."

This quieted her for a time; she looked bewildered, at a loss what to make of me. But she often returned to the charge; she wished me to consult some of her favorite divines. She was evidently bent on winning me over to her Protestant Episcopal Church, and insisted that my reliance on reason and conscience was a delusion and a snare.

"Our mind," said she, "can find no rest except in submission to Church authority."

"Papal authority, in that case," I cried out. "You will end by turning Papist."

Many a word spoken in jest turns out grim earnest. The day came when Mrs. Rufus King^{Stey}, the black Protestant, went over to Rome. And I must tell how it happened, now, lest I should find no opportunity at the proper time.

Three years later, when I had for some time lost sight of her, she wrote me an affectionate letter to inform me that she was about to contract a second marriage with a Mr. Paul, a wealthy Quaker in Philadelphia. Her union with this new husband only lasted a twelve-month, and she again wrote that to get over her bereavement she was going to Europe, where she intended to give most of her time to Italy and Rome. I answered wishing her a pleasant voyage, and added, still jestingly, "I see what it is: you did not succeed in converting me, and you are now going to try your powers of persuasion upon the Pope. But take care that the old man do not convert you instead."

I heard nothing more about her for twenty-two years. But in 1863, when I went to America at the time of the great civil war, I chanced to go through Cincinnati, the place my friend had described as the home of her first wedded life. There, I was told, she resided now as Mrs. Paul. She was a Roman Catholic, and so zealous a convert that she had with her second husband's fortune founded and endowed as many as eight nunneries of Ursuline, Salesian, and other orders,

within or without the city, and her life was spent in the management and superintendence of them all.

I was not quite surprised, but somewhat curious to learn through what phases her mind had passed before she was brought to seek in such an office a scope for the employment of her undeniable energies. I went to one of the convents in which she had reserved some apartments for her own home, but I was told she was engaged and could not be disturbed at that early hour (it was two o'clock P.M.). I sent up my card, and left word that I would call three hours later. I did so, and the answer then was that Mrs. Paul positively "refused to see me." I was leaving the door thunderstruck by that snubbing message, when I was met by a middle-aged gentleman in whom I recognized young Rufus Kingsley, my friend's eldest son, now a successful barrister, who was on his way to pay his daily visit to his mother.

I told him what treatment I had just had to submit to, and he shook his head and said, "You must not mind my poor mother. The rascally priests have turned her head. I have heard her speak of you as one of the reprobates of the Turin Chamber who voted for Cavour's bill proclaiming Rome the capital of Italy. '*Vous avez mangé du Pape,*' she says, and she would not be sorry to see you dying of indigestion. You must forgive her: she is quite crazy on such subjects."

Ten years later, 1873, I happened to be in Rome on the arrival of a large band of American pilgrims on their visit to Pope Pius IX. The leader of the procession was no other than the same Mrs. Paul; and she was the one whose privilege it was to lay a hatful of Peter's pence at the feet of the captive pontiff, and to receive from him such blessings as raised her almost to the rank of a second Matilda of Tuscany.

I have dwelt on these particulars because they show the tendency of my singular friend's mind,—a mind apt to take the most exaggerated views on one side, and by a sudden revulsion to run into the maddest extremes on the opposite. But it was not merely on re-

ligious topics that I differed with her at the time of our earliest acquaintance in Cambridge. She could talk by the hour sensibly and pleasantly enough on a variety of matters; but she was passionate and almost violent in argument, and when hard-pushed by inexorable logic she would, woman-like, fly off at a tangent, shifting her ground and taking up new positions with a waywardness, and yet an obstinacy, which had power to wear out such adversaries as she was unable to overcome. Even on mere rhetorical and philological subjects, where I was willing to bow to her with the deference of a pupil to his mistress, we had often battles royal on points in which, starting as we did from different principles, we must of course come to conflicting conclusions. To me at that crisis her assistance was most valuable; for she looked over my lectures, and made me read them out to her, giving me many a useful hint, both about style and elocution, which would greatly have availed me had it been as easy for me to follow her advice as for her to tender it. I have already said that I had never opened a grammar; and she allowed that a language like the English is best learned and written by use. Grammar, however, is as indispensable for a writer as drawing for an artist, and we must master it, no matter whether by precept or practice; there were a thousand pitfalls and snares about some parts of speech, and especially about the prepositions *in* and *on*, *at* and *to*, *by* and *with*, etc., into which, without her warning, I was unconsciously falling; and I could never be sufficiently thankful for the strict, severe, minute censorship which pointed them out. But I aspired to something more than mere correctness. I wished my English to be as much as possible like that of the authors I most admired, Bulwer, Disraeli, Carlyle, Washington Irving, and the like. And there we fell off, because "for her own part," she said, "she cared very little about the beautiful in language," and she deemed it premature, if not presumptuous, in a mere beginner to attempt it. She laughed at my notions that language should be musical. She had never heard that there could be rhythm

for prose as there was metre for verse, that an orator's speech in ancient Athens was a kind of *recitativo*, relying for effect on the accompaniment of musical instruments; that some of Cicero's sentences, like the famous one, "Pātrīs dīctūm sāpiēns tēmērītās filī cōmprōbāvīt," were received by the Roman Senate with a thunder of applause, solely for the impression that the exquisite harmony arising from the arrangement of the long and short syllables in those few words made on their well-trained ears.

All these, she contended, were my Italian fancies. They were the result of that corrupt taste which had degraded the drama into an opera. "The English," she said, "are a nation of men: language is for them merely the garb of thought. Like their personal attire, it can never be too plain and neat. They leave flounces and furbelows to their women, and even these depend for such trumperies on the inventiveness of Frenchman-milliners."

"You are my mistress, dear lady," I answered, "and I hope you will find me a submissive pupil. No doubt language is but the garment of thought; but should not the clothes fit and suit the body? Should not language rise and sink with the loftiness and lowliness of the theme? Surely the little I am as yet able to read of Shakespeare gives me a different idea of the English views on such matters. Is the grave-digger's language at Ophelia's grave the same as Hamlet's in his withering address to his mother before the portraits of her two husbands? And is there not, in English as well as in all languages, such a thing as style?"

"There is, of course, poetry as well as prose," she answered. "But poetical prose is to me as detestable as prosaic poetry."

And with this, which seemed to her the clinching argument, she closed the discussion, and, taking up my manuscript, which I laid before her on the table, she said, "This is your introduction: let us see." And, putting up her glasses, without which she could not read, she read out the first sentence:

"Down in a southern clime, amid the silent waves of

a tideless sea, there lies a weary land whose life is only in the Past and the Future."

Here she stopped short and removed her glasses.

"Down," she said. "Why *down*? What is the use of that *down*? What do you mean by it?"

"It is merely a geographical designation," I explained. "We talk of high latitudes at the Pole, we must be going *down* as we near the Line."

"Nonsense!" she replied; "it is an idle word. Have you not said, *In a southern clime*? I do not see, indeed, why you should not have used the word *climate*, which belongs to prose. Neither can I understand why Italy should be described as a *southern land*, considering that Rome or Naples must be on about the same parallel as New York. But let that pass; only down with that *down*. Apart from all inaccuracy or finicalness of expression I hate redundancy. Your *down* is an expletive: away with it!"

"Away with it, by all means," I assented, "only what can we put in its place? Shall we say *Far in a southern*——?"

"*Far! far!*" she ejaculated; "in an age whose mission is to annihilate distance!—when we expect from month to month the steamer which will take us across to Europe as we are now ferried over to South Boston! Italy far from us? I think no more of a voyage to it than of a journey to Cincinnati. It is all plain sailing and no jolting."

I shook my head.

"You are quite right, I dare say; but I don't see how I can mend it."

"Mend it by letting it alone," she said, with a slight sneer. "Just scratch out the *Down*. Begin, *In a southern clime*—or, better still, *climate*. It will sound more simple and natural,—more sober, decent, and respectable."

"Pardon me, it will not sound at all. There I must beg leave to differ from you. Do you not see, as you read the whole sentence, that there is a certain wave of sadness suited to the subject, and pervading it throughout its four members, with a fair proportion

and mutual correspondence between them? Lop off one syllable of the first member, and there is an end to all the harmony of the period."

"Fiddlesticks!" broke out the lady. "Excuse me, but you are provoking. Why do you not write verses, since you count the syllables, and lay them in as a mosaic-worker in Rome would stick the little pieces of glass destined to make a picture?"

"Pardon me," I insisted, "I neither count nor arrange the syllables. The harmony is in the thought. Language is not its dress, as you said; it is its flesh and blood. Thought must come forth soul and body from the brain that conceives it: it only lives through the words. Hence is translation so difficult; for there can be only one genuine expression to every thought. Any reproduction of it can only at the best be approximate. The ear is my guide."

"Am I to understand that you think in English?"

"Ay! and dream in English."

"You are an *improvisatore*. Thought and words spring up in your brain, all full-grown and armed, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter."

"Quite the contrary," I said; "thought teems and labors in my brain till it finds an utterance. It comes out incarnate with the words; but it is in most cases little more than a mere embryo, and it has to be licked into shape like a bear's cub, till the ear is satisfied with it."

"And, after all, it is not English," she said.

"How so?" I asked. "Is it ungrammatical?"

"It is un-English. It is what would never come into an Englishman's mind to write."

Here I was dead beaten,—silenced, though convinced against my will.

"I must see how I can manage to alter that first sentence. Please pass your pencil across it for a mark. After all, I hope my audience will be well aware that I am not an Englishman. Something odd and outlandish they must be prepared to put up with."

She opened her eyes wide, and was silent for half a minute. Then she said,—

"Not if you will be guided. But let us proceed."

Thus the reading went on, the lady striking off many a palpable blunder without hesitation, and with my full and immediate consent, now and then carping at something that struck her as a foreign idiom, but to which she seemed to me unable to raise a rational objection. In the latter case, the obnoxious phrase received the pencil-mark which referred it to my ultimate calm and deliberate revision and judgment.

Seeing me rather less docile than she expected, she hurried on as she turned over page after page, limiting herself to fewer remarks, not quite offended or displeased, to all appearance, but evidently less anxious to volunteer her criticism where its correctness might chance to be disputed.

At the end, however, she again entered her protest. The lecture ran through the various periods of Italian history, showing how that country, having at last reached the lowest depths of degradation, evinced now some symptoms of its aspiration to a new existence, and it concluded with the following simile:

"The phoenix has been consumed upon her funeral pyre,—her last breath has vanished in the air with the smoke of her ashes; but the dawn breaks, the first rays of the sun are falling upon the desolate hearth; the ashes begin to heave, and from their bosom the new bird springs forth with luxuriant plumage, displaying her bold flight, with her eyes fixed on that sun from which she derived her origin."

Mrs. Kingsley had hardly patience to read it through.

"Surely," she cried out, "you will strike off this? It would spoil the whole lecture. It is hackneyed; mere balderdash,—wordy, bombastic. It has no meaning; it answers no purpose."

"A pencil-mark, please," was all I answered, and, rolling up my manuscript, I put it in my pocket.

The day of trial came at the end of that week.

CHAPTER X.

SPRING TIDES.

A day of battle—A large and select audience—Social classes in America—American polish—Two sisters—A contrast—A love-romance—Happy life and tragic death—American lecturing—Ralph Waldo Emerson—The great trial—Misgivings—Success—The world of letters—Prescott—Ticknor—Samuel Howe.

THE Saturday ending the first week in January, 1838, was—shall we say the *happiest* day of my life? That adjective is used in what grammarians call the “relative superlative” form, and in itself it may not in reality amount to the value of the plain positive. If I, for instance, close my door against the world, and, shaving before the glass, declare that “I am the *handsomest* man in my dressing-room,” I do not thereby by any means assert that I am at all *handsome*. And, in the same manner, though a minister at a Guildhall banquet, a bridegroom at a wedding-breakfast, or an elector at the hustings, may use and abuse that unfortunate phrase, we must not take it for granted that the orator who proclaims any particular day to be his *happiest* is, for all that, truly and thoroughly happy, the case being that he may not unfrequently have the best reasons to feel positively miserable.

For my own part, all I can say of that Saturday is that it was certainly a day of triumph, though it is right to premise that it began in trepidation and misgiving.

My lectures had to be delivered in the morning; for it was understood that many conspicuous persons from Boston and its environs would honor me with their presence, and these would have found it a great hardship to drive out in the dark through the snow and ice of a winter evening, to say nothing of any engagements they might have before or after their late dinners, with which they would not easily have suffered

any such entertainment as Cambridge had to offer, to clash. The hour appointed for my introduction was therefore eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and by that time the number of sledges that came up from the Yankee Athens to its academical suburb, and the crowd that gathered within the walls of the town-hall, were truly alarming.

The report that the editors of the "North American Review" had thought well enough of that first essay of mine on Maria Louisa, Duchess of Parma, to make room for it in the pages of their journal, had removed the bushel under which the light of my farthing candle lay hid. My name had been mentioned here and there, and a good-natured feeling had sprung up in many kind hearts that, if there were anything in me worth encouraging, encouragement should certainly not be withheld from me.

Among the earliest arrivals were Governor Everett and his two daughters, with whom I had kept on the best terms, though I had not often seen them; close to them came Mr. Ticknor, Mr. Prescott, Mr. Sprague, and other literary men of distinction to whom I had been introduced at the Boston Athenæum; our bond of union being the study of European, especially of Italian and Spanish, literature. Several of these were now, with Felton and Longfellow, Bowen and Lovering, and other luminaries of the professors' staff of Harvard University, clustering together in the rear of the hall, keeping an open way for the ladies who were majestically sailing up to their places in the front seats.

Foremost among these were some of the pupils I had lately been attending in Boston, Miss Minot, Miss Lawrence, three Miss Elliots, Mrs. Page, Mrs. Chase, and, dearest of all, two Miss Appletons, with whom I was on more friendly terms than would have been allowed to a mere teacher.

All these ladies, married or single, belonged to that class of free and enlightened American citizens who looked upon themselves as the aristocracy of the republic. They lived in fine large mansions, clustering together round the Boston Common, in Spruce and

Chestnut or Summer and Winter Streets, and drove out in superb equipages, though they had not gone so far yet as to display their armorial bearings on their panels, or gold and silver lace in the hats and coats of their coachmen's and footmen's liveries. The slave-holders of the South, and especially those who belonged to the F.F. or "First Families" of Virginia, and owned the plantations where their forefathers, the Cavaliers of Charles I., had settled, laughed to scorn the pretensions of these New Englanders, the "low-born descendants of the canting Roundheads, the mere parsons, pedlars, and clodhoppers who had landed as fugitives from the ranks of Cromwell's disbanded partisans." But in Boston the few surviving houses who could trace their lineage to the "Pilgrim Fathers" were still looked up to with respect, and these, as well as those who had become connected with them by marriage, if their wealth enabled them to keep up a style corresponding to their rank, constituted *la crème de la crème* of a highly-polished and somewhat exclusive social circle. Both its members, and those who strove to be received within its pale, had probably made their fortune by trade; but a line of demarcation was drawn between those actually engaged in, and those retired from, business; though the wise ones among the latter took good care that their money should abide in those lucrative concerns from which they had formally withdrawn their names. It was a society organized somewhat after the fashion of the old Florentine and Genoese patriciate, among which the maxim was that "commerce soils no man's hands," and that "no honest work can taint good blood."

But, whatever title birth or wealth might give to admission within this charmed circle, certain it is that education was the best passport to it. You found in this class scarcely any individual entirely destitute of some degree of polish. Most men, especially those of the rising generation, had gone through college. Many of them had been in Europe, and had made the best of their sojourn there. Their houses were hospitably open to foreign, especially to English, visitors,

and the ladies had all the benefit of English, Swiss, and German governesses. It was not in this society that your ear was frequently struck with any Americanism of idiom or accent. It was among these people that I made my very first practice of English, and, although I had all my life to struggle against some peculiarities of English pronunciation, although those who did not at once set me down as a foreigner often charged me with something like a Scotch or Irish brogue, no one ever detected in me the least shade of a Yankee twang.

There were not many even of the acknowledged leaders of that set who had not taken every opportunity to show me favor; but nowhere did I meet with a kinder or more cordial reception than at the Appletons', where my best friends were the two young ladies of the house, Mary and Fanny, two sisters whose qualities of mind and heart were as universally admitted as those personal attractions by which they had borne the palm as the belles of a London and a Paris season, their charm lying not only in the exquisite loveliness of each of them, but also in the contrast arising from the apparent likeness and yet real difference and contrast in their style of beauty.

They were both tall and slender, but Fanny, the younger, exceeded by nearly an inch the height of her sister, and seemed therefore somewhat too slim to match the perfect symmetry and elegance of her sister's figure. Both had that clear and lustrous though somewhat wan complexion which gives the beauty of so many of their countrywomen a weakly and evanescent appearance; but while Fanny's whiteness was more dazzlingly marble-like, it had less—it had none—of that faint pink hue which not unfrequently overspread and lighted up the elder's face. The features were regular in both of them; but in Mary a very slightly and very gracefully turned-up nose and an habitual curl of the upper lip gave the countenance an archness and sprightliness of expression which was totally wanting in the statuesque lineaments of the other girl.

To these outward marks, as might be expected, cor-

responded the disposition of the sisters' minds. Mary had the liveliness and buoyancy and joyousness of a happy temperament; Fanny had the sweetness and pensiveness of a settled melancholy. In the elder it was wit and sense, in the younger deep sensitiveness, that prevailed. The one seemed destined to go through life singing and dancing; the other appeared to be haunted by the foreboding of the early and cruel death which, as it turned out, was in store for her, and had an air of serene and tranquil resignation to whatever the will of Heaven might bring.

With respect to these fair maidens a romance had at the time been got up by current rumor in connection with the poet Longfellow. The poet, we were told, met the Appletons on the Rhine in the depth of the agony into which he had been thrown by the sudden death of his young and lovely wife,—when “the bough had broken under the burden of the unripe fruit.” When he was able to look up from the “blindness of his anguish,” the sympathy of these friends, and especially of the two young ladies, was balm to his wound, and he clung to it with the instinct of a vine twining its tendrils round the tree that gives it support. That he should mistake their pity for a tenderer feeling, and that gratitude on his part should ripen into a warmer passion, was only too natural. He was with them a whole summer in South Germany and Switzerland, and the impression of all the Yankee tourists they fell in with throughout their journeying was that the young widower, with his ardent poetic temperament, had been smitten with both the sisters, the doubt only being which of them would ultimately be the lady of his choice. Both the poet and the Appletons were now back in New England, and the report was that before they parted at Interlaken the poet had told his tale; that he had asked Fanny Appleton to fill up the void left in his heart by his departed wife, and had suffered a repulse,—a harder blow for him to bear than the one death itself had inflicted.

My acquaintance with the Miss Appletons did not go much beyond the period of my stay in their country.

The elder was soon afterwards married in England to the son of Sir James Mackintosh, the historian. I called upon her one morning, early in May, 1840, at her temporary residence in one of the cottages in St. Katharine's, Regent's Park. On leaving her, after a short visit, I saw, half hidden in the foliage of the tiny garden, her sister Fanny, in her fresh morning attire, the very ideal of the "*creatura bella bianco-vestita*" of the Italian bard,—a lovely vision quite in keeping with the pure but subdued light of the English spring that encompassed her. She emerged from the bower with her outstretched hand, and greeted me with her wonted cordiality, informing me that she would be off to America on the morrow with her brother, as Mrs. Mackintosh would soon leave for her husband's country-seat, I forget in what county.

This is the last I saw of them; but I learned in after-years that the suit of Longfellow for the hand of the lovely Fanny, now the only Miss Appleton, had been renewed, and that as the publication of the "*Voices of the Night*," and, what is more, of "*Hyperion*,"—a romance in which was told all the story of their meeting on the Rhine and of their parting at Interlaken,—had raised the poet's fame to the highest pitch both in New and in Old England, the heart of the "*lady passing fair*" had relented, and her admirer's constancy had received its reward. Thus did Fanny Appleton become a wife and a happy mother of children. But the last we heard of her is that, after not very many years of wedded bliss, her summer dress, by one of those cruel accidents with which muslin and crinoline have made us only too familiar, caught fire, and she perished in the flames, in sight of all she loved, and who vainly hastened to her rescue.

The sweet and sad remembrance of those two charming sisters has, however, too long caused me to wander from my subject. I must now go back to my introductory lecture, where, as I stated, the Miss Appletons, as well as Longfellow, honored me with their presence, but were too far asunder, or perhaps too well aware of the idle gossip freely circulating about their transat-

lantic adventures, to do more than exchange a slight and distant nod of recognition.

Now for the lecture.

The hall was quite full by the time I entered and took my seat, waiting for the stroke of the appointed hour. The lectures were altogether a private undertaking. I found myself alone facing my audience. No platform had been raised, there was no committee of management at my back, no chairman to introduce me; there I sat, unfriended, behind a large table, on the crimson cloth of which was a sparkling tumbler of cold water, and near it my gloves, my white handkerchief, and my tidily-folded manuscript.

Such little nerve as had borne me up on my first trial, when my benevolent Henry Ware sat by my side, seemed all at once and utterly to forsake me when it was most sorely needed. For I knew now something more of the task I had in hand. I was more eager for success, and less easy about the consequences of a failure. I had by this time attended many lectures, and understood only too well on what gifts the most popular orators relied for ascendancy over their audience. I knew of what account personal appearance, voice, manner, above all things self-confidence and presumption, were in a lecturer, and felt myself miserably deficient in all of them. I had but lately attended one of Ralph Waldo Emerson's addresses, and could still recall the spell which his grave and noble countenance, the deep tone of his voice, and the solemnity of his whole demeanor cast on a vast assemblage. There was something magic in the arching of his brow, the turning up of the white of his eyes, the catching of his breath, the long, almost painful pause by which he kept his audience in suspense, preparing them for some concise sentence, some happy word, into which he seemed to have condensed all his wisdom, a sentence or a word which, when so delivered, struck us as the revelation of some great, new, abstruse, and recondite truth, but which, nevertheless, if seen in type in some pamphlet or journal might probably have been passed over as a commonplace and obvious truism.

I have not yet forgotten one flagrant instance of the glamour that this wondrous mannerism of the great philosopher had on all who heard him. He was laboring to vindicate the independence of individual judgment, inveighing against the pedantry that would base its arguments on a reference to *ipse dixit* authority and crush a sovereign mind under the weight of sophisms available at the utmost to overawe some puny and feeble intellect,—when, suddenly raising his voice, he cried out, “They bid me *jurare in verba magistri*! They hamper me! They fetter me!” And after half a minute’s interval, during which he held up his hand, as if at a loss for a proper expression,—for the words which were, however, staring at him from the page out of which he was reading,—he gave a great thump on the table, and thundered forth,—

“They pin me down!”

The emphasis and vehemence with which he uttered those four monosyllables sent a thrill throughout our nerves. He made us feel as if all of us, and he with us, were undergoing the torture of the poor insect caught in the toils of the entomologist and impaled for the furtherance of scientific interests. That pin ran through our very vitals.

It was an apt illustration of his conceit, no doubt; and it conveyed to our minds in a forcible manner what might otherwise have failed to strike us as anything transcendently sublime; and that effect it most assuredly had, for as we went out those words “They pin me down!” were repeated on every side,—a satisfactory evidence, as I felt, of the impression they had made, and an irrefragable proof, if any were needed, that what is called oratory is mere art, and, like that of the stage-actor, it depends for effect on the living presence of the artist, and leaves nothing after his death but a vague fame of his wondrous performance.

To this art, to its clever tricks and dodges, to its endless devices and resources, I felt that I was and must ever remain a perfect stranger. I was morbidly alive to the disadvantages of an unprepossessing appearance, of a foreign accent, of an imperfect command over my

h's; I even mistrusted the expediency and opportunity of my subject; for it was, after all, a remote and extraneous topic that I had undertaken to bring before my hearers,—something of which many of them had never heard before, of which they need never hear afterwards, in no way connected with the pursuits or interests of their every-day life. What was Italy to them, or they to Italy? How could I hope to awaken their sympathies or bring them to share my enthusiasm? On what degree of their knowledge could I reckon? How rudimentary should I make my instruction in the hope of being understood? And, on the other hand, how could I be plain and intelligible without running the risk of being tedious? It was long before I learned that, “be the knowledge of your readers or hearers whatever it may, you should ever address them as if you thought they had never heard one syllable of the matter about which you wish to entertain them.” And this was John Thaddeus Delane’s advice to the writers of his leading articles.

No one can imagine with what tumultuous rapidity these discomfiting thoughts assailed and ran riot in my mind, and with what dismal misgivings they filled me. I have seen in later years an Italian prime minister carried away from his seat in the Deputies’ Chamber in a fainting-fit, which was his usual contrivance when he wished to escape from far less trying difficulties than those my imagination at this moment conjured up before me. Every line in my lecture on the morning of which I had in the heat of composition applauded myself seemed now to rise in judgment against me. My very anxiety about the welfare of Italy, my genuine sorrow for her long calamities, my worship of the memory of her great departed, my ardent love of all she can boast most beautiful in nature and art,—all the best feelings which had suggested my theme, from which I had drawn inspiration, and to which I had given full scope,—however pure and holy they might be so long as they lay hid in the depths of my heart,—were only too likely to be out of place here, where their utterance ran the risk of being sneered at as clap-

trap, or, as they called it there, "buncombe,"—the lowest style of eloquence resorted to by stump-orators at their wits' ends,—the kind of oratory my mentor, Mrs. Kingsley, had stigmatized as "balderdash."

Mrs. Rufus Kingsley! I caught occasional glimpses of her white silk bonnet as she sat in the third or fourth row, behind the *élite* of the Boston ladies to whom precedence had courteously been allowed by their Cambridge friends. There she sat, demure yet benignant, looking at me with a grave, thoughtful expression, intended, as I felt, to sum up all the useful hints I had received from her as I went to consult her evening after evening.

I looked at her and thought, what if Mrs. Kingsley had been right after all? What if a lecture should be prose and nothing but prose, and if a flowery language, a poetical phraseology, were inopportune in it, and unbecoming? What if the *down* at the beginning of my opening sentence, that *down* about which I had battled so stoutly and stubbornly, as it was most undoubtedly an idle word, a mere expletive, should have been expunged, as she so earnestly recommended? What if that long rigmarole about the phoenix rising from its ashes at the end of the lecture had been really worn threadbare, as the lady contended, and the advice that it should be struck off was as sensible as it was well meant? Was it too late to hear reason? Should I not heed Mrs. Kingsley's pencil-marks as I read, and repair the fatal consequences of my blundering obstinacy from line to line? No! It was not to be thought of; good or bad, my style must be my own. As I had made my bed I must lie on it. And as I came to this conclusion my courage and resolution revived. It has always been so with me; and I suppose the same must be the case with many other men who would not be as ready as I am to avow it. All the worst terrors of the battle are in the anticipation of it. They are soon forgotten in the thick of the action. The ghosts which haunt Richard in his tent in the dark vanish in the open air with the first streak of daylight and the first note of the *reveille*. He awakes and goes forth, and

"A thousand hearts are great within his bosom."

As the clock struck eleven, I rose, and, before the buzz of conversation had wholly subsided, I read out, with a clear though still somewhat faltering voice,—

"Down in a southern clime——"

And forthwith there was a dead silence, and, as the saying is, "you could have heard a pin drop."

Whereupon I raised my eyes and scanned the array of faces before me, and almost hated them for having made me afraid of them. And it was almost in a tone of defiance that I began again with greater energy,—

"Down in a southern clime, amidst the silent waves of a ~~silent~~ sea," with all that followed to the end of the period. That was half the battle, and I went on without hesitation or interruption, the mastery I had regained over my nerves enabling me not only to proceed from beginning to end with modest composure, but also to throw some emphasis on those passages on which I chiefly relied for effect, and which were meant as an appeal to my hearers' best feelings.

And I had my reward in that subdued involuntary murmur by which an audience betrays a genuine sensation,—a reward far more flattering to an orator than any burst of applause which may follow on his last words; for mere noise may be as much the expression of the pleasure the audience has derived from his speech, as of the relief they feel that the speech is over.

But a still more satisfactory proof that my audience were neither displeased with the lecture nor ill disposed towards the lecturer might be seen in the apparent reluctance they evinced to go asunder and leave the hall. The gentlemen stood up with their great-coats on and their hats in their hands, as if loath to face the cold outside air.

There was a babel of voices, from which only what could tickle my ears most agreeably reached me. The ladies put on their most radiant smiles as they crowded round the table with their gushing "Thank you! Oh, thank you very much!" The Boston ladies were nearest; foremost came up the Miss Appletons, who allowed

the flow of congratulations to abate a little before they could be heard amidst so many voices.

"We have no words to thank you enough," began Mary, the elder sister: "and I cannot tell you how grieved we are that it will be impossible for us to attend the whole course—at least regularly, though we will try to come down now and then; unless—we could induce you to put the lectures off to milder weather——"

"Or unless we could have them in Boston," broke in the younger sister. "Do you think you could repeat the course in town? There is little doubt a class could be got up for you there. How many would you think sufficient? How many have you here?"

"That I cannot tell you as yet," I answered.

"But that I can answer," said Mrs. Peirce, stepping in between us. "Here is the list. There were only twenty names when we came in, and see how rapidly it has been filling up. We shall muster fifty at the very least."

"We can warrant as many," said Miss Appleton, "and I am sure mother will be most happy to put her drawing-room at your service for any day and hour you may appoint, and for as long as you want it."

"Let us hope any lady's drawing-room may be too small for the purpose, Miss Appleton," suggested a gentleman with a polite bow to the young lady, who turned, and, seeing the gentleman was a stranger to me, went through the form of introduction: "Mr. Mariotti—Dr. Howe."

Dr. Howe was a slender-built man, somewhat above the middle height, with a deep projecting forehead and well-chiselled features, but with a somewhat overworked and careworn air about him. Though hitherto personally unknown to me, he was already renowned in both hemispheres for the zeal and intelligence with which he directed the Boston Asylum for the Blind, Deaf, and Dumb, an establishment altogether of his own creation, to which he had devoted his whole life, equally well deserving of the cause of humanity and of the interests of science.

"If Mr. Mariotti wants a hall for a Boston audience," he spoke, when the ceremony of introduction had been gone through, "why should he not avail himself of the lecture-room in our institution? We will manage all that, Miss Appleton, and Mr. Mariotti will be saved all expense and a great deal of trouble."

With this he shook hands with me, and took the two Miss Appletons, one under each arm, offering to see them safe to their sledges.

The company now began to disperse, and it soon became possible for me to leave the hall. Near the door, as I expected, I found my friend Mrs. Rufus Kingsley waiting for me as was her wont, who took my arm, claiming me as her cavalier on her way home.

We walked for some time in a dead silence, which, for my part, I was in no hurry to break. It was for her to speak first.

"You have had a great triumph to-day," she said. "You are out of leading-strings, my big baby, and you can stand and walk alone."

"Quite the contrary," I answered. "I never needed my kind nurse's help more than I do now. My triumph, as you call it, terrifies me. I have before me a far more arduous task than I looked forward to. Only think; twelve lectures to be written in as many weeks!"

"Well, what is that? It is no more than falls to the lot of every country parson willing to do his duty."

"You forget," said I, "that those reverend gentlemen have the Spirit to prompt them, but I——"

"But you have the guidance of your own genius," she interrupted, with a smile very much like a sneer; "and you see how fortunate it was that you trusted it, and it alone."

"Not so, dearest Mrs. Kingsley: success, were it never so flatteringly complete, might make me vain and giddy, but not unjust or ungrateful. I never was more convinced than I now am that your advice was sound and your judgment correct. Never did I feel more forcibly than I did while I was reading how wrong-headed and obstinate I had been; but I——"

"But you made a better estimate of your audience's

standard of taste than I did: you gave them what they liked,—what they could best appreciate.”

“Nay, nay, lady mine! you must not be unjust to them, however severe you may be with me. It was not want of taste or sense that disposed my audience to treat me with indulgence. They simply made allowance for me,—a foreigner. They were amused with what struck them as quaint and outlandish. Had the language been strictly and faultlessly English they could never have accepted it as my writing. They would have cried, ‘Non est de sacco tanta farina tuo.’ And, to tell you the truth,” I continued, “that was the reason that set me so frequently against your advice, even while I recognized its perfect wisdom and kindness. I was anxious that my grammar should be safe; but no less was I determined that the style—the manner—should be my own.”

We had reached her door by this time. She stood on the steps, rather bewildered than convinced, yet, on the whole, not altogether displeased.

“Well! well! well!” she exclaimed, after a brief pause, “a wilful man must have his way. After all, it is for you to know what suits you and these Yankee girls best. And I shall think no worse of a man because he stands up for his independence.”

On these terms we parted as good friends as ever. And henceforth, evening after evening, I came to her with my lectures, and was as grateful for the advice I approved and accepted as for that which I approved and—rejected.

The days, weeks, and months following that first Saturday in January, 1838, were as blissful as incessant toil and anxiety could make them. I still went round in my capacity of a private teacher the livelong day; but I rose habitually at four, and had the early morning for my writing, and I gave as much of my evening to society as I could spare from my mentor's censorship of my work as it proceeded from day to day. I had resisted the pressure of those who advised me to move my quarters to Boston. But I had so far consulted my convenience as to give up my turret at

Dr. Marx's Young Ladies' Academy and establish myself in the parlor floor of a decent lodging-house in Cambridge, close to the college buildings, and only a few doors from the Peirces and the Kingsleys.

My Boston friends had been as good as their word. They had taken upon themselves the arrangement of all that concerned my lectures. It was settled that the same lecture which was delivered in Cambridge on the Saturday should be repeated at Boston on the Monday immediately ensuing; and to that effect a blank week was allowed to intervene between the introduction and the regular proceeding of the course. In neither place was the audience very numerous,—forty or fifty at the utmost, and for more than three-fourths of them it consisted of ladies; for they were morning lectures, and men of business had more important claims upon their time. Even of the ladies, very few felt a very earnest interest in the subject, or took the trouble to refer for more extensive knowledge to the literary or historical works I referred them to. But Longfellow in Cambridge, and Ticknor in Boston, with some of their distinguished literary friends, seldom failed to honor me; and their countenance was sufficient to satisfy me that anything I read out would be appreciated quite to the full extent of any merit I could detect in them myself.

But, however thin might be the attendance attracted by these lectures, the reputation they won for me in Boston was as astonishing as it was gratifying. The reporters of the town and country press seized upon them and gave large extracts or summaries of them from week to week, the most striking passages regaining in type what they had lost by my imperfect delivery. For the whole of those spring months my lectures were the fashion, the rage, the *thing* of the season. And I was all the more a "lion" as I was less seen, seldom having time to go to town except in the discharge of my professional duties, and still more unfrequently accepting any invitation to those reunions and conversaziones for which the choice society round the Boston Common were especially renowned.

About these lectures, however, I shall have nothing more to say. I took the manuscript with me when I left New for Old England. I polished up and rearranged them so as to offer them as a series of essays to the editor of a magazine in London, from whose pages, again, they came out as a two-volume book, the first I ever published in English.*

Meanwhile, the 1st of April came, and with it, punctual to a minute, out came the April number of the "North American Review," producing as Article iv. "that old lecture of mine" on Maria Louisa, Duchess of Parma, which I had written and delivered at Cambridge in December. A presentation-copy was sent to me as one of the contributors, with the editors' compliments, and the expression of a hope that I should soon favor them again with some of my productions,—a request with which I repeatedly complied during my stay in that part of the world.†

Besides these articles, I also wrote one for the "Christian Examiner,"‡ a monthly publication which was then the principal organ of the Unitarian sect throughout the land, and was edited by Dr. James Walker, the eminent preacher, who, the reader may remember, was one of my earliest acquaintances when I settled in Charlestown,—a journal which handled theological subjects with a freedom to which even republican Yankee-land was hardly yet accustomed.

My ideas of literary life were as yet vague and fanciful, and that first rapid success fairly lifted me off my feet. Because my articles were printed by the side of those of men of acknowledged eminence, I began to look upon myself as one of them; and I fondly conceived that I had already reached some standing in

* "Italy: General Views of its History and Literature, in Reference to its Present State." Two vols. 8vo. London, 1841. Saunders and Otley. "Italy, Past and Present." Two vols. 8vo. London, 1844. John Chapman.

† "North American Review," No. xcix., April, 1838, "Maria Louisa, Duchess of Parma;" No. c., July, 1838, "Romantic Poetry in Italy;" No. ciii., April, 1839, "Italian Historians," etc.

‡ "Christian Examiner," No. xc., "Catholicism in Italy."

the American world of letters,—a conceit which, considering that I had only been little more than eighteen months in the country, and had learned in it all I knew of the language, was not altogether unnatural or unpardonable.

What especially contributed to foster my self-delusion was the benevolent familiarity with which I was treated by men whose acquaintance would have been in itself a signal honor,—by William Prescott, for instance, who, then in his forty-second year, had just published his "*History of Ferdinand and Isabella*,"—poor blind Prescott, a hero in his love of work, toiling at a task for which his gloomy infirmity would have unfitted almost any other man, yet to which he was constant to his dying day. That poor blind hero, always patient and unwearied, resigned and cheerful, as is the wont of blind men! He admitted me into his sanctum, among his few visitors, and delighted to talk to me about his pursuits, and the difficulties he had to struggle with, relying as he did on the help of amanuenses whose knowledge of the languages of the many books which had to be consulted was by no means as general and thorough as he had made his own.

As a striking contrast, it was pleasant to pass from Prescott's darkened study to the sunny library of his friend and biographer, George Ticknor, three years his senior, yet destined long to survive him; Ticknor, a wealthy patron as well as a laborious cultivator of letters; Ticknor, always bright and sanguine, as he appears in his memoirs; genial, sociable, hospitable. He also was busy at work, and a work of love,—"*The History of Spanish Literature*,"—a work which was to last him all his life long, but which he took up leisurely, determined to bring it to an end in due time, but no less bent on enjoying life all the while, and ready to drop it from hour to hour to welcome his morning callers, with whom he would walk up and down his lofty apartments in Park Street, looking out on the Common in his dressing-gown and velvet skull-cap, inexhaustible in his wit and pleasantry and in his knowledge of men and things.

Still, the most intimate of my distinguished friends

in Boston at this time was Dr. Samuel Howe, of the Blind, Deaf, and Dumb Asylum, who bade me stay to lunch when my lecture was over, and showed me all the wonders of that charitable institution which was both a home and a world to him. He was still unmarried at that time, and rather prematurely given up by the ladies of his acquaintance as a confirmed bachelor. Some of his "good-natured" friends also described him as "a man of one idea," in other words, a bore, because all his time and all his soul were engrossed with the one object of making the blind, the deaf, the dumb, to see, to hear, and to speak. He had just at that time accomplished one of his greatest miracles by the education of his pet pupil, Laura Bridgman, that girl born blind, deaf, and dumb, whose acquirements three years later had the good fortune to be brought to the world's notice in the "American Notes" and won the doctor the reputation of the American Abbé de l'Épée. The doctor brought me before this young creature who had come into his hands, her mind a blank, and asked, "What, if left to its own resources, would have become of this immortal soul, thus immured in its dark dungeon of flesh, as impervious to light and sound as it was before its birth?"

"What was this soul?" again he asked. "What was this dim self-consciousness which he had been able to reach through all obstructions by mechanic means as simple and obvious as the rope by which strangers are hoisted up into some of the doorless and windowless monasteries of the Levant? What is spirit? and what is matter? Is not all that surrounds us, all this visible and tangible world, matter? And are not the senses through which matter is manifested to us also matter? Is not matter the beginning and end of all human knowledge?"

"And, yet, is there not something within us that enables us to see deeper into matter than our unguided and unaided senses teach us? Is it not by material means that our knowledge transcends the limits within which our senses are circumscribed? Behold! The combination of a few pieces of glass will show us mil-

lions of stars—millions of worlds—which God seemed to have placed infinitely beyond our ken. And by means equally simple and obvious, by addressing this poor dear girl through the only senses vouchsafed to her, I am making a rational being of a creature who seemed doomed by the Creator to a condition beneath that of the lowest brute.”

Then he looked up to heaven, and exclaimed, “What is man, that he should thus dare to mend so much that is wrong in God’s world? And what is God, that He should create or allow so much that is wrong in His world,—so much more than man can ever hope to mend? Why is not man more powerful,—more godly? Why is not God more merciful,—more human?”

With such arduous questions did the poor doctor busy and torment himself as he went about doing good. The most daring scepticism and the most ardent religion were at war in his mind. He was looking for the solution of those problems about the nature of the human soul and of the Soul of the universe, about the goodness of God and the existence of evil, which will never be solved,—never, at least, till we stand on the threshold of a future life,—that life which is in itself the greatest riddle.

CHAPTER XI.

BECALMED.

Dead Sea apples—Weariness—Disappointment—Longing for change—Choice of a trade—Teaching—Lecturing—Writing—The Press—A precarious existence—Boston to Philadelphia—Girard College—Means and ends—Nicholas Biddle—Financing—An American panic—Philadelphia to New York—Italians in New York—New York to Boston—Boston to Washington.

WE were in mid-April, 1838. My last lecture had been delivered; my first article in the “North American Review” had come out. The lectures had been applauded. I had been asked to repeat them at New

Haven, at Providence, at Springfield, Massachusetts. There was even a scheme of getting up a class for them in New York. The Review article had been praised; large extracts had been reproduced in all the newspapers. The editors of that Review and of other journals were "asking for more." And in the mean time I had more applications for private lessons than I could attend to. I had the choice of my pupils, of the best educated and most interesting. I had the entrance into the most desirable social circles, rejoiced in the friendship of the most estimable men, basked in the smiles of the loveliest women; I was passing rich for all my wants, and had laid by a few hundred dollars for a rainy day. My success was complete, my object attained; "and yet I was not happy."

Are there happy beings in this world? At all events, I felt I was not, and could never be, one of them. I should have been at a loss to say what ailed me; but something was wanting for my full contentment. And that is what I have always experienced in every phase of my life: my delight was in the eagerness of the battle, but there was invariably something cloying in the enjoyment of the victory.

Some of the causes of my discontent at this particular crisis it would not be difficult for me to analyze.

In the first place, I had missed my career; for I had never wished to be a teacher, a lecturer, or a writer of magazine-articles. Fond as I was of reading, my instincts were not at all literary. I found even the mere mechanical task of writing very irksome, and was, like a bad workman, apt to quarrel with my tools,—pen, ink, and paper. I grudged even the time I had to give to inevitable private correspondence; and how could I have any ambition to write for the public, or, forsooth, for posterity? I had great difficulty in expressing myself to my own satisfaction in my native tongue; what toil must it not be to clothe my thoughts in foreign idioms! It was not with such expectations that I had come across seas. I had to give up all hope of being a soldier; but I was still a patriot, a man of action.

“Pulchrum est bene facere reipublicæ; etiam bene dicere haud absurdum est.” But I reversed Sallust’s saying, and insisted that it might be very well to write for one’s country, but it was more manly to fight for it, if not as a soldier, at least as a volunteer—a free rifle—in a guerilla warfare. I was anxious to keep up all my physical energies; and how was that compatible with the sedentary pursuits of a teacher or author?

But, even independent of such aspirations, I had some special objections to every branch of my present occupation. Teaching was to me obnoxious, because a man is not in that trade solely responsible for his success, as he is in many other branches of business. Teaching, like quarrelling, takes two; and, justly or unjustly, the master is only too commonly made to bear the blame of an unapt or unwilling pupil. And with respect to lecturing, to say nothing of my reluctance to show my face, to say nothing of my foreign accent, of my unconquerable shyness, the business seemed to me little more dignified than that of a strolling player or itinerant musician, or that of an Italian Capuchin crack-preacher, carrying his *quaresimale*, or set of Lent sermons, from place to place, like a mountebank or vender of quack medicines. The subject of my lectures had already seemed to me unsuited to many of my audience, even in Boston, the capital of American intelligence and culture. How could I reproduce those same lectures among the more benighted denizens of small provincial towns or among the corn-growing and pork-salting cities of the Far West? And as for taking up any new subject, I was as incapable of writing about any other matter than Italy as Anacreon was of singing anything but love.

There remained literature in the stricter sense of the word. But I saw a great difference between a writer and a mere scribbler. I was not so vain as to feel conscious of such powers within me as might enable me to write a novel,—the only kind of composition likely to “pay” in our days. I speak, of course, of a good novel; for I see no reason why such a production should not

be of as great a value as a good drama or epic poem. But if *good* I could not write, *bad* I would not; and mediocrity in literature or art is detested of gods and men. And there is that peculiar evil in the novels of our time, that he who has been successful in one is tempted by love of gain to go on from tale to tale, insuring a hard-won bread at the cost of failing health, wasting brain, and waning fame.

All I might have aspired to was to be a mere drudge in the daily, weekly, or monthly press; and was such a life worth living? The elation I experienced in seeing myself in print by the side of first-rate writers in the "North American Review" was an evanescent feeling. On reflection, I perceived that a literary journal was something like a coterie or club, in which great men for their own purposes find it convenient to associate with little ones. These latter are simply dwarfed by the contrast arising from juxtaposition. It is in the nature of all academies in the long run not to raise but to bring down all capacities to a common level. Moreover, nine-tenths of the American periodical literature were either theological or political; and I was too earnest on religious topics to engage in controversies that too often seemed to me mere cavil or quibble, and was too ignorant of American politics, or cared too little about them, to see much difference in those "Republican" and "Democratic," "Whig" and "Locofoco" parties, between which the war of words was then raging. It must be confessed, also, that my disposition was by no means buoyant or sanguine. I might well defy the frowns, but never trusted the smiles, of fortune. I was seldom down-hearted in actual struggle, but was apt to take the gloomiest view of the future. I had been almost miraculously enabled to earn a decent—indeed, what I considered for myself a handsome—livelihood, but I had done it by carrying on lessons, lectures, and magazine-articles at the same time. None of the three trades would have been sufficient to support me, as the time that was taken up by one would leave but little leisure to attend to the others. I had accomplished the task by

strenuous exertions for a season; but I was by no means sure that my mind would stand the same strain for another.

I talked the matter over with my never-failing friend, Governor Everett, himself a nervous man, only too ready to sympathize with me in my despondency. I am not sure that there was not in his mind some doubt as to my sanity; but he listened to me with heroic patience, tried to place himself in my position, and entered into all my plans.

"It was certainly most unfortunate," he allowed, "that I had come to America under erroneous impressions,—that I had been flattered with false hopes of finding on my arrival a ready-made, permanent employment. The place I looked forward to in Harvard College did not exist. The one that would have been next to it was not vacant. But Harvard was not the only academical institution in America. There was Yale, and Bowdoin, and Jefferson—and, by the way, the newest, the grandest, best endowed—to be sure; why should I not try Girard College?"

Girard College let it be. One of Mr. Everett's best friends was Mr. Nicholas Biddle, in his youth his fellow-student, now settled in Philadelphia, a man of high repute and prodigious influence in that city, who had a hand in whatever was going on there, and was, to Mr. Everett's certain knowledge, one of the trustees of the Girard College Fund. A letter from Mr. Everett was soon written: my preparations for a journey at no period of my life took more than an hour's time. By a few hastily-scribbled notes I took a fortnight's leave of absence of my pupils, and on that same evening, April 15, 1838, I took the night train to Providence and New York, and twenty-four hours later I alighted at a good hotel in the "City of Brotherly Love."

Girard College took its name from Stephen Girard, to whose posthumous beneficence it was indebted for its foundation. This Girard was a native of France, who had in youth crossed the seas as a supercargo in a Bordeaux vessel, and had settled in Philadelphia in

a trading and banking business, which in his hands turned out so profitable that he found himself at his death in possession of a capital of fifteen million dollars. Of this colossal fortune he disposed by will chiefly for the benefit of the cities of New Orleans and Philadelphia, assigning for this latter five million dollars as the endowment of a school for the education and support of destitute orphans, natives of the place. He was very strict and particular about his instructions. The Girard Institution was to be a school, it was to be lodged in a plain brick building, it was to supply only the most elementary knowledge, and none were to be admitted as pupils except born citizens of Philadelphia, orphans, and unprovided with any other means of education. The use of Hercules' club to crush a fly hardly suggests a more forcible idea of disproportion of the means to the end than was manifest in the plan so minutely laid out for the application of a legacy intended to perpetuate the memory of the posthumously munificent Bordelais.

On the ground of the impossibility of complying with its conditions, Girard's will was attacked by some of his relatives (for when is a rich man without kindred, however remote?) and ran the risk of being set aside as the deed of a mere idiot. But the magistrates of the Quaker City were too strongly interested in the welfare of their fellow-citizens to allow their share of the Girard inheritance to be snapped from them by a mere lawyer's chicane. They decreed that the spirit and not the letter of the deceased's mind should be interpreted, and that the city should be endowed with such an educational establishment as the testator's funds had provided for. Instead of one plain brick building they reared five huge edifices of fine white marble, occupying with their grounds forty acres in extent, the central edifice a Corinthian temple two hundred and eighteen feet long, one hundred and sixty feet wide, and ninety feet high, with a colonnade of thirty-two columns, fifty-five feet high, and each six feet in diameter, all round it.

My first steps on the morning after my arrival were

directed to this monster college or commercial school (for the city was already endowed with a flourishing university), and I stood with amazement in sight of this magnificent colonnade, emulous of the Parthenon, fancying in anticipation the pride I should feel were I soon to tread that marble threshold as a member of some of the faculties that were to come into being; for the professors were sure to be forthcoming, wherever the pupils might be found.

From the college at a suitable hour I proceeded to the residence of the Honorable Nicholas Biddle, and was immediately admitted into his presence, in a ground-floor parlor, where he had just finished his breakfast. I handed him Mr. Everett's letter, and stood scanning his features and figure while he was reading.

He was a man scarcely past the middle age, with a thick head of hair, the color of which left me in doubt whether it had always been so in youth, or whether it had "grown white in a single night as men's have grown from sudden fears." He was about my own height (five feet eight inches), as it seemed while we thus stood face to face; a noble presence, with a high forehead, with large light-gray eyes, a Roman nose, and a broad, square torso, but withal a pale flabby look, deep furrows at the temples, and a stoop at the shoulders,—all the symptoms of an enfeebled constitution and energies nearly exhausted.

Nicholas Biddle had been a successful and highly popular man in his generation. He had been for several years, and was still, at the head of the "United States Bank," and was looked upon as a king of financiers in an age and country in which financing had been carried to the verge of insane and even criminal recklessness; and he had used the great talents for which men gave him credit, not so much to enrich himself, as to gain an unbounded ascendancy over his fellow-citizens whom he managed to enrich. He took the lead in all kinds of venturous enterprise, was ever ready with his precept and practice, with sound advice and solid help, and for several years he steered so

clear of all financial rocks and squalls as to insure for his judgment a confidence which he undoubtedly deserved by his disinterestedness and integrity.

Unfortunately, America had, in the previous year, the never-to-be-forgotten 1837, gone through the most terrible commercial crisis in the world, when, "as was alleged to be the belief of the best authorities, every bank in the United States, without an exception (consequently also the United States Bank), had stopped payment." It was the inevitable consequence of that madness that seemed to have seized the whole community and raised it to a height of unequalled but also ephemeral prosperity. It was a time when all the Eastern cities, and especially Philadelphia, mustered in their main streets almost more banks than shops,—the banks, shining Grecian marble temples, pleasantly breaking the monotony of the common style of Dutch brick buildings. People clamored for unbounded freedom of banking: private banks, joint-stock banks, municipal banks, provincial banks, State banks, national banks, with wide-spreading branches and no roots to them, sprang up everywhere. There was no limit to the issue of paper, no restraint to its circulation. We had ceased to look at or almost to count our notes. Notes from the Far West, from such localities as had never been heard of, the "Edens," the "Palmyras," the "Babylons" of humorous novelists, were spread all over the Union, and passed from hand to hand as if they had borne all the marks and superscription of the Bank of England. It was a perfect paper millenium; and what could not be done with paper, if there was only enough of it? Paper for a cathedral or a theatre, a college or a monster hotel, for any colossal structure or gigantic enterprise. Paper for life- and fire-insurance, for insurance against accidents and infirmities,—against everything, alas! except the consequences of men's own folly and extravagance, against the unavoidable day of reckoning,—the panic, the bursting of the bubble, the collapse of banks with nothing but a paper foundation.

Of the great hubbub created throughout the country

by this appalling catastrophe, some faint echo had reached even me in that obscure suburb of Charlestown where was then my home; and I had been seized with surprise and dismay when, going to settle my boot-maker's bill, and tendering a few notes which I had received as pure gold only on the eve from the Governor of Massachusetts, I was coolly informed that "they were of no more value than as many dry leaves of last year's fall." But I was then new to the country, I had my own troubles to think of, understood little and asked even less about public matters. Great, besides, as the panic had been, and the distress still was, in New England, the cool-headed, shrewd, and wary Yankee had less deeply dived into the slough of the common delusion, and was sooner able to emerge from its foul waters. But the traces of the havoc the muddy flood had left became more distinctly evident at every step I went southward; and they were especially manifest in this Quaker City, the bad faith of whose financiers was soon to become proverbial. Of all the rapid growth, but also of the awful crash of that fatal public hallucination, the reputed author was now before me.

Nicholas Biddle had been hailed as a second creator of Philadelphia; he was now scouted as its destroyer. Nothing that was said of him could be bad enough. Ribald songs, befouling his name, were sung under his windows.* But he stood his ground calmly, manfully; he had the consciousness of his rectitude to comfort him. He bowed his head to the storm, and allowed time for the clouds to disperse.

It was an awkward moment, anyhow, for any man to come to solicit his good will; and it has always been

*Of one of these doggerels I have still a faint remembrance. It began,—

"Nicholas Biddle,
Hey diddle-diddle!"

and ended,—

"Of Biddle hot and Biddle cold,
Of Biddle young and Biddle old,
Of Biddle tender, Biddle tough,
Thank the Lord, we've had enough."

matter of surprise to me how Mr. Everett could have been so ignorant of the state of affairs in Philadelphia as to send me on such an errand at this juncture. But Everett was just then in a state of the greatest distraction about his own home politics. His strong-headed support of that obnoxious "Eighteen Gallons Bill," interfering with the retail sale of spirituous liquors, had set the whole publican and dram-drinking world against him. He had no leisure to look beyond the boundaries of his native State; he probably knew nothing of his friend Biddle's recent unpopularity; or, if he did, he thought his friend would be fully as able to despise vulgar clamor as he was himself.

Mr. Biddle lingered on the perusal of Everett's letter as if not knowing what to make of it. At last he looked up with a smile, held out his hand, bade me be seated, and spoke with an expression of benevolence that seemed to him habitual.

"Really, Signor Mariotti," he said, "I hardly know what to say to you. My friend Governor Everett must be strangely misinformed about this matter of Girard College. The college is there; you may have seen—you may see it from here, from this window. I am one of its trustees, to be sure; and its fund—part of it, at least—is safe,—as safe as any stock, scrip, or aught else may be considered safe nowadays. But how can we think of professors or professorships in these terrible straits? How could Everett dream of such things? Hard times are these, my dear sir. *Le bon temps viendra*, no doubt; but who knows when?"

"What, sir! the Girard legacy?"

"The Girard legacy is safe, I tell you," he interrupted me, hastily, "perfectly safe,—as safe as everything is, or would be, if all men had not conspired to go mad at the same time. Better times will come; the panic is abating; confidence will revive,—there never was cause for alarm; but, in the mean while, while the craze lasts, nothing can be done."

"But, sir—but, sir," I put in, "if anything could be done, at any time—I am in no particular hurry; I might afford to wait. Were there only some hope——"

"My dear signor," he cried, shaking his head, "I should be sorry to encourage the slightest hope. My colleagues of the Girard fund have been seized with the mania of embellishing their native city. I did my utmost to cure them of their folly; they would not listen to me. Who can tell how many hundred thousand dollars have been sunk merely in the foundation of yon staring college buildings? The college is safe enough; the fund is lodged in very solid State securities. It is all as safe as our Independence Hall; as safe as the Capitol at Washington. But, meantime, where is the money to pay the professors' salaries? Indeed, we do not know whether there will be either salaries or professors. The affair is still in court. It will be for the judges of the Supreme Court to decide. I should not wonder if we were made to pull down the buildings and refund the costs."

"In the mean while, sir, if you would kindly write down my name as a candidate for the chair of Italian Literature——"

"Italian Literature!" he again broke in, in a little fit of impatience. "Do you think the Girard College is to be a young ladies' academy? Do you suppose we are going to have a second university here, as if the one we had already were not a sufficient burden on our resources? Girard College, my dear sir, is to be a commercial school; we do not know what kind of learning may be deemed fit for destitute orphans. There may be room for a plain teacher of French or German. But Italian! We do not expect Girard boys to turn out opera-singers."

There was nothing more to be said. I took up my hat from the carpet, and rose. He laid his hand on my arm with a gentle, benignant expression.

"My dear signor," he said, "I am very sorry to be so plain and explicit with you, but it would not be kindness to give you any false encouragement. My friend Everett speaks of you in such high terms! Had you come to me a twelvemonth ago,—when I was King Biddle,"—he smiled as he spoke the word,—“in a town like Philadelphia it must,” he continued, “go hard if

no place could have been found for a man of your parts; but now, in all this turmoil, it is as much as I can do to escape lynching. I must be frank with you, besides. Were it still in my power to do anything for an Italian, here is Signor Borsieri, your countryman, you know, one of the martyrs of Spielberg: it is for him I should feel bound to exert myself. Then there is Signor Interdonato, a Roman, the handsomest youth that ever came out of Italy, a learned youth, highly accomplished, all our ladies and young ladies running mad after him. All private lessons——”

“Forgive me, Mr. Biddle,” I exclaimed, somewhat bluntly, “I can have lessons enough in Boston. It was not as a private teacher that I came here for employment: I am infinitely obliged to you for your good will, and I am glad you thus nip any false expectation in the bud.” With this we shook hands and I left him. I stood for a minute at the door, looking up and down the street, little knowing how to dispose of myself, when the names of the Italians he had mentioned recurred to me. “Ha! to be sure: Borsieri,” I said, “one of our translators of Scott’s novels. Why should I not go and see Borsieri?” I had no difficulty in procuring his address, and I had the good fortune to find not only him at home but young Interdonato with him. I have not yet found an Italian in the world with whom I am not at my ease at first sight. We had not been five minutes together before we were the best of friends. We went out and rambled for a few hours, my countrymen pointing out the “lions” of the place. We dined together, and sat till a late hour; and when we said “good-night,” it was with the understanding that we should meet on the morrow at the station, my new friends having made up their minds to spend a few days with me in New York.

At New York there was at the time a little Italian colony: Borsieri found there Foresti and Castiglia, two of his fellow-prisoners from Spielberg, and with these and others we met in the evening in the house of Lorenzo da Ponte, a very aged yet by no means a decrepit man, whose recollections went back beyond the

Napoleonic era, and who had been a successor of Metastasio and Casti as *Poeta Cesareo*, or laureate, at Vienna, where he had written the libretto for some of Rossini's operas. He had come to the New World as a political exile. He lived with one of his married daughters, who did the honors of his house; and that house was the resort of all Italians, no matter of what rank or condition, but especially literary or artistic, who could in any way contribute to its social entertainments. There never was an epoch in my life in which I did not feel young and lively when thrown into the company of my own countrymen. I used to stand still in the streets of Boston when the unfamiliar accents of our Italian dialect struck my ear, and it was as much as I could do to refrain from going up to the groups of half-tipsy, half-riotous Genoese or Neapolitan sailors from whom those voices proceeded, and offering to shake hands with them for our dear country's sake. It may easily be imagined what a treat it was to me to meet so many of the better class of my own people, so far from home, and so many of them conspicuous for their talents, for their accomplishments and their free-and-easy, genial address. The Spielberg prisoners, especially that honorable band of martyrs who had landed here with Maroncelli and made their names and that of their country a household word in so many American homes, appealed to my best feelings, and no one more so than Felice Foresti, a man whose strength of character bore up most heroically against the cruel hardships of a fifteen years' imprisonment, and who showed none of those symptoms of broken health or impaired mental or moral faculties which were so manifest in poor Pellico and in many of his fellow-sufferers. Poor Foresti! I stood at his death-bed, twenty years later, and regretted that all I had said of him in a chapter of one of my books had done so little towards making his great soul known among men.*

While we were in New York something occurred that gave us the opportunity of seeing that city in

* "Italy, Past and Present." Two vols., 1848. Vol. ii. p. 195.

such a state of violent commotion as could scarcely have been caused by the most hard-contested Presidential election. On the 28th of April of that year, 1838, the "Sirius" came into harbor, and was followed by the "Great Western" in the afternoon of the same day,—those being the first vessels which had steamed all the way across the Atlantic, thus accomplishing a feat of which Dr. Lardner and other scientific wise-acres were still demonstrating the absolute mathematical impossibility. Of the state of excitement into which this memorable event threw the New Yorkers and the whole Western world I shall not here attempt a description, as I have had already a recent occasion to allude to the subject.*

My fortnight's holiday was soon over, and the end of it saw me again at my place as a teacher of languages in Boston and its environs. The little I had seen of the two larger cities of the Union—where my eye was wearied by the dreary sameness of those long, flat, straight streets, laid out as a chess-board with geometrical precision, and not to be threaded without some smattering of arithmetical knowledge—seemed to have endeared to me this plainer but more home-like capital of "Old New England." I had already been sufficiently inoculated with what are called Yankee prejudices to feel that, if life could be made at all endurable in America, it was only in this "dear old Boston." But the question was, "why in America at all?"

The thing which I particularly admired and loved in Boston was (what I considered) its genuine English character. I looked on these emancipated colonies as merely the semi-rural purlieus of the great community from which they had sprung. "Why should I tarry in a suburb if I could make my way into the heart and soul of the city?" Such was the question I was incessantly putting to myself. New England was very well in itself. But my very first yearning when Italy was closed against me was towards Old England.

* "South America," London, 1830. Chapter xii. p. 230.

Whatever had at first charmed and indeed dazzled me in the success of my professional literary career had now lost all its zest. I worked as hard as before. But I looked on my present employment only as a means to an end. The problem was how to do so well in America as to lay by the few hundreds of dollars that would take me to England. "What avails it to have placed one's self among the first—nay, what would it avail even to be the very first—of writers in this country," I asked, "in a country where political emancipation has riveted and aggravated the fetters of intellectual dependence, where hardly one thought ever springs up in an American brain that has not been filtered into it from the mass of ideas coming in with every batch of pirated editions of English publications?" My views on the subject were the reverse of those of Cæsar. Rather than first in a provincial town I would choose to be last in Rome; and England was then—even if it were no longer now—the Rome of the Anglo-Saxon literary world.

Full of these thoughts, I went through the summer months; and, as the scattering of my fashionable pupils to their favorite watering-places left me at leisure, I called upon the man who was indeed my friend, whose patience and indulgence had hitherto been proof against all my whims and vagaries: I called upon Mr. Everett at the Governor's office in the State-House, and unfolded to him all the sad tale of my yearning for a change of life.

He listened to me for a long time, as was his wont, with downcast eyes. When I had done, he looked up; he shook his head; he smiled; he showed me such pity as one might feel for a spoiled child or a harmless monomaniac. At last he tried the charm of his soothing tones,—those tones that had thrilled so many hearts in his young days when he spoke from the pulpit.

"My dear young friend," he said, "there is something morbid in your aspirations, something unnatural in your wishes; allow me to say, something *perverse* in your Italian temperament. What would you, what could you do in England? Do you not see that all the

tendencies of mankind are westward?—that it is for the New World to supply the wants that cannot be satisfied in the Old? To go back to Europe in quest of what you do not find in America is merely to attempt to swim against the stream.

"Why will you not believe me?" he went on. "I tell you, you have not yet given this country a fair trial. You know nothing of the vastness of its resources, of the rapid pace of its development. If you think you have not sufficient elbow-room with us, rather than look eastward, why should you not go farther west?"

"West, Mr. Everett?" I exclaimed, in utter astonishment. "West! Why, where should I go? What should I do?"

"See the country," he said, with warmth; "know the men, more or less, as you did when, Ulysses-like, you crossed the seas and came to us in quest of adventures. There are a thousand things a man—a real man—can do in the West. And you know it is no discredit to any one in this country to change his occupation when he hopes to give a turn to the wheel of his fortunes. Look at Pierpont! He has been a banker's clerk, a lawyer, a physician, and is now the Reverend John Pierpont, a divine. And he is not more than forty years old, and he has been, all the time, no mean poet."

"Nor is he the only specimen of his kind," I put in, with a bow, in allusion to the fact that he himself, Everett, had in his life put his hand to many trades.

"Nor is he the only one, as you say," he assented. "There is Elihu Burritt, the literary blacksmith, an academician when he doffs his leather apron. There is Dowse, the tanner, whom they have dubbed *LL.D.* (Learned Leather Dresser), because he sticks to his workshop at Cambridgeport, though he has taken his degrees at Cambridge College. Your Italian merchants of Venice and Florence declared that trade did not soil noble hands; our citizens think that literature does not hamper honest trade."

"Can there be a doubt of it?" I cried.

"Go and ask the question in Chestnut Street," he replied. "There are still prejudices about birth and race among some of our Boston ten thousand. But there are none in the Far West. The West is the great chemical laboratory for the amalgamation and assimilation of all human tribes. I think, with your robust health and restless spirit, you—were you of Teutonic blood—would make a first-rate pioneer. Still, Latin as you are, even you could find your place in the West."

"Have you such a place for me?" I asked.

"I think I have. Listen to me. I was talking about you, the other day, to Mr. Bell, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, an old friend of mine, who came up from Washington to consult me about the education of his boys. He is a New Englander by birth, but married a Western lady, and is now a great land-owner and statesman in Tennessee. He has some great plans about the foundation of a new college or university in Nashville. He takes a great interest in you. From what I said to him, he thinks you could lend him a hand in the furtherance of his schemes. He told me how glad he would be to see you in Washington, how happy to take you home with him during the recess of Congress which is about to begin. Had not chance brought you here to-day, I should have sent for you to give you his message. Why should not you go? Why not consider his proposal? He has two sons whom he thinks too young for college life. Perhaps he has some idea that he may induce you to make Nashville your home. That need not be for long: you will have the whole West to look to for a sphere of your activity, and a powerful friend to back you in all your undertakings."

He stopped, as if he had done; he got up, and walked a few steps up and down, then seeing I made no sign he came back to me, and concluded: "My dear friend, is there any harm in trying? It will be a break in the monotony of your existence; it need not interfere with any of your pursuits here. At the worst, look upon it as a mere holiday trip: you will see what is really a

new, a great, an interesting country. I dare say Mr. Bell, at your time of life, when he first went there, had not half the advantages of your education and of your experiences of the world, yet you may see him now at the very top of the ladder. It will be worth your while to learn how the thing was done."

"You take away my breath, Mr. Everett," I said, after an awkward pause. "The temptation is strong, and, as you say, Mr. Bell's offer binds me to nothing. Pray give me just an hour to think of it."

So saying, I rose, left him, walked about an hour round the Common, then went back to the State-House, cried, "Done!" and two days later I was calling at Mr. Bell's house in Washington.

CHAPTER XII.

THE OLD FAR WEST.

Washington to Nashville—My host and fellow-traveller—His wife—Our conveyance—Our route—West Virginia—The Alleghanies—Mountain-scenery—Forest-scenery—Roads—Inns—My host's views and mine—Conflicting expectations—Nashville—Western life—Manners—Slavery—A Western senator—The way back—A hard journey—Kentucky justice—Killing no murder.

WE were not long detained in Washington. Mr. Bell had already made all preparations for his homeward journey, and would equally set out with or without me. He, however, professed himself delighted to see me, and, hearing that I was an absolute stranger to the place, he said he would allow me the whole of that day to see the wonders of that famous "City of Magnificent Distances."

It was then twelve o'clock at noon. He drove me once or twice up and down the dusty wilderness of Pennsylvania Avenue, showed me all over the Capitol at one end and the White House at the other, regretting that a slight indisposition of the President, Martin

Van Buren, would deprive me of the honor of an introduction to the "Little Dutchman;" and when we alighted at the hotel door at two o'clock, the dinner-hour, he assured me I could congratulate myself on having *done* Washington.

On the morrow, July 30, 1838, we were to turn our faces to the West. At ten in the morning Mr. Bell's travelling-barouche, with two tall and powerful New Hampshire trotters, drove up. Mr. Bell placed me in the post of honor beside his wife, and sat himself on the back seat, reserving the privilege of exchanging that place for one in the coach-box beside the negro driver, Catilina, or "Cat," as soon as we should be out in the open country, and as often and as long as the glaring and scorching sun would allow it. A heavier conveyance, with a mountain of luggage, and the lady's maid, page, and pet spaniel, were to follow in our rear.

The Honorable John Bell, Speaker of the House of Representatives, was still a youngish man; not quite forty; middle-sized, rather stout and round-visaged; with a double chin; florid; sanguine and somewhat noisy; a picture of good humor and good nature to all outward seeming, yet with deep lines between the eyebrows, and a gleaming light in the dark-gray eyes which might be taken as symptoms of a lurking hot temper and of a strong domineering self-will.

Mrs. Bell was a few years older than her husband; tall, thin, bony; with a complexion as dark as it might be without suggesting a suspicion of the presence even of one drop of African blood in her veins; with no other pretensions to personal attractiveness than a pair of large, dark, gypsy-like eyes, and the softest, most winning voice that was ever vouchsafed to any of that sex, in whom that gift is thought to be "an excellent thing." There was a weary, lackadaisical look about the lady which prompted at first the idea that she was a somewhat bullied and sat-upon wife,—an impression which on a few days' closer acquaintance was found to be erroneous, the reverse being rather the case.

From Washington, in the District of Columbia, to Nashville, the capital of Tennessee, the distance was about seven hundred and twenty miles. The weather was hot, the roads in some parts very primitive; and the horses, however valiant, could not be expected to travel at the rate of more than twenty to thirty miles a day, so that the journey, including necessary stoppages, would last not much less than a month.

It was, on the whole, a most enjoyable trip. Our route lay across the mountainous region of the Alleghanies, a succession of parallel chains which, under the various names of Blue Ridge, Laurel Ridge, Alleghany Crest, Cumberland Range, etc., stretch from northeast to southwest for a length of twelve hundred miles across the continent, tracing in some parts the political and everywhere the natural boundary between the Eastern or maritime and the inland or Western States.

My recollections of the journey at so great a distance of time, and where neither note nor sketch-book was kept in aid of a most treacherous memory, must necessarily be faint and vague. I have only a distinct idea that, after crossing the Potomac, I was shown on our left Mount Vernon, George Washington's cradle and grave, after which we passed Charlottesville and Lynchburg, and thence struck across a charming country, winding round the skirts of isolated hills, many of them of a conical shape, then threaded up and down many a glen and dale, till we came to the pass across what seemed the uppermost chain; then down we went along a broad valley between the Bald or Iron Mountains and the Cumberland Range, crossing from Virginian into Kentuckian territory, till I was told that we stood on Tennessee ground, that the river was the Holston, the town before us Knoxville, and we had still one hundred and sixty miles before we should reach Nashville.

For a man who had ascended the Valais and walked across the Furca and St. Gothard Passes to the Lombard lakes, and who had, besides, strolled round the northern projections of the African Atlas, the Allegha-

nies had not much that could call forth enthusiastic admiration on the score of sublimity. The country we crossed, though mountainous, had nothing like the awful majesty of Alpine peaks or moraines, nothing like the picturesque wildness of the cliffs and crags of the Apennines. The scenery was comparatively tame and sober,—a milder kind of Arcadia. Though some of the culminating points of the Alleghanies are said to rise to a height of six thousand feet, the hills around us and the crest before us never seemed to attain gigantic dimensions, for the ascent was gradual, the mountain-sides were a mass of green, all wooded up to the summit, smooth and round,—something like the banks of the Wye Valley or of Windermere Lake, but without any of the hanging rocks, yawning chasms, abrupt precipices, and other striking features diversifying and magnifying a grand Alpine landscape.

On the other hand, these mountains had none of the baldness and barrenness, of the bleakness and desolation, which time and man's wanton and stolid destructiveness have wrought in many of the highland regions of the Old World. I say, had not *then*; for the Americans were soon to outstrip the very worst savages in Europe in their senseless and ruthless devastation of trees. At the time I was travelling, the dilapidation had barely begun. The land was still mantled with a vegetation apparently untouched since the first day of creation.

Everywhere the silence and solitude, the solemnity and sublimity, of the primeval forest encompassed us. Everywhere the tall and straight timber of oak and ash, cedar and maple, hemlock and hickory, shot up aloft, here emerging from the tangle of an impervious thicket, there clear of all undergrowth, like the columns of some great temple, the shafts supporting a vault-like canopy of dense foliage, the abode of perpetual shade and coolness in the summer months.

Hour after hour and day after day we toiled along the mere track or sketch of a road hastily and clumsily cut between two uninterrupted, interminable forest walls. On we drove, seeing little of man and his

works, little of the ruthless war he was waging against the stupendous work of nature ; for the population was as yet scanty and sparse, the settlements few and far between, and we were often at no little pains to reckon our distances and to husband our horses' strength so as to make sure of a bed and supper at the close of a weary day's march.

Our resting-places for the night, however, were not as uncomfortable as the general aspect of the country would have led us to anticipate. For this was the only track from east to west on this latitude. We came not unexpected, because the break-up of the Houses of Congress set many of the Western Honorables on their homeward way. They all travelled on one another's footsteps, and brought with them tidings of each other's movements. Mr. Bell was well known on the road, and all our hosts were his friends, all accustomed to address him formally and with profound deference, though on the terms of republican equality. Whatever life had hitherto developed itself in these still primitive districts clung to this main artery of circulation. The barrack-like court-house of each embryo county town, the barn-like church of every parish, the homestead of the land-owner, the ploughman's or herdsman's farm-yard, the blacksmith's, wheelwright's, or general shop, all clustered together at the ferry, at the foot of a steep hill, at the spring of good drinking-water,—whenever, in short, necessity or choice determined the traveller to come to the end of his day's stage.

It would be interesting to revisit these remote Alleghany districts and see the improvements the lapse of nearly two generations may have effected. But at the time of my journey, August, 1838, they still exhibited many of the features of pioneers' life. The land had been seized by immigrants from the maritime States, where it was held of little account by the owners of tobacco-, cotton-, and other plantations relying for existence on negro labor. It was for a long time the refuge of the "mean whites" of the South, and of the lawyers and parsons, peddlers and land-

sharks, of the North. But it was marvellous to see the fertility of the virgin soil of those clearings. There had been no time to cut down the trees; their gigantic stems were still everywhere cumbering the ground, charred or bleached, as they had been hastily half burnt or "girdled," withering on their roots with all their bare branches sprawling in the air, and looking like a forest of portentous ghosts as we passed them in the twilight or moonlight; yet between those trunks, and amidst that wreck, broad patches of Indian corn were struggling into existence, growing to a height and luxuriance to which even the richest flats of my native North Italian region have nothing to compare. Flocks and herds, though ill tended, were glorious. Lack of bread and meat was unknown here, and in the houses where hospitality was tendered, although in most instances mere log huts, there was an air of plenty, comfort, and even neatness, which the roughness of the road and the backward look of the country had fully prepared us to appreciate. The arrival of any traveller, especially of so distinguished a guest as the Speaker of the House of Representatives, was the event of the day. The sight of the barouche as it emerged between the trees where the road-track widened out into the clearing sounded the death-knell of the fat fowl, yearling-lamb, or sucking-pig which was, all smoking hot, to grace our board barely one hour after its obsequies. Anything more deliciously tender than that freshly-killed meat, with the corn-cakes, hot rolls, sweet potatoes, and other nameless delicacies that those Western wilds provided, could not have been more welcome to appetites whetted by a long day's fast and the rapid cooling of the night-air. Some kind of rough and ready hospitality was freely and cordially extended to all the passers-by. But the luxury of the state apartments, and the honor of the company or of the assiduous attention of the host and his family at table, were reserved for the "quality,"—for those, that is, who could afford, in return, something besides an account of the current prices of the Eastern markets or the common gossip of the day. It was in the familiarity

of these after-dinner or after-supper entertainments, when all the local quidnuncs gathered round the house-porch to smoke and hear what was going on in the world, that Mr. Bell showed to the best advantage. It was then that I was best able to form an opinion of his character. For in our intercourse along the road little was said between us. The heat in the narrow valleys was intense. My companions slept a great part of the way, and I read, or outstripped the lumbering barouche in its progress, getting on alone on foot, enjoying the novelty of the scene and the company of my own thoughts.

Mr. Bell might pass in his own and his neighbors' estimation for an educated man, for he had been for three years at college when he made up his mind to emigrate and settled as a lawyer in the Western town which he had now the honor to represent in Congress. He was sharp and witty, astonishingly ready with his tongue, and rich in all those gifts which should qualify him for a stump-orator, wide awake on all matters in which the interest of his person or the politics of his party might be at stake. As a born Yankee transplanted into slave soil, he was a rabid Democrat, an out-and-out advocate of the slave-owner's rights, and stood up in defence even of the deeds of blood and fire by which some of the Southern roughs had punished the rashness of some Abolitionists who had ventured to establish themselves and their printing-presses too close to the boundaries of "Dixie's Land."

To this fierce and uncompromising partisanship—the blind zeal of a convert—Mr. Bell was in a great measure indebted for the rapid career he had gone through as a public man, a career which, as he had flattered himself, might some day, under favorable auspices, win him sufficient votes in the Southwestern States to give him the victory in a Presidential contest. For these were still the days of Andrew Jackson. The actual President, Martin Van Buren, who had succeeded the old hero of New Orleans in 1837, shaped his policy upon instructions he received from Jackson's retreat at the Hermitage, and with such servility that copper

cent tokens were in circulation caricaturing him under the shape of a donkey walking with his nose close to the ground, under which was quoted the first sentence in the new President's inaugural message: "I follow in the footsteps of my illustrious predecessor." The interests of the Slave party, of the South and Southwest, and especially of the State of Tennessee, where Old Hickory lived in retirement, were in the ascendant, and the fortunes of the Speaker of the House of Representatives, who was one of Jackson's champions, might be expected to rise or sink with them.

The first impression I made on this successful statesman was, I believe, by no means favorable; nor can I say that his opinion of me improved on closer acquaintance. He looked upon me as a weakling, a poor creature from the Old World,—a world his contempt for which was commensurate with his profound and outrageous ignorance of it. All the unknown was to him the reverse of magnificent. Nothing could be imagined more contracted or distorted than the sphere of his ideas on any subject not immediately connected with his every-day's business or experience, for he was no reader; he had never travelled out of the track we were now pursuing. Such learning as he had hastily and crudely crammed into his brain at college had soon leaked out during the first years of his grovelling legal practice, and his mind was of so stubborn a nature that it shunned and repelled any knowledge at variance with his preconceived and exaggerated notions. His was the blindness and deafness of the man determined not to see or hear. You would have said, if you listened to him, that there had never been such things as law and order, progress or freedom, in the world before the declaration of independence of the United States. You would have said that the Union was self-created, and America self-discovered, so strong was his conceit that there was nothing in the world but America, nothing in America but the West, nothing in the West but Tennessee, and nothing even in Tennessee but what he had made or was going to make it.

The conversation between me and Mrs. Bell (Bel-

linda, as her husband facetiously called her, though she had been christened Susannah) was also monotonous, but its one topic was not political or social, but purely domestic. Her mind seemed all wrapped up in her two boys, who constituted all her family, and in whose favor she was most anxious to prepossess me. "The eldest," she informed me, "was only sixteen, and there was only a twelvemonth between him and his younger brother. The father," she added, "objected to their company during the session at Washington, and of course he was the master, and her wishes were always subordinate to his pleasure."

Mr. Bell was nodding on his seat opposite us, but with his eyes half open, and she could not be sure whether he heard or not, but at all events she knew these were the words that would please him best.

"The consequence," she continued, "was that the boys were left very much to their own devices, though intrusted as pupils to the care of Dr. Timothy Winter, an orthodox minister from Connecticut,—a good man, but who does not understand them and cannot get along with them. Only imagine!" she said, warming up with maternal anger, "the brute offered to flog them, as if they were niggers, and he wrote me there had been a shindy, that the eldest, Herbert, a strapping lad, nearly as tall as his father, would not stand that, but had seized his pewter inkstand and threatened to fling it at his (the doctor's) head. And, fancy!" she added, waxing still more indignant, "the idiot goes on arguing that to spare the rod is to spoil the child,—as if Herbert and Rupert were mere children,—and that he had no other course, and all that nonsense. But I answered him short and straight that the Speaker would not hear of it; that he was glad his boy had shown a proper spirit; that his sons were to grow up as American citizens, and that if anybody was to box their ears it was only for him, the father, to do it. And so the boys had to be allowed to run wild for this month or two. Some of the Speaker's friends advised him to send the boys to college; and it was with that view that Mr. Bell ran up to Boston, where he saw Mr. Everett.

But he came back convinced that Harvard College—where he (my husband) himself graduated—was now but a ‘one-horse concern,’ and he said that his boys would soon have better instruction at Franklin College and the University at Nashville. So the Speaker told Mr. Everett; and it is to the circumstance of that interview between the two gentlemen that we are indebted for the pleasure of your company on this journey.”

Sweet as was the lady’s voice, her words had no very agreeable sound to my ear; for they implied a conviction on her part that my instalment at her house in Nashville, in charge of her sons, was a settled matter and to be taken for granted; and all she added about her boys “being angels, very lambs in the hands of any one who would not stroke them the wrong side of the hair,” seemed intended to rivet the chains in which she thought her husband held me.

I was greatly taken aback by the glibness and assurance with which the good lady seemed to dispose of the matter. She set me wondering whether her conviction that I was already booked to Tennessee, permanently and irretrievably bound to Nashville and to her cubs’ school-room, was merely an innocent delusion on her part,—whether her wish was father to the thought, or whether that notion rested on anything that her husband had let fall in the intimacy of their conjugal intercourse. But, for my own part, I felt confident that I was travelling as a free man, and that any decision as to my longer or shorter stay in the West was not to be made a matter for discussion—far less to be taken for granted—till I had had some time to look about myself at the end of the journey.

Mr. Everett had been frank enough in reading me all the correspondence that had passed between him and the Speaker, and the plain understanding was that my joining the Bells on their homeward journey, and my acceptance of their hospitality at the end of it, were only intended to afford me an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the West; for the chance of the attractions of that favored region proving so strong

as to determine me to settle there and to give up for it such a position as I had made for myself in New England was an *arrière-pensée* of Mr. Bell, a mere conjectural matter, to be left to future deliberation and arrangement.

Whether it was mere chance or design, Mrs. Bell seemed bent on prejudging the question; but she went the wrong way about it: it was a clear case of the landlord reckoning without his guest. Of course I did not deem it expedient to discuss the point with the lady, or to appeal to the gentleman and press for an explanation. But, as Mrs. Bell again and again returned to the charge, I had no other resource than to shun all *tête-à-tête* conversation with her—as her husband's presence seemed to exercise some restraint upon her tongue—and put off any serious encounter which might be absolutely unavoidable till it could be brought to a decisive issue. All this, however, did not tend to enliven the weariness of the road, which began to seem to me very long, and I was certainly not in the best of humors by the time we arrived at Knoxville.

At Knoxville we were for three days the guests of the Honorable James White, one of the Senators of Tennessee, who had set out from Washington one week before our departure, and had thus been able to reach home a few days before we came up. Mr. White was a very venerable-looking old gentleman, eighty years old as far as I could judge, tall and thin, with a sleek silvery mane down to his shoulders, a long face with hollow cheeks, a broad straight nose and a square chin, and altogether that indefinable cast of countenance which we deem characteristic of the North American Indians, and which European colonists settled in the States for several generations seem to catch as peculiar to the air and climate, even when there is no probability of the least admixture of Red blood.

Mr. White was a native of Virginia, issued from one of the "first families" of that State,—a family claiming descent from some of the Whites of Shropshire in England. He had in early youth borne arms during the War of Independence, and later in life he had fol-

lowed what is called in America a diplomatical career, being for his four years United States minister at Naples; and he spoke of that mission as the happiest time in his life.

On hearing of what country I was, he showed great kindness to me, expressing the pleasure he felt in welcoming under his roof a native of that dear Italy of which he had brought back such pleasant recollections; and as it was now understood that he was to proceed with us to Nashville, where he was wanted on some business of State legislation, and as he travelled alone in his carriage, he expressed a wish that I should take the vacant seat by his side for the remainder of the journey,—a wish with which I was only too glad to comply, and to which Mr. and Mrs. Bell, who paid the Senator the greatest attention, did not offer the slightest objection.

A week after leaving Knoxville we at last reached our destination at Nashville, where Mr. White in his turn accepted the Bells' hospitality.

Nashville was then one of the hundred or more towns which sprang up like weeds on the virgin soil of the West, all of them looking very much alike in the bud, yet some of them stunted and even withered in the growth, others thriving and seeming likely to rise to high destinies. The choice of their founders was generally actuated by the very causes which had recommended the spots to the settlers who first claimed them as their lots and often gave them their names,—a pleasant site, a deep soil, a spring of sweet water, or any peculiar advantage of shelter or drainage, or of land- and water-communication.

Nashville had been made the capital of Tennessee, a State which boasted just forty years of existence, and the town had certainly made the most of its time. It had its State-House and court-house, its hospital and university, its banks and other public buildings, perhaps a score of them, many of them stone buildings, all in the usual dog-Grecian style; long straight streets dotted here and there with log or frame houses, not a few of the latter in progress of construction, with all

the lumber and dust and noise of a brand-new stirring place. It stood on a gentle eminence in the midst of a wide-open country, on the left bank of the Cumberland River, a stream rising in the Alleghanies and ending in the Mississippi, navigable throughout below the town, and for a considerable number of miles above it.

Mr. Bell, however, had so eloquently descanted on the merits of the place, on the marvellous agricultural and mineral wealth of its territory, on the undoubted claims it would have from its central position to become the seat of the United States government the moment the mistake of the choice of Washington for a capital appeared sufficiently manifest,—he had, in fact, dinned the praises of Nashville so incessantly into my ears, he had raised my expectations about it to so high a pitch,—that no wonder something very like disappointment was the inevitable consequence. Nashville struck me as all very well in its way, but it had at the time only five thousand inhabitants, a number which was not more than doubled ten years later, and had risen no higher than twenty-five thousand eight hundred at the census of 1870, a very insignificant progress for an American town, while its position as a centre was, even then, already very inferior to that of Louisville, of Cincinnati, of St. Louis, and especially of that portentous Chicago, whose name only eight years after its foundation had already spread all over the Union.

Mr. Bell's house in Nashville was a moderate-sized, unpretending house in a large street adjoining the State-House, a town-house with little or no grounds to it, his farms and plantations being several miles out of town in the care of trustworthy slave-drivers.

We were received at the door by the two sons of the family, Herbert and Rupert, two strapping lads, raw and uncouth, but with good honest countenances, and by their temporary tutor, Dr. Winter, behind whom was a bevy of domestic slaves of both sexes, of every shade of color from ebony to *cafe au lait*, some of the women and children very pretty and well shaped, all of whom set up a chorus of noisy welcome and crowded

round us, kissing the hands of massa and missus, some of them in their fervor even slobbering my own.

As soon as we were seated in the parlor, a goodly company of friends and neighbors came in, among whom were several members of the Rupert family, brothers or cousins of Mrs. Bell, who had at first resented the *mésalliance* of one of their house with a lackland stranger, a mere Yankee attorney, and who were hardly quite reconciled to the union now that the clever lawyer had accumulated a considerable fortune and risen to the rank of a great power in the State. I was not slow to perceive that the rich dowry the mature Miss Rupert had brought to her young husband, and the countenance and support of all these stalwart kinsmen, more than counterbalanced the strength of will of the head of the family, so that in Mr. Bell's establishment "the gray mare was the better horse." The reader is aware that I had from the beginning some shrewd surmise of the fact at Washington and all along our journey; but any doubt that could still linger in my mind on the subject was promptly dispelled by what was to occur at Nashville.

On the very day after our arrival the serious matter of the education of the two young Bells came in for deliberation, and it was discussed in the presence of those members of the Rupert clan who assumed the right of constituting themselves into a kind of *conseil de famille*. It was found, on strict inquiry, that what Dr. Winter had written with respect to the insubordination and violence of Herbert and Rupert fell considerably short of the truth,—that no private tutor, were he even Chiron the Centaur, could hope to curb their upright but unruly disposition,—that nothing but the wholesome discipline of a public school, and one as far as possible from their Tennessee home, would do for them, for it was above all things necessary to remove them from the temptation of the pretty quadroon girls in their mother's household, with whom the young Bells, mere hobbledehoys as they still were, in imitation of what was customary with many other youths of planters' families in the South, and even, alas! with

some of their elders, were apt to become too dangerously familiar.

This last hint, as Senator White, who had been in attendance at the family council, told me, settled the question at once, the maternal fondness of Mrs. Bell being overruled by her awakened fears for her children's morals. As to Mr. Bell, he was so utterly defeated in his objections to a college life for his boys, that he even waived his prejudices against the Old Country, and gave in to Mr. White's proposal that his sons should be sent to school to England, where he, Mr. White, would strongly recommend them to his good friend the headmaster of Winchester School, a distinguished divine and a genial man, with whom he had once travelled a great part of the way through France and Italy.

The settlement of this weighty question smoothed down all the difficulties of my position as Mr. Bell's guest. The fancy the two somewhat rough but affectionate boys most unaccountably took to me (when they had laid aside their fear) won me the good will of the sweet-tempered as well as sweet-voiced lady of the house, and of the majority of her bluff country cousins; and the much that the octogenarian Senator made of me removed any doubt as to my title to be looked upon as a gentleman, my quality as a foreigner and apparently as a dependant on Mr. Bell's bounty notwithstanding.

As to Mr. Bell, now that my stay in Nashville no longer answered his primary object, he seemed very much at a loss how to dispose of me, and was probably as anxious to be rid of me as I for my own part could be to be gone. He nevertheless took me all over his Tennessee University and Franklin College; but, whatever ideas he might have conceived of the future of those two academical establishments, it was evident that very little had hitherto been thought of about them besides their staring, almost empty buildings, which were for the present mere schools without masters or pupils. It now came out that Dr. Winter had been originally brought over from Yale College in New Haven, where he was proctor, to take the presi-

dency of either of the two institutions; but neither he nor any other M.A. or B.A. of any Eastern college to whom the same honor had been tendered—among others poor David Marx, my old friend of the Cambridge Young Ladies' Academy—had felt inclined to forego even the meagre bone of their tutorship in the East for the mere shadow of a head-mastership in the West, for too many high schools, lyceums, seminaries, etc., were planned in these embryo Western States; the demand for head-masters, professors, etc., was much too great for even that fertile nursery of parsons and schoolmasters, New England, to be able to supply it. For what concerned myself, Mr. Bell seemed to care as little for the study of modern languages as for that of the classics; and, all things considered, he did not very well see what other available work I could be put to.

The mistake he had committed in sending for me was thus tacitly admitted. Yet he begged me to stay on at least till the end of that month (September), when, "if I was irrevocably bent on going," he said, —though I had not said a word about it,—I might still greatly oblige him by travelling with his two sons as far as New York and thence seeing them safely embarked for England.

The weight of a painful uncertainty being thus happily shaken off my shoulders, there only remained for me to make the best of the four weeks that must elapse ere I was completely emancipated from what had certainly become a false position.

Herbert and Rupert Bell, now my inseparable companions, took me out on short country excursions to their farms, and to those of some of the Ruperts, their relatives on their mother's side, and I was thus enabled to see how slave labor would work in these new Western districts, into which the surplus black population was being rapidly shifted from the comparatively exhausted soil of the maritime States. The climate of this inland region was less favorable to the cultivation of cotton and cane-sugar; but, on the other hand, it could yield any amount of tobacco, maize, rice, etc., and

rear the cattle required for the consumption of the South. Tennessee and Kentucky were, therefore, as fully intended for white husbandry as any other State in the Ohio Valley; but white laborers were not easily induced to settle where they had to bear the competition of the slaves, and these midland districts were thus in a state of transition equally ill adapted to either the slave- or the free-labor system.

In so far as I could see of the condition of the plantations I visited, I felt then, as I did subsequently in the West Indies, in Brazil, and elsewhere, that the treatment of the blacks was as good as their owners, in consideration of their own interest, could make it, for the slaves had in their masters' estimation the value of cattle, and were tended with as much care and tenderness as would be bestowed on useful dumb creatures. It was not the lash, but the dread of the lash, that kept them to their work. Where discipline was firmly established, the necessity for enforcing it was unfrequent, and in the same measure as mental development was discountenanced, bodily indulgence was allowed and even encouraged. The negro slave was certainly better fed, better lodged, merrier, and happier than the Irish or Lombard free laborer is at the present time. It was not as injurious to the physical condition of the blacks—who, as it turned out, would not have been better off if left to themselves—that slavery might be considered an unmitigated evil. It was rather in its effects on the character of the whites that it was really and fatally objectionable, for it created among them a distaste for labor,—for that hard labor which is collectively incumbent as an inexorable duty on the whole of mankind; it created among them a spirit of caste, a conceit of race, a superiority of color, which, however based on undeniable natural difference, could never be reduced to organized artificial distinction; and it fostered among them feelings and habits—it reared among them a standard of morality—especially with respect to intercourse between the sexes—which, however justified by the traditions of remote patriarchal life, was incompatible with the

holiness of our modern domestic institutions, and with the inexorable requirements of our social order.

That the white population of the Slave States had been deeply and perhaps indelibly defiled by too close and incessant an intimacy with the negro thralls which it doomed to perpetual helotism, was a fact to which the peculiarity of accent and—what is more—of manners, even among the educated classes, bore undeniable witness. What was Yankee twang in the North was negro brogue in the South. Like the Mussulman despot of Asia or Africa, the American slave-owner had certainly the habit of command, the high tone and spirit, and, to some extent, the generous instincts which an acknowledged supremacy inspires; but contact with degraded beings has necessarily a degrading tendency. The taste for low pleasures and still lower conversation, the habits of chewing and spitting and other ill-bred tricks caught in the nursery and confirmed by early association with abject beings, among whom all intellectual, moral, and even pure and sound religious education was deemed dangerous, tainted the very air in which a Southern planter's family was reared, and went far to prove how difficult it was for a slave-owner to touch the pitch of his blacks without exhibiting the marks at least of outward blackguardism.

I have never forgotten the impression I received, even after almost two years' experience of life in the United States, from the behavior of the Honorable Titus G. Luxmore, a general, and Mr. White's colleague in the Senate at Washington, who came to call upon Mrs. Bell at the time of my stay at Nashville. I happened to be alone with the lady in the drawing-room when his visit was announced, and was rising to withdraw, when I was desired to stay and make the general's acquaintance.

General Luxmore was a handsome man, barely forty years old, with a florid complexion, a round, stout, beardless face, the very picture of a strong constitution and good humor. He had on a blue long-tailed dress-coat with brass buttons, a black stock, white waistcoat and trousers, patent-leather boots, and all

the fittings of a *buck* of the early part of our century. He came in with an easy gait and not ungraceful swagger, did all that was polite to the lady and courteous to her guest, then drew a heavy fauteuil up to Mrs. Bell's rocking-chair, sat down, threw himself back on his chair, nursed his left leg on his right knee, and the talk began. Presently, however, our visitor began to fidget, wriggled to right and left, looked all round, stood up, sat down again, and, though the talk went on, there could be no doubt that something was interfering with the gentleman's ease and comfort. He could not stand it at last; he rose with a resolute look, strode across the room, disappeared in the passage, and came back, kicking before him some rattling china utensil which he had no doubt noticed on his first entrance, and in which he recognized a friend indeed. It was what they called a "spittoon," a common enough article of furniture in every American house, but even at Nashville not deemed quite ornamental in a lady's boudoir. But the general belonged to Memphis, a city in the extreme southwestern corner of Tennessee, on the Mississippi, bordering on Arkansas; he had been in the army or the navy, and was in politics a "know-nothing," an ultra-liberal party that must have had something in common with the Russian Nihilists of the present day. His quid was to this honorable Senator as necessary as the air he breathed. He now resumed his seat, took out a little pocket-knife and a black cake which looked like liquorice but was tobacco, whittled off a few slices, rolled them up, took the lump between his teeth, and went to work in such earnest that, whatever improving effects his five minutes' conversation may have left in Mrs. Bell's mind, her carpet would not, in spite of the spittoon, for many years recover the disastrous results of his filthy indulgence.

I do not think that revolting sight was needed to thoroughly disgust me with the West. But it was the last drop in a brimful cup, a cup that was fortunately soon to pass from me. The 1st of October came, and found us—the two young brothers Bell and myself—ready for a start. We had had places secured for us

on the top of the stage-coach from Nashville to Louisville. From Louisville we ascended the Ohio by steamboat to Cincinnati. From Cincinnati we travelled by another stage-coach to some station on a newly-opened railway, where a train took us *via* Wheeling, Pittsburg, or some other place now no longer remembered, to Philadelphia and New York.

It was a fortnight's journey,—hard work here and there, not altogether free from risk, but not unamusing or unexciting, I might almost say not uneventful. It would certainly be difficult for a traveller of the present day to realize the state of things we left behind us as we went through the various stages of that Western trip of five-and-forty years ago. In the first place, the coach from Nashville to Louisville took us over some parts of a road so rough and hard, over such cruel half-hewn rocks and marshy grounds, half bridged over with wooden rails, stretched across the way on the plan of what they called a *corduroy road*, that even with four gallant horses, a genius of a driver, and the most propitious dry autumn weather, we could only get on at the rate of two miles an hour, and with such an amount of jolting and bumping that it seemed a prodigy if the horses came off from the scramble with unbroken legs, the coach with sound springs, and ourselves with any breath left in our bodies. Between Cincinnati and the railway-junction again, where the country was mostly flat and the road comparatively smooth, the coachmen were smitten with the racing-mania,—a malady common to all men in charge of any public conveyance by land or sea in America, and to a certain extent also in England, which not unfrequently proves contagious to the travellers themselves, and which made our driver loiter on the road till a rival Jehu from some other company came up, when there arose a howl of defiance, and away we went, neck or nothing, in a devil-take-the-hindmost frenzy, with such rolling and swaying of our lumbering top-heavy conveyance as proved not a little trying to the nerves, especially when four or more coaches joined in the fray, each trying not only to outspeed but also to cut each

other off, venturing across deep ruts, plunging into dark mud-holes, and shaving close to steep banks and awkward turnings, with a rashness which, without that Providence that watches over mad and drunken men, must inevitably have led to a smash. In some of the branches of railway-lines then in progress we came in for experimental runs, trying how the line would stand a sixty-miles-an-hour speed on newly-laid rails, past unfinished and encumbered stations, and with no telegraph to warn us of unforeseen encounters.

We outlived all that, however, and the journey, as I said, was not without some pleasurable emotions. Louisville and Cincinnati, the only two places where we allowed ourselves a day's rest, interested us: the last-named especially charmed me by the amenity of its position, its verdant hills, its noble river, with the huge, white, palatial steamers moored to its banks,—Cincinnati, the queenly Western city with the stolidly pedantic name, upon which the recent appellation of Porkopolis, etymologically hybrid as it is, and reeking with the blood of its hecatomb of pigs, might, nevertheless, be accepted as a decided improvement.

At Louisville we had an awful tragedy performed almost before our very eyes. As we were returning to our hotel after a stroll about town, we found the steps and the hall encumbered with an eager crowd in a state of frantic excitement, all shouting, with one voice, "Lynch him!" "Lynch him!"

A man, we soon learned, had been murdered within the hotel-bar. A judge from Alabama had been called upon by a citizen of the town, a tailor by trade, who had a long and old bill against him. The reason why I cannot tell, but it is a fact that your tailor's bill is that which, either in the New or in the Old World, the heart of man feels the greatest repugnance to settle. The tailor was pressing; the tailor was insolent; the judge waxed wroth. Then he seemed to cool all at once, and broke off, begging his creditor to "wait only five minutes, and he would be back with the money." Back he came, indeed, with his hand in his side-pocket, whence, as he stepped up to the tailor, he drew out,

not a purse, but a bowie-knife, which he plunged into the man's heart, thus summarily ridding himself of a dun.

This new way of paying old debts did not meet with the approval of the bystanders. "What! An Alabama man to slay a Kentuck in the midst of us! Such a good fellow, too!—the most indulgent of creditors! a very phoenix of tailors! Are we the men to look on and see it done? Down with the assassin! Take the knife from him! Lynch him! Lynch him! Lynch him!" was the cry. The judge ran up-stairs to his room, bolted and barricaded his door, at which soon the mob thundered. There was time, however, for better men to interfere. These stood up for law and order.

"Shame, fellow-townsmen! The murderer shall have a short trial and a long rope; but all in due time and proper form. Lynching-days should be over forever in Kentucky."

The milder counsels prevailed. The murderer came down under an escort of tall strong men who screened him from view and kept back the rabble; they walked off with him; they smuggled him off to prison, baffling the wild beast, the mob, of its prey.

This is all we saw; the rest we learned from the papers a twelvemonth later. By that time the culprit had made friends of his rescuers. They learned to pity, to esteem, and like him. He was a rich man; he could pay for the best jail-accommodation and counsel. He had a crowd of visitors to see that he should be well tended and treated. With these came also ladies and young ladies, all interest and sympathy. One of them admired, loved, married the man,—married him there, in his cell, under trial for his life. But that life was now safe. A revulsion of feeling rapidly set in in his favor. "By right of his wife he was now a Kentuck. That poor devil of a tailor,—a hard case, indeed,—but he was certainly abusive, aggravating. Flesh and blood could not stand all that, you know. A hard case, no doubt; but he would have it so. Served him right."

And so the murderer was acquitted, and went back to the hotel with his wife, rejoicing, and the mob cheering.

CHAPTER XIII.

FAREWELL TO AMERICA.

Back to New England—Change in the situation—My unfitness for it—Longing for a change—Old friends and new—Anglo-Saxon friendships—Two countrymen—Spurs to a willing horse—Italian and American women—My first and last visitor—The cat out of the bag—A declaration—A fiasco—Boston to New York—New York to Covent Garden.

WE timed the movements of our fortnight's journey from Nashville so as to make sure to reach our destination before the middle of the month. And it was precisely on the 14th of October, 1838, that we arrived at New York,—quite in time for me to take my young friends on board the good ship "Comet," which we knew was to sail for Liverpool on the following day.

By the time we parted, Herbert and Rupert Bell had become my fast friends, and I have still their letters bearing witness to the "great good" they said "that my influence for those few weeks, both at Nashville and on the journey, had done them." I saw them only once again, three years later, in London, where they called upon me on their way from Winchester to Oxford. I have no doubt they turned out useful and ornamental members of their Western community, and contributed in no small degree to the refinement which the lapse of nearly half a century must have wrought in the community itself. For my own part, on the 17th I again saw myself in Boston, where, as on former occasions, I put up at the Tremont House.

My first sensations on being thus quit of the worst consequences of my rash Western expedition were of intense relief,—such relief as that of a mariner cast ashore after a shipwreck. I had had a narrow escape, and was thankful for bare life; but my troubles were not at an end, if indeed they could not be said to be just beginning. Boston was not my home, and, as I had learned from experience, neither that nor any

other place in the New World could be a home for me. New England was no more to me than a desert island, where a poor stranded sailor might toil and hope, waiting till the chance of some passing vessel seeing and heeding his distress-signal, or his own skill in constructing a boat or a raft, might enable him to take to sea again and be wafted to his own true haven.

I was not fit for American life. The education which had made me an Italian patriot and driven me out as a political exile had done nothing to prepare me for the lot of an ordinary emigrant. The man who aspires to make his way in a new country should be hampered with no recollections or aspirations,—no repining for or hankering after the things he may have left behind in the old one. He must start with a stout determination to be a settler among settlers; he must be ready to do in America as the Americans do. The real business for a real man in a colony is to make money; and that can best be done by agricultural, manufacturing, mining, or trading industry, followed up into the highest branches of land-speculation, banking, and financing. For no pursuits of that nature had I either aptitude or inclination; the genius of a John Jacob Astor or of a Stephen Girard was not in me. Literature in the United States had not as yet been raised or degraded into a trade. Large as the demand for parsons and schoolmasters was in New England, their scarcity chiefly arose from the fact that even in that comparatively poor country a man who had the wish and power to “get on” well knew that the last thing he should take to for his purpose was preaching or teaching. A clergyman’s or an instructor’s profession was ill paid, not sufficiently honored, and it led nowhere. The law was more profitable, and it was considered the high-road to political preferment. But even politics in these democratic communities did not hold out very tempting prizes to men of intellect and character, if placed above want either by their independent means or by their talents and energies. For the government of the great Republic was then, and is now, more than

ever, a scramble for places, in which the needy adventurer, the noisy stump-orator, the jobber and robber of this or that "ring," has a better chance than the really able and honest statesman who fears God and respects himself.

As to literary men—*i.e.*, men living by literature—there were none in my days in America; for Prescott, Ticknor, Bancroft, Sprague, and other historians, biographers, critics, etc., were gentlemen cultivating letters as amateurs, loving their work for its own sake, but relying either on a good patrimony or on some other lucrative employment for their subsistence, and actually spending more in ink and paper than their productions could for a long time be hoped to repay. And Cooper, Irving, Willis, Longfellow, and other writers of poetry, novels, or mere trifles, although they were popular and might command a sale, could hardly withstand the competition of the pirated editions of English publications in the same style, whose name was legion, so that there was no literary career at all profitable other than that of the mere back of a magazine-editor, or the plodding man-of-all-work supplying tracts and pamphlets for some society busy with the propagation of useful knowledge. I had already felt, in all the heyday of my full success in the spring of that year, that, even had I had freedom and leisure to devote all my faculties to literary pursuits, I had not in me the stuff out of which an author of the very first order could be made; and it was natural to argue that if I was to resign myself to a secondary rank, or to something even considerably below that, such a condition would, in all probability, turn out more endurable in England, where the vastness and variety of literary productions were such as to allow a man a chance of finding his own fitting place, and, once he had found it, of keeping it, and where the wise provisions of the Copyright Acts enabled every one to look upon his brain-work as inalienable property. Literature, it should be remembered, had, at the beginning, no particular attraction for me. It had not been my choice; it had, as it were, been forced upon me by circumstances; but it seemed to me

I could more willingly follow it if it could be made my sole and exclusive pursuit, if I could make it support me without the necessity of eking out my income by the drudgery of private teaching or what I used to call the theatrical exhibition of public lecturing.

This concentration of my efforts on one kind of employment had proved upon experiment to be impossible for me in Boston, or anywhere in America. It might be found practicable in England; and why should not I give that country a trial? This way of reasoning seemed to me so convincing that, had it been at all possible, I should not have hesitated about acting at once upon it. I should, on my return from the West, have taken my berth on board the "Comet" and travelled with the young brothers Bell from New York to Liverpool. But, alas! there were insurmountable material obstacles to that course. I had hardly as much money at my disposal as would pay for the passage, and I knew that, however kindly fortune might favor me in the end, something like a very severe struggle awaited me in England at the beginning, and I felt that to engage in it in utter destitution of what is called the sinews of war would be the height of madness. The experience of the distress and humiliation to which my penniless condition had exposed me on landing in a foreign country, the cruel remembrance of my interview with the Catholic bishop at the Boston Oratory,—all that long hour of anguish and shame was too fresh in my mind for me to expose myself to a repetition of the same sorrowful scenes in another place.

A prolongation of my stay where I was, was, therefore, a matter of necessity. Here I was again back in Boston, bent on the resumption of my former occupations, ready to give lessons, to deliver lectures, to write review- or magazine-articles, to take to anything that would enable me to make money, to save money, to find in America the means by which I might manage to leave America.

As I well knew that it was now rather in the city than in its suburbs that I should look for the greatest number of my wealthy and influential acquaintance

and for the most remunerative part of my business, I deemed it inexpedient to go back to my lodgings in Cambridge or Charlestown, and I settled for the winter in Boston, taking up a permanent apartment in "The Tremont," a hotel in America affording in those days the most comfortable and, what was of importance to me, the freest and at the same time by no means the most expensive accommodation. It was not without a pang of self-reproach that I could make up my mind to give up my true old friends for my more useful new patrons. But I had a stern, inexorable purpose to serve, and I could suffer no compunctions about my selfishness and ingratitude to stand in my way. That purpose was to win my liberty of action.

On the other hand, both my friends and patrons equally seemed to find my change of quarters perfectly natural and to concern themselves very little about it. That absence of barely three months seemed to have somewhat altered these good people's disposition towards me. They had heard that I had left them with some chance of "bettering myself" in the West; they had wished me God-speed in their hearts, and did not even take it amiss that in my hurry to seize fortune by the forelock I had allowed myself no time for leave-taking. There was at least as much surprise as rejoicing at my unexpected reappearance,—something like regret in the surmise that my Western enterprise should have turned out a failure. "*Ecce iterum Crispinus!* Here is Mariotti again come back to us like a bad shilling!" They did not say the words, but I fancied I could read them in the expression of their faces.

I did not find any of them less kind or less willing to do me a good turn. The same houses were hospitably opened to me; the same desire for my company at all their reunions and festivities was everywhere expressed; but, somehow, the position was no longer the same. There was no longer the eagerness, I might say the enthusiasm, which had a twelvemonth before promoted my interests, guessed my wishes, and forestalled my requests. The novelty about me had worn

off. They knew everything about me; I had had my turn: I could not be the lion of a second season.

But such was my own, and, I believe, many other people's, experience of the Anglo-Saxon nature on either side of the Atlantic. An American or an Englishman's friendship is not easily got, but when won it may be relied upon forever. In his heart of hearts he will always be the same to you, so long at least as you give him no just cause for estrangement. But his mere outward manner is apt to change. In the benevolence which he shows to a stranger on a first acquaintance there is a good fund of ready genuine sympathy, an earnest sense of the duty of charity of man to man. But there is also a certain amount of ingenuous curiosity, a craving for knowledge, for the exercise of his powers of observation and comparison,—above all things that longing for constant employment and exertion which is at the bottom of Anglo-Saxon energy. If you wish to secure an Englishman's or an American's good will, show him something that he can do for you. So long as he thinks that you need his assistance, not only will he put himself out of his way to serve you, but he will be thankful to you, and like and love you for the chance you give him to make himself useful. If he saves you from drowning, or rescues you from the flames, his affection for one who afforded him an opportunity to show his courage and humanity will know no bounds. But this helpfulness on his part should not be needed twice. He has shown you the way; he hopes you will be able to find it when you have to travel over it again. He has set you on your legs; he expects you will have learned to walk alone. If you apply to him twice, he will not deny you, but by overtaking his sympathy you will forfeit his esteem. He will not think the better of you for your relapse into a helplessness above which he had reason to trust he had forever raised you.

As the individual, so is also the community. When it was first known that a stranger, an Italian, for whose character Governor Everett, the President of Harvard College, and other notable gentlemen made themselves

vouchers, had come to settle in their quiet New England centre, a wish to see him, to hear what he was like, was easily awakened; and no sooner was it ascertained that he was looking for employment than there were good-natured persons by hundreds, chiefly of the gentler sex, who looked upon him as a godsend,—who, not having much to do for themselves, needed the excitement of exerting themselves for somebody else; and these took it upon themselves to see that the new-comer should lack nothing of what he required. Those who have followed this narrative so far well know what friends in need were Charles Mills, Miss Dwight, Mrs. Peirce and her sister Harriet, Dr. Ware, Mrs. Kingsley, Longfellow, the Miss Appletons, Dr. Howe, and ever so many more,—how they all took me by the hand, and in every way assisted and promoted me, both socially and professionally. And with the success of their endeavors their efforts were redoubled. If it came out after all that there was something in their *protégé*, their eagerness to claim the merit of having discovered that something, of having brought it into light, kept pace with their desire to make it more extensively known, more generally acknowledged. Such as I was they had made me. They took in me that pride, they attached to me that interest, which men feel in their own handiwork, and which, like all the best of our human instincts, if probed to their depth, will be found to have their roots in self-love.

These feelings could not be expected to be again at work on my return. Out of sight is terribly out of mind in American, or even English, society. Three months had not, indeed, been sufficient to cause me to be utterly forgotten. But I could not again come in as a stranger. My friends had even dropped the *Signor*, and addressed me as *Mr.* or *Esq.* They looked upon me as one of themselves, and, as such, they justly expected that I should be as little to their charge as they were to one another's. I was out of leading-strings, and should now be able to shift for myself.

And, no doubt, I was only too glad to be thrown on my own resources. What concerned me was only to

see that the less they had to do for me, the less they considered themselves bound to think of me.

This cooling of their manner—if, indeed, it was not altogether a fancy of mine—would have been no sure index to their feelings, and it certainly implied no diminution of their kindness; but it pained and provoked me. It had the effect of humbling me in my own estimation, and sobering whatever might be over-sanguine in my expectations. At the same time, however, it acted like a blast of fresh breeze in rousing my energies. In the same measure as it persuaded me that the Yankees were too fickle a people for me to think of seeking a permanent home among them, it strengthened my determination to leave them and to look for my fortune elsewhere. All I had to do was to work for it. I had the winter and spring—say eight or nine months—to provide for the expenses of the voyage. The soil which had been so bountiful in supplying me with a sustenance during two seasons, I declared, must now be made to yield a competence for the third, and something over it in the bargain.

My mind being made up, the task proved far easier and less unpleasant than I had anticipated. As a teacher of Italian, I had more work and better wages than in the two previous years. My former pupils came back to me, more advanced and more interested in their lessons. I tried also lectures on Dante; but only four,—one, introductory, on the life of the poet and his times; of the others, one for each of the three divisions of the “Sacred Poem;” but, as these latter were illustrated by reading of extracts in the original, the audience was limited to a few of the ripest Italian scholars, and the audience was, therefore, as the newspapers said, “select and appreciative.”

The object of these lectures was to vindicate Dante’s character from the charges so often brought against him, painting him in the darkest colors, as a savage partisan, a “fierce Ghibelline,” an implacable hater of persons; for I was, and am, convinced that there never was a more tender and loving disposition than Dante’s, and that his terrible wrath was only roused within

him in presence of the most flagrant instances of human depravity. Nothing, in my opinion, could be easier than to prove that it was the sin, and not the sinner, that called forth the outbursts of his withering indignation, and that his award of praise or blame, of reward or punishment, was prompted not by blind partiality or prejudice, but by a stern and inexorable sense of truth and justice.

Whatever time I could spare from these occupations as a private or public instructor was invariably given to pen-work. Several of my review articles in the monthlies and quarterlies appeared during these few months. Some of them were still standing over in the editors' hands when I embarked for England, and for these I received payment in advance.

By these strenuous and unremitting exertions my object was attained. Before the early spring set in, I had already safely locked up in my writing-desk the hundred dollars in gold which were to waft me back across the Atlantic; and these had been won not only by hard work, but also by rigid self-denial. This abnegation was not limited to a niggardly restraint upon material comforts and luxuries, but it extended also to a renunciation of such pleasures as I might have found in social intercourse. I never was on the same intimate terms with my Boston acquaintance as I had been in the previous winters with my Charlestown and Cambridge friends. That unceremonious practice of dropping in unbidden, *in prima sera*, on the Peirces, on the Kingsleys, and other families in the suburbs, where it was put up with as an outlandish but not unpleasant Italian custom, would probably have been found unwarrantable by the larger and more formal coterie of the city. At all events, I never tried it there. Cards for large parties, balls, concerts, etc., were sent to me by the bushel; but it was very seldom that I availed myself of even the most welcome invitation, and not merely because I grudged the waste of time or the trifling expense an acceptance would have involved, but also because I was not then, and have not been at any time in my life, a very sociable—at least a very

gregarious—animal. In a little knot of four or five persons, at a dinner-party of not more than six or eight, I might be perfectly in my own element; I might warm up with sympathy, become expansive and talkative enough. But the effect of a large rout, the din of voices, the babel of tongues, the heat of the room, was always to shut me up, to daze and bewilder me. I was too shy and awkward for a dancer, too deficient in the resources of small talk, very near-sighted, absent, apt to cut my most familiar and dearest acquaintance. Men thought me reserved and distant, when I was only embarrassed; and the absurdly early hours in which I was accustoming myself to work in the morning necessarily made me dull and positively stupid when the evening entertainment required every man to be particularly bright and wide-awake.

But, although I was thus successful in cutting myself out of American society, I did not find it equally easy to ward off the company of my own countrymen. It chanced that two or three years before my arrival in New York the lessee and manager of the Opera-House in that city had come to grief, and all the troupe dependent upon him for their salaries had been thrown upon their own resources. Several of these waifs and strays of Italian musical and pantomimic art I met at Da Ponte's house during my short stay in New York in the spring of 1838, and some of them, hearing all I had to say in favor of New England and of its highly-civilized city, were tempted to come and try their fortune there, and these popped upon me when I least expected them at the Tremont Hotel.

One of them was Giovanni Paggi, a first-rate player on the hautboy and what he called *corno inglese*, or English horn, who had been heard with applause in all the cities of Europe, and had besides a very extensive knowledge of music in all its branches. He was an undersized man, with a large burly torso and short limbs, a very big head, with a whole mat of thick black hair, a boxwood complexion with deep marks of the smallpox, but with a pleasant good-humored expression about his eyes and mouth. He was a native of

Fermo, in the Marches, the son of a poor barber who had given him no other education than an early acquaintance with the musical instrument on which he was himself no mean amateur performer. But Giovanni Paggi was by nature a genius, and he had social as well as professional gifts which, with a little schooling, might have fitted him for any kind of high intellectual pursuit.

My other friend was a Neapolitan, though a native of Zante, or Corfu, by name Spiridione Gambardella, who had come out with the operatic body as a first-rate tenor, but, either because he had lost his voice or was tired of a singer's calling, he took to portrait-painting; and, though he had never had any regular drawing-lessons at home, he had here made himself a master in oil-colors, had achieved great success, and established very profitable connections among the wealthiest New York families. Gambardella was in the prime of youth, had the advantage of a tall and elegant figure, fine Grecian features, and wonderful animal spirits; withal a great versatility of talent, which enabled him to take up anything he had a fancy to, and become familiar with subjects from which his utter want of elementary studies might be expected to have utterly debarred him. It is thus that he dabbled not without success in astronomy, and only three years later I found him in London, where he had set up an observatory and put himself into communication with Lord Rosse, from whom he received some hints about the construction of a great telescope intended to rival his lordship's own world-famous instrument.

These two worthies sought me out in Boston, and, having somewhat exhausted the New York markets in the disposal of their respective wares, expected me to furnish them with such introductions as might enable them to find customers among my own connections. I was, of course, only too happy to do my best for them, and had the satisfaction to see that their own abilities soon carried them much farther than they could have gone by any help of mine. But the mischief was that, in return for the good will I had shown in befriending

them, they looked upon themselves as in duty bound to patronize me. This they did not only by heralding forth my "great literary talents," but by denouncing the "stolid want of appreciation" which suffered "such rare gifts to languish in obscurity," and expressing a hope that I might soon find, if not in Boston then in New York, if not in New York then in England, a proper field for the exercise of my "transcendent abilities."

The egregious absurdity of these characteristically Italian hyperbolical expressions at first amused but soon shocked and alarmed me, and I lost no time in reminding these clumsy flatterers that they were now in a country where their words of praise or blame would be taken to the letter; upbraiding them for their presumption in talking about subjects they could not understand; and I asked them whether it was from some hidden design to do me harm that they spoke of me in a strain which, if it did no worse, turned me at least into an object of killing ridicule. But it was all in vain. Remonstrances, entreaties, and even threats could not prevail on them to hold their silly tongues. Heartily, however, as I despised and loathed their praises, I must avow that, in my frame of mind at the time, their suggestions that I might "better myself" by leaving America for England were not dropped into unwilling ears. Even a fool's advice is not unwelcome when it merely urges us down a slope on which we are already rapidly sliding.

That funny rascal Paggi, at whose request I had written two or three songs for him to set to music, thought he could best show his gratitude by gross adulation, so gross that it would have sickened me, had it not been for the monkey-tricks which deprived his words of all serious meaning and importance.

"My own dear, dear Mariotti," he would say in his own coaxing, wheedling tone, turning up the whites of his eyes in the earnestness of his peroration, "it really breaks my heart to see you here. You are the pearl of price, and why should you throw yourself away among these Yankee swine? You speak and write

good English, but it is too good for them. The better you express yourself the less they understand you. Lectures on Dante! What do you think they care about Dante, or, for that matter, about Tasso? What they care about is only dollars and cents. Ears they have, but Midas's ears; they cannot and will not hear. Did I not see it, last Monday evening, at Mrs. Lawrence's? A good soul is Mrs. Lawrence; she pressed me to play, and would take no denial. I knew what was coming, but, to please her, I took out my English horn and gave them a solo,—a piece of my own composition,—the notes of which, I can tell you, in Italy would have melted hearts of stone. Well, sir, what do you think was my thanks for it? There was the whole Boston menagerie assembled. Such a hubbub of voices, we might as well have been at the Sinigaglia Fair, with all the market-donkeys in full cry. Nobody heeded me, except one elderly gentleman, all in black, with a great starched white choker; and he looked very grave and silent, very knowing, with big staring eyes like an owl's fixed upon me. And I saw him, and said, 'There is one who can tell what good music is when he hears it,' said I; and his attention warmed me up, and, you may believe it, I outdid myself. Well, my friend, what of it? When I had done, and all held their tongues, as usual, up steps my old foggy to me, and pats me on the shoulder, and says—what do you think he said? 'How you *do* blow, to be sure!' said he. And that is all I got for my pains. Music for Yankees! Yankee-doodle-do! Dollars and cents! That's all they value."

"Come, come, Giovannino mio," I said, laughing, "abuse the Yankees to your heart's content, but surely you will not quarrel with their dollars and cents."

"What could I do?" he replied, with his doleful whine. "That thief of a New York impresario turned us all adrift like beggars. Something to live must be done, and it was everybody for himself. New York was to me a vast jail, and the few dollars I might scrape together were the silver key which was to open the door for me to get out. Yet a few weeks of the Boston season, and then, 'Hey, presto! away to Eng-

land! That is the country for men who have faith in themselves, and—there is the place for you.”

“How do you know what faith I have in myself?” I asked.

“That is the place for you, I say,” he repeated.

“How do you know I have dollars and cents to take me there?” I again asked.

“Where there is a will there is a way. England is the country for you,” he insisted. “I have been in England. I have given two concerts in the Hanover Square Rooms. There are men in England. Here the women alone are endurable,—a paradise for them and a paradise for us strangers. Pity they are so squeamish and prudish, so absurd about their chemises, and cockswains, and the legs of their tables. Fancy, I was still a stranger in New York, and was strolling in Broadway arm in arm with a lady friend, a widow,—a fine woman, but no longer a chicken,—when we met another lady who walked wearily, and panted as she stopped to shake hands with my companion. ‘*Tiens!*’ I said, looking after her as she left us, and speaking French, for English was then still Greek to me. ‘*Tiens! Le monde ne va pas bientôt finir ici!*’ Would you believe it? My lady friend stopped short, tore her arm from mine, and looked at me with an angry look of surprise. ‘*Comment?*’ I asked; ‘*est-ce que cette dame n’est pas une femme mariée?*’ Would you believe it? My lady friend turned her back upon me and rushed across the street; and she cut me dead after that whenever and wherever she met me.”

“Right enough,” I said: “there are things in this world one may see, but should not notice, and it is only a boor that will always call a spade a spade.”

“To be sure! *Shocking!*” he cried, in a falsetto, mimicking a female voice. “The pretty hypocrites! The sweet humbugs! How virtuous they are! ‘God bless our Yankee Girls!’ as one of them sang to me the other evening: We are not like

‘The dark Italian loving much,
But more than one can tell.’

'We love but one, and it is for life.' 'Yes, and if you did love more than one you would not tell,' I answered. Bah! women are the same all the world over, my dear Gigi. These fair Americans look like marble outside, but only lay a finger upon them and you will find them softer than butter within. So at least we found them in New York. Ask Gambardella if we had not our caravans there. Did you not find them the same in Boston?"

"Nay," I answered, smiling, "I do not go about laying my finger upon them. I am not a man *à bonnes fortunes*, and, if I were, I hope I should be too much of a gentleman, too much of a man, to go and brag of it. Depend upon it, Paggi, women in every country are what the men make them,—good or bad according to the name the men give them. Do you think Wendell Holmes would have described Italian women as he did in the 'Yankee Girls' song you have just quoted, if there were not men like you in Italy, who take their pleasure in blackening their countrywomen's reputation? What did Wendell Holmes know of Italian women? Where had he ever seen one? Had he not taken you at your word and quoted you, or men like you, he would have been a fool to write what he wrote. Italian women are not worse than other women. But other people are not anxious, as you are, to cry stinking fish."

The rebuke was not to his taste, and he left me in a pet. But, meanwhile, what had been said between us about our intentions of leaving America, being spread about by him with his usual want of accuracy and discretion, had prepared my acquaintance for the news which I would only have wished to impart at a later and more opportune moment. It was soon understood that that season would be my last in Boston, and that I contemplated a removal to England. The result was that I had to stand the brunt of harassing inquiries about my movements and prospects, and to combat the never-ending remonstrances I met in many quarters concerning the egregious, "almost suicidal," folly of my scheme.

“What is this we hear, Signor Mariotti? You are off? Going to leave us? Why, what shall we do without you? We always looked upon you as one of ourselves. Has anything gone wrong with you? Has any one given you reason to complain? And whither go you? Home to England? What is there for you there that you could not find as good here? What friends have you in England? What opening? Have you been told what an awful place London is for any stranger to get on? You will not find as much room there as we had for you here; nor will there be so many hands, so many hearts, to welcome you. It is a shabby return we get for our loving-kindness, and may you never have cause to regret and repent it.”

Such, in words more or less direct and explicit, were the complaints, the warnings, the reproaches, with which I was assailed whenever my project of a change of residence was mentioned in my presence. There was in all this more of kindness than of real displeasure. But, weary of unprofitable discussion, and anxious to show that my resolution was not to be shaken, I made up my mind to hasten my departure, and towards the middle of April, 1839, I sent a check for a hundred dollars to my friend Foresti, in New York, begging him to secure a berth for me on board the mail-packet “*St. James*,” which was to start for Portsmouth on the ensuing May-day. No sooner was this decisive step made known than all condolences or remonstrances on the part of my true and discreet friends at once ceased. They all wished me the fullest success wherever I might go and whatever I might undertake; and they vied with one another in their zeal to procure me the best introductions into the London world, some of them even taking me out on a visit to Dr. William Ellery Channing, because they thought that the name of that highly-esteemed divine might have great weight with some of the most influential persons of his own—the Unitarian—sect.

Everything was thus smoothing down in favor of my rash enterprise, when, on the 15th of April, just as I had done breakfast, the hotel-waiter came into

my room, and laid on my table a card, on which was written

"MR. CHARLES B. MILLS,"

announcing in the same words the very visitor he ushered in thirty-one months before, on the second day after my first arrival in Boston.

"What, you! you, Mills, at last!" I cried, in a real transport of joy. "I thought we never were to see each other again."

He seemed equally delighted to see me, and it was like a meeting of brothers; yet we had only had one day together in all our lives. So much for love at first sight.

He had grown in size and strength. He looked sunburnt and weather-beaten, more manly, and beaming with health and happiness. He had only landed in Boston three days before, but the time had been taken up by visits to his uncle in Brookline and to his sisters in Cambridge.

His story was soon told. He had gone out as his uncle's junior partner to Cuba to take the management of sugar-, coffee-, and tobacco-plantations that Mills and Co. owned in the island, had resided alternately in the hot plains near Matanzas in the winter and on the high mountains above Santiago in the summer, had escaped the yellow fever in the cities and the brigands in the country, had nearly doubled the value of the Mills property, and had now come home for a few months, expecting to have to go back again to Havana, "but no longer alone."

"Ha! so? And who is the fortunate one to go with you? Do I know her?" I asked.

"Of course you do. She has been your pupil these two last winters. It is Minnie Ramsay, the youngest daughter of Mrs. Ramsay, of Roxbury. We were already engaged six months before I left for Havana, and she has waited for me all this time. She was only nineteen her last birthday. She wrote to me weekly, and seldom failed to mention you. Quite in love with her Italian master, I really believe."

"Just so!" I said. "Shake hands again. 'Happy, happy, happy pair! None but the brave! None but the brave!'"

"Thank you, old fellow. But now," he added, a slight cloud of apparent pain darkening his brow, "what is this I hear about you? You are going to leave us!"

"Not before the end of the month," said I. "I hope to be at your wedding before that."

"No; that auspicious event will not come off till midsummer. But—about you? Where can you hope to be better than here? Why will you go farther——"

"And fare worse?" said I, completing the sentence. "Simply because I must minister to a mind diseased. I want a change of air."

He shook his head with deep concern.

"This is sheer madness. 'Rolling stones gather no moss.'"

"What moss am I gathering here? I am not a junior partner of Mills and Co.'s," I said.

"Bah! What is money?" he replied. "Mere dross! Do you think I have been toiling and moiling for that? Wealth was, for me, not an end, but a means. The end was—Minnie. I could be equally happy with her if I were twice as poor as you may be. By the way, well acquainted as you are with your pupil, you must be introduced to my betrothed. Come along! My gig is at the door. An hour's drive will do you good. Come! I'll take you to Roxbury."

There was no denying him. There was nothing changed in my friend's disposition. Always the same hearty, cheerful, nervous impetuosity. He barely gave me time to take up my hat and stick. We drove to Roxbury at a racing pace, lunched with the lovely Minnie, her mother and sisters, and on our way back to town, as I gave him joy of his choice and told him how I envied him, he looked me full in the face as if a sudden thought had struck him.

"To be sure," he said; "that is what you wanted, though you were perhaps not aware of it. You know, 'It is not good that the man should be alone.' God

provides for every Adam his Eve. I wish I had never left you these two or three years. There is only one Minnie in the world, of course; but there is plenty of fish of the same species in this Boston pond of ours. Why should not one of our Yankee girls——?”

“Thank you, my friend,” I interrupted. “A wife is an expensive luxury,—more so than horse and chaise.”

“That is only one of your Old World notions,” he said. “We like every man to marry in these new countries; the earlier the better. Everybody is ready to help a married man. Bachelors go to the wall. But here we are at your hotel.—By-by! See you to-morrow, I hope. By the way, do you mean to see my sisters before you go? They told me the last they heard of you was that you would soon be off. Sorry I cannot drive you to Cambridge this very moment. But, mind, they will never forgive you if you leave without bidding them good-by.”

With this he gave his horse a cut with the whip and went round the corner towards Washington Street. I looked after him and soliloquized,—

“How true it is that we are the slaves of circumstances! Had that good fellow never gone to Cuba, I might, perhaps, not now be going to England. What a treasure a friend is!—and, especially, a female friend! And what a darling of a Minnie he is to have for a companion! Ha! But ‘I knows a nicerer,’ as the Fat Boy in *Pickwick* says. And I should know where to look for her, if I were not wedded for life to that hideous old hag—Poverty.”

These thoughts haunted me for all that day. On the morrow I set out for Cambridge; I went to Professors’ Row, and asked to see Mrs. Peirce.

“She is out; gone to Roxbury with the professor,” I was told. “But walk in: you will find Miss Mills in the drawing-room.”

There she was, sitting alone, writing at her davenport.

My mind went back to the merry time when I used to sit near that desk for hours, evening after evening,

preparing letters for our post-office at the Fancy Fair: I called her Harriet then. How lovely she was! How lively! The darling kitten! She was two years older now,—just out of her teens. She had gained some of the softness and roundness which began to be somewhat exuberant in her sister Sarah. Seated at her desk, in her neat, white morning attire, she looked as dainty a Hebe as ever smiled from a Greek artist's canvas.

"Sorry Mrs. Peirce is out," she said, half rising as she gave me her hand. "I am here alone in charge of the house. They will be sorry to miss you; so sorry you are going!"

"Are they?"

"Indeed they are: everybody is: so sudden! And you will be off so soon!"

"Not before the end of the month," I said.

"Have you seen Charles? What does he say about it?"

"He advises me to stay here and—get married."

She looked up and smiled. "Not bad advice, that," she said.

"How can a man marry without e'er a wife?" said I.

"Perchance he has got one ready for you. More probably you have one of your own in your mind's eye," she said, slyly.

"Perhaps so; but not any that I can flatter myself would have me. You know I am in love with the whole of womankind. It seems hard that out of so many millions I should not have one of my own."

This was said somewhat passionately. She moved in her chair, uneasily: "Perhaps you will find one in England. Perhaps you know of some one there, ready waiting for you. I dare say that is the reason you leave us. Our Yankee girls are not good enough for you."

"It is I am not good enough for them. Would I were good enough for—you!" I exclaimed, with rising warmth.

She stood up in some alarm, and moved a step from her chair; but I seized her hand, and brought her back, not without a little effort.

"Listen to me, Miss Mills—Harriet! Listen to me! There is nothing to frighten you. It was despair at my loneliness, it was longing for a being whom I could call my own, that was driving me, I knew not, I cared not whither. And it was your brother who reminded me yesterday that 'it was not good for man to be alone.' I have long been under some vague presentiment that I was to die young; but years pass, and the end is not; and the dreariness of this lonely life crushes me. Die sooner, die later, I can no longer live unloved. The sight of Charles and Minnie yesterday, of those two betrothed, so all in all to each other, made me frantic. Why so much happiness in this world, and so little for me? Your brother said, truly, 'To every Adam God provides his Eve.' Be mine, Harriet! I love you,—have always loved you. God has made you for me."

Her hand trembled in mine. The tide of her blood ebbed from her face. "Faint heart never won fair lady," I thought. I clasped her round her waist, seized her hand with both my hands, and let my lips rest for a few seconds on her lips.

She turned crimson, then livid. A frown of such rage as I never thought could harbor in that gentle heart was on her brow. She pushed me back with what seemed a superhuman strength, disengaged herself, and rushed from the room.

A few minutes elapsed ere I had cooled down enough to perceive the enormity of the blunder I had committed. "Only lay your finger upon them, and you will find them softer than butter," my friend Paggi had said, and I was still Italian enough to believe that a man could win nothing from a woman without a little pressure. The theory may be correct enough with the *right* man, but with me it had failed in practice egregiously.

I sat down and waited. I hardly know how long I waited, but at the end of a long spell of it the maid who had let me in came in, all abashed and perplexed, and looked at me with all her eyes, as she would have looked at a dog to see if he would bite. At last she courtesied, and said,—

"Miss Mills's compliments, sir, and she will not come down again till you are gone."

I had been mad, no doubt. Professor Peirce and his family lived in Cambridge in a quiet way, and I did not know whether or not they could afford any better; but James K. Mills was a merchant prince. He had a lordly establishment out of town at Brookline, and the whole family were proud of their old English descent, and of their undoubted though distant connection with the Millses of Derbyshire. How could I ever have hoped to be the "right man" with the only unmarried daughter of the house?—I, a penniless stranger,—a teacher of languages! Such considerations have weight everywhere,—nowhere more so, perhaps, than in what is called a democracy. There was nothing in my position that could satisfy the young lady's ambition, nothing in my person that could charm her eyes or appeal to her fancy.

I had made an ass of myself, that is clear. There are blunders a man falls into and never forgets, for which he never forgives himself, about which he feels more shame, more anguish, more remorse, than we are taught should be felt for a crime. Of such an offence I had been guilty on my arrival in Boston; of such another I was guilty now,—now, on my departure. For in Boston I felt I could not abide another day. On my return to my hotel I called for my bill, settled it, packed up my things, and in the evening took the train for New York.

Thus ended my American experiences. The few remaining days of April I spent in New York, waiting for the mail-packet that was to sail on May 1. In my anxiety to run away from myself, I eagerly sought the company of my Italian friends, and was soon more sociable than I had been on any of my former visits. One of these friends, Castiglia, was to be my fellow-passenger on board the "St. James." He was one of the Spielberg martyrs, and had been for several years the guest of the Sedgwicks, of Springfield, Massachusetts. But his health was broken, and he was

now bent on seeing what power the air of his native climate could have to restore it. The whole family of the Sedgwicks were to go with him,—Mr. Theodore Sedgwick, the head of it, with his wife and two daughters, Kate and Lizzie, and his niece, Catherine Sedgwick, the authoress of "Redwood," "Hope Leslie," etc., then ranking high among the American contributions to English literature. They were staying at the same hotel where I was, and the house was crowded with all New York and New England, coming day after day to wish them joy of their European tour. Among our fellow-passengers were also three New York artists, on their way to Rome,—Verbryck, Gray, and Huntington,—well-educated, gentlemanly men, and pleasant companions, young men of good promise, who achieved success, and rose to renown in various ways. All these good people were going "home;" for such was England still in those days to many Americans, especially to such as the Sedgwicks, who longed to see the ancestral mansion from which their great-great-grandfathers had come, and in which their cousins, many degrees removed, still lived. Among these Victoria, then not many months on the throne, was still loyally spoken of as "The Queen," as if the union-jack still waved on the Capitol and the President at Washington were only a lord-lieutenant.

On the 1st of May, 1839, we were on board. The New York sky, bright and keen, blazed above us, not deep blue, like that of Italy, but light gray, like polished steel. Such a crowd on board! Such a profusion of flowers! Such hearty cheers! Mrs. Butler (Fanny Kemble) stood on the pier to the last, her drapery flapping in the breeze, her hair out of curl, her arms high up in the air, waving a last farewell to her Springfield friends!

We were thirty-two days on board the "St. James." What a contrast to my dreary voyage on the "Independence" of little less than three years before! The "St. James" had to sail with hardly any wind, and what little there was was ahead. But we glided on calmly as on a floating palace, and enjoyed our month's

sail as if there had been no life before and there could be none after the voyage. We had dancing and singing, playing charades, and even editing a newspaper, "The Northern Lights." We were all friends on board, and there were not too many of us.

On the 2d of June we landed at Portsmouth, and lunched on English mutton-chops and English stout. The same evening many of us put up at the "Tavistock," in Covent Garden,—the favorite hostelry for Americans before the "Langham" was even dreamt of.

CHAPTER XIV.

A FIRST TRIAL IN ENGLAND.

London on a summer morning—Streets, parks, and palaces—Westminster—Choice of a home—In-door friends—Out-door acquaintance—English and American dissent—Yankees and Cockneys—The West End—Social and professional progress—Italian friends in London—Panizzi—Mazzini—Enrico Mayer—A great poet's widow.

As we retired for the night on our arrival at the Tavistock Hotel, Covent Garden, late in the evening of the 2d of June, 1839, it was settled among us fellow-passengers just landed from the good ship "St. James" at Portsmouth that we should all meet in the coffee-room on the morrow, at nine o'clock in the morning, to have a last breakfast together before we went asunder and each proceeded to his own destination.

According to my wont, however, I woke and was up long before the appointed hour; and as soon as the hotel doors were opened, I sallied forth on a stroll into the London Streets for a breath of fresh air and for a quiet enjoyment of a first impression of the biggest of big towns. I went down from the market into the Strand, lounged at random across Trafalgar Square, along Pall Mall, up the Quadrant into Piccadilly, down St. James Street, and so on, and on, till, after a two hours' ramble, I sat down upon one of the granite seats

in what was then emphatically called "The Park,"—the names of the larger lungs of the huge Babylon being seldom mentioned without their peculiar adjunct of "The Regent's" or "Hyde."

It was still very early,—not long after the sunrise of a fine morning in June. The green in the Park was still unsullied by the smoke and soot of a million of chimneys. The housemaids had not yet raised the dust of their shaken door-mats. There was nothing as yet of the roar of life announcing the awakening of the Monster City. That was the halcyon hour of the town's day or night.

What struck me at first was the thorough familiarity with which I recognized most of the objects I was now seeing for the first time. "Hang all maps, prints, and illustrated guide-books!" I said. "They take the shine off the world's marvels; and we hardly know how far we must go before we find anything new under the sun. This is Charing Cross; that the National Gallery with its pepper-boxes. Yonder is the Nelson Column; farther, Northumberland House, with its famous lion and his waggish tail. *Connu! connu!*" I exclaimed at every turning; "surely we have seen all that or dreamt of it. All old friends with old faces!"

The shops in the Strand and Regent Street were still unopened. The sight of those blank houses with closed shutters and the blinds down impressed me as very decent, but commonplace and plain even to ugliness. The architecture of the club-houses, of the public edifices and monuments, of the royal dwellings themselves, had nothing to challenge the admiration even of one who, like myself, had seen as yet hardly any of the great cities of the world,—hardly anything besides Turin and Naples, Lyons and Marseilles, Boston, Washington, and New York. "This is London," I reasoned; "England all over! A town for use, not for show. The beauty all of the soul, not of the body."

By a strange but natural blunder, as I looked up from the Park, I at first took the row of mansions of Carlton House Terrace to be the royal residence. The lofty site, the stateliness of the buildings, their uni-

formity, their long rows of windows without front doors, all conspired to give rise to a delusion which the sentries then posted on duty, day and night, on the steps at the foot of the York Column—lest anybody should run away with it—were not for a few moments calculated to dispel.

And what a painful bathos ensued when I perceived my mistake!—when I proceeded along the Mall, and stood before the actual homes of English royalty,—St. James's, with its Dutch brick turrets and battlements, and Buckingham Palace, a huge yet mean mass of masonry, at that time still awaiting the enlargement and improvements by which the prince-consort vainly hoped to give it shape and style,—Buckingham Palace, almost stared out of countenance by the Wellington Barracks rising at right angles with it across Birdcage Walk.

Down that walk, however, and down George Street, I made my way into Westminster, and stood spell-bound before the lofty portals of the old minster,—the first purely Gothic edifice my eyes had ever beheld, and unquestionably the most sublime of the many structures of the same kind with which I became familiar in later times.

At that early hour—about seven o'clock—the cathedral was being aired and swept. Every door was invitingly open; no verger was up yet; and I moved unhindered, and apparently unnoticed, along the aisles, through the long lines of sepulchral monuments, into the sanctuary, the chapels, the cloisters, up and down from Poets' Corner to the north entrance, whence at last I issued forth into the grave-yard, and passed on for a peep into Westminster Hall, also wide open and solitary, and finally went half-way up the bridge, and there stood for a long time musing, with my elbows on the wooden parapet, looking down on Thames's murky waters; and then—then I began to realize the fact that I was in England.

Was this indeed England? Had I reached the goal of my long, rash, obstinate aspirations? Was this London, the dread wilderness in which I should be lost

like a grain of sand on the ocean's beach? And now, what did I think of it? Were the London streets paved with gold? Had I friends here? Or were friends to be won any more easily than golden guineas were earned? And was not all my cash reduced to two poor five-pound notes?

Well, what of it? A wilful man must have his way. And, after all, I was no worse off here now than when I landed in New York less than three years before. My friendless, penniless condition was nothing new to me. I had the same courage, the same power of endurance to rely upon; and I had, besides, the advantage of a hard-bought experience,—the consciousness of a victory in a well-fought battle. "*Aide-toi, et le ciel t'aidera,*" was my motto.

And, after all, what was the worst that could befall me? To conquer, or to perish, was the alternative. But was I not under the impression that I should never reach, or never complete, my thirtieth year? And was I not now eight-and-twenty? If my days were numbered, what did it matter whether the end was to be by the sword on a battle-field, or by despair and starvation in a London garret?

And yet, even in the midst of these truculent fancies, the uppermost feeling in my heart was exultation at the bare thought that I was in England. I asked myself on what ground lay my preference for this sun-forsaken country. I knew absolutely nothing about it besides the little I had read in books, or seen in the few English families I had fallen in with at Malta and Gibraltar, or in that little polyglot microcosm of the European social circle in Tangiers. There, however, I had learned to value the manliness, the truth and cleanliness,—both physical and moral,—the real refinement which characterized the Northern—Teutonic and Scandinavian—and especially the Protestant—the Dutch and English nations. And I compared their civilization with that of the Latin races, particularly with that of my own countrymen, greatly, alas! to the disparagement of these latter, whose debasement, however, I ascribed to the many centuries of political and

religious enslavement, and whose standard I then trusted, and still hope, would be raised by the long-looked-for triumph of the national cause, when public morality would find its natural basis on newly-developed private virtues. My views in that respect were those of the poet Alfieri, who, after a long intercourse with every variety of European people, declared that the two countries which had taken the strongest hold of his sympathies were England and Italy,—the former, because where Nature was at fault man had so wisely provided; the latter, because a bountiful Nature had done so much to make up for man's shortcomings. My allegiance, like Alfieri's, was thus divided between my native and my adopted country,—with this difference, however, that to Italy I looked up as to a mother which chance had given me, while England I cherished as the wife of my own choice.

The sun was by this time high in the heavens, and reminded me of the breakfast which was awaiting me in Covent Garden. I hailed a passing cab—one of the few surviving high-wheeled ramshackle old gigs, with only one seat for the passenger, and a dickey hanging out by its side for the driver—and had myself driven to the Tavistock, where my friends of the "St. James" were just sitting down to their kidneys and muffins. After that meal there was a general break-up of the company, and I cast my lot with two or three Yankees, who took me to Russell Square, where a countrywoman of theirs, Mrs. Saintly, kept a first-rate boarding-house on the American plan. As the landlady had no accommodation for all of us, and her establishment was likely to be too expensive for me, I gladly accepted the cards she offered me for two houses of the same description in the adjoining street,—Lower Bedford Place,—both, however, under English management. In one of these first, and subsequently in the other, I had comfortable quarters during the first month of my English experience, and was thus spared the horrors of those purlieus of Leicester Square where most foreigners, and especially Italians, were wont to make their first apprenticeship in English life.

It was not, however, as the reader may easily imagine, among the highest ranks of society that such a choice of residence introduced me. My fellow-boarders belonged to a motley class of people, not unlike the common run of the fellow-passengers on board the packets, one of which had brought me across,—chance people with whom intercourse is almost unavoidable, but with whom acquaintance seldom outlasts the occasion which led to it. At Mrs. Birch's or Mrs. Lansdown's there were a few old bachelors of retired habits, or young ones with a character for steadiness to keep up, clerks at the post-office or Somerset House, men with business in the City, frequenters of the British Museum, day-governesses who had reached old-maidenhood without knowing it, and aged widows left alone in the world, yet still bent on enjoying life as hangers-on on their married daughters, and irrepressible nuisances to the great lawyers or bankers, their sons-in-law, with whose houses and carriages they never scrupled to make free.

With this scratch company, and more especially with the elderly gentlemen, my outlandish ways and broken English made me in some degree popular. Some of them were literary or artistic. One of them, John Preston Neale, had brought out an illustrated work on Westminster Abbey, in four quarto volumes, and another on the country-seats of the nobility and gentry; they were men with taste and information on home subjects, glad of genial relaxation after long hours of office drudgery, somewhat prosy, stay-at-home, harmless fogies; very fond of good living, very hospitable; and they had often guests at dinner with them at the common table, old comrades or fellow-students, men of mark in the various branches of literature and art in which their entertainers had been only half successful,—men like Varley, Cope, Cole, Boxhall, etc.,—hosts and guests equally sociable, equally in love with their crusty old port-wine with the bees'-wings, over which they would sit for hours after the ladies had retired, cracking their nuts and jokes,—the sitting being much longer, and the jests and toasts,

I am sorry to say, much sillier and coarser, than gentlemen even of the worst squire class of the England of these latter days would put up with.

My connection out of doors was with a variety of persons to whom I had brought letters of introduction from American friends. These letters, according to my constant habit, I had sown broadcast on my arrival, like the sower in the parable, allowing some of the seed to fall on the roadside, some on the rock, some among thorns, trusting that some would also alight on good ground and bear fruit,—leaving them at their addresses with my card, and dismissing from my mind those of which no notice was taken. My American friends were for the most part Unitarians, and their correspondents in England were mostly people belonging to the same persuasion, but there was this difference, that while Unitarianism in Boston and throughout New England was the best-educated, aristocratic sect, their co-religionaries on this side of the water were worthy people, intelligent, amiable, and agreeable, but not of the most conspicuous and influential caste either in the metropolis, or even in those commercial and industrial districts of Liverpool, Manchester, and Leeds, where they mustered strongest; so that one of the most zealous champions of their cause averred that there “seldom, if ever, was an instance of the carriage of one of their families being seen standing at a Unitarian chapel for two successive generations,” communion with the Establishment being in England looked upon as a decided mark of good style and gentility.

In London itself these respectable though not fashionable families were mostly clustered within the precincts of the Duke of Bedford’s estate, between Bloomsbury and Gordon and Euston Squares, a few having ventured as far west as Portland Place, and others being scattered in suburban villas at Hampstead and Hackney, or anywhere north as far as cabs or omnibuses could carry them; while, again, some few still withstood the centrifugal force which was making a desert of the City of London, and clung to the dwellings adjoining

their ware- or counting-houses,—the houses where their fathers' and grandfathers' fortunes had been made,—contending that nowhere could be found better air or water, better gravel soil, more thoroughly drained or sheltered spots, than in the courts and alleys abutting on Finsbury Square and Circus or on Lombard and Fenchurch Streets.

Nothing seemed more natural to me, as I made my way among these good people, than to fancy myself back in New England, so identical are still the ideas, the habits, and to a great extent the idioms of the two sister nations,—allowing, however, for that superior dash and spirit, that feverish activity, which seems to possess every class of the people I had left behind, and which establishes the great fact of the ascendancy of soil and climate over the mere instincts and traditions of blood or descent,—the Yankee being simply a more mercurial species of the genus Cockney.

There was something charmingly primitive about some of the families I frequented during the period of my first stay in England, whether they belonged to the professional or the commercial, to the preaching or teaching set. There was a sense of peace and security, of method and leisure, among them, which on the other side of the water would have been voted dulness. Theirs was the “art of taking life easy,” reducing the day's task to an unvarying routine, and allowing little margin for idle diversion or exciting change. The men travelled little in those days, and only on business; the women seldom left home, except for their three weeks' sea-bathing at Herne Bay or Broadstairs. They seldom saw the inside of a theatre, and few of them were great readers,—for Mudie was not yet, nor Westerton, nor the Grosvenor or the London Library, and books were hard to borrow and dear to buy; and these good people took even their politics or religious polemics very mildly, for the reign of good Queen Victoria was then only beginning, and parties were still feeling their way and allowing Lord Melbourne an almost undivided ascendancy over the young sovereign's Council, while Dissent was well-behaved and dormant, displaying as

little proselytizing zeal and combativeness as the Church itself.

Among these happy lotus-eaters I felt thoroughly at home. They were hospitable to a fault, fond of good cheer, of their domestic feasts and revels, of their Christmas mince-pies and plum-puddings, of the innocent mysteries of their holly and mistletoe rites; but they would never have forgiven themselves had they overlooked a homeless stranger, like myself, even on a slight acquaintance, in their invitations, not only making sure of him by asking him three or four weeks beforehand, but appealing to his imagination by taking him down to the larder, showing him their fat turkey or rich baron of beef, and bidding him "fancy how tender and juicy all that meat would be" after keeping in its ice-cold safe till the time came for it to grace the festive board on the grand day.

On the outskirts of this Middle-Ages community, however, there were a few houses of a somewhat higher standing, into which I was able to make my way, thanks to my American well-wishers, and especially to Miss Catherine Sedgwick, who tarried a few weeks in London and did her utmost to bring me into that polished circle into which her name as an authoress insured her a flattering reception. It was almost as one of her suite that I became a visitor in Portland Place, at the house of Mr. Joshua Bates, an American, and the manager of the Baring Brothers' banking establishment, and whose daughter was then already betrothed to M. Van de Weyer, the Belgian minister, and was soon after her marriage to rise to so high a favor at court. It was also as Miss Sedgwick's friend that I sat a guest of Mr. John Kenyon, a West Indian, who had come to London with the mere wreck of his large estate in Jamaica, after the abolition of negro slavery, and even with that wreck contrived to keep up a handsome establishment in York Place, Regent's Park, where one met old Rogers, Landor, Monckton Milnes, and a whole band of poets and critics, our host himself being no mean poet,—author of "*A Rhymed Plea for Tolerance*," etc.,—a man of taste, but, above all things, a patron of

talent, to whose liberality men of genius whom England delights to honor were indebted, both in his lifetime and after his death, for comforts and luxuries which neither their verse nor their prose could have purchased.

It was at Mr. Kenyon's that I met old Henry Crabbe Robinson, a bachelor or widower who lived by himself in cosey lodgings near Russell Square, a man of wit and social gifts, but chiefly shining by reflected light as "the friend of Goethe and Wordsworth," and known for his breakfasts, less sumptuous, perhaps, but not less entertaining than those at Rogers's, in St. James's Place, and where I made several interesting acquaintances, among others that of Mr. (now Sir) Henry Austin Layard, the "Man of Nineveh," then a modest youth, apparently unconscious of the greatness of his achievements, and equally unable to perceive that no success in his subsequent career as a politician or a diplomatist could add any perceptible lustre to the name he had won as a discoverer.

All these dear friends, whose circle widened from day to day, till their number became rather too large for comfort, were only available for social purposes, but were of no use to me in my professional capacity. We met here and there and talked; cards were exchanged; dinner-parties, concerts, and balls never ended; but intimacy seldom proceeded much further. One-half of the world, as it has often been observed, neither knows nor cares to know how the other half lives. I found here nothing of that fussy curiosity and inquisitiveness which had surprised and annoyed me at first in America, but which was frequently prompted by sincere interest, and led to present help. People in London were satisfied that I was an Italian, a political exile,—an individual of a large class in those days,—that I had been in America, and that I had friends who vouched for my honorable conduct there. No one inquired further. So long as I wore a dress-coat and patent-leather boots I was a gentleman, and whether or not I could afford to live in the style of one was nobody's concern but my own. For my own part, I was only too flattered by the position I

was gaining in society, and too happy to "sink the shop." But I did not forget that I had to live by my work, and from the first I had put down my name in Rolandi's book at the Foreign Library in Berners Street, printed my cards, and advertised in the "Times" and the "Athenæum" as a private instructor in the Italian language and literature. I had laid out my nets and expected the fish to come to them in shoals. As it happened in Boston, so here in London, my advertisement was answered immediately. A perfumed and coroneted note reached me by post, intimating that the Duchess of B—— wished to see me with a view to make some arrangement for Italian lessons to her daughters. I drove to her Grace's house in Arlington Street, and found myself in the presence of a stately matron, still handsome, and of two young ladies barely out of their teens, both tall, and fair reproductions of the lady's majestic beauty. The reception was courteous and benevolent, nor was it without some previous remarks about the weather, and other neutral, commonplace topics, that the duchess proceeded to refer to the subject of her note. She was a "woman of business," she said; she had seen my advertisement; she was satisfied with my references and with my terms. She was ready to appoint the days and hours for the lessons, and even asked if I was free and disposed to begin at once. Of course I told her I was at her service, and I had just risen to lay aside my hat and stick, when her Grace raised her hand and said,—

"By the way, signor, are you Florentine or Roman?"

"Neither, madam," was my answer. "I come from the North of Italy."

This seemed to take her aback.

"I thought——" she said, and then stopped, and was at a loss for more words. But she soon recovered from her embarrassment and corrected herself: "I think it will perhaps be too late to begin to-day:—what do you say, girls? To-day is Monday; the drawing-master will be here. We must have time to make arrangements. You will hear from me, signor: I have your address, and I can write."

And as she said this she rose; I was already on my feet. I only made my bow and went my way, perceiving that there was nothing more to be said.

The duchess was as good as her word. Late in the evening a note was left at my door with an intimation that her Grace had made a mistake,—apologized for the trouble she had given,—but she was anxious her daughters should acquire *lingua Toscana in bocca Romana*, and no native of any other Italian province need apply.

I showed that note to Monsieur Ramon, a French master in London University College School, who boarded in the same house with me, in Lower Bedford Place, and with whom I was on friendly terms; and he shook his head and laughed, and said, “Could you not have *told* the lady you came from Florence or Rome? You will never get on with these people if you are not prepared to swear that black is white and the moon is made of green cheese. The trade of teacher of languages is overstocked; and the Italian especially is monopolized by a set of bold rascals who describe themselves as natives of Mercato Vecchio or the Trastevere, and declare that they, and they alone, have the proper idioms and the right accent, though some of them can hardly spell, most of them have never seen Rome or Florence, and others are not even Italians at all; witness Signor *Trivéri*, whose real name is Trèves, a German Jew; and Signor *Macarani*, who has thus modified his Highland appellation of MacCrie.”

He saw that I looked bewildered, and continued:

“What would you have? *Vulgus vult decipi*. And in that respect your duchess is not above vulgar prejudices. Look at me! Am I not by birth an Auvergnat? Yet do I not write on my cards ‘Parisien’? It is a notion among these English people that language is solely an affair of organs. As if education had nothing to do with it; as if organs did not require training for speaking as well as for singing! Can anything be more absurd? Do they consider every native of London a Cockney and sure to drop his *h*’s?

Is not English equally the property of well-bred men and gentlemen, be their birthplace Middlesex, Yorkshire, or Cumberland?"

Unwelcome as what he said might be, it was the truth. On talking over the matter with Rolandi, I learned that the first thing ladies and young ladies, applying to him for an Italian master, asked, was whether the man he suggested was a Tuscan or a Roman, and, as I would not allow him to recommend me on false pretences, I had no reason to complain if he favored those who met the views of his customers, and who, had they really been what they called themselves, and especially Romans, *cæteris paribus*, would, doubtless, have deserved the preference.

Notwithstanding all this, Rolandi himself procured me some employment among the governess class, and in some of the girls'-schools in the meaner suburbs. It was very hard work, and wretchedly remunerated. With a hope to find something better, I looked among the letters of introduction I had brought from America, for one that was addressed to Mr. Panizzi, then Keeper of the Printed Books at the British Museum Library.

Antonio Panizzi was a native of Brescello, a little town on the banks of the Po, belonging to the Duke of Modena, but only twelve miles from Parma, where he had been as a law-student. He belonged to the batch of Italian exiles of the year 1821, and I, being at least twelve years younger, had had no previous acquaintance with him. I found him surrounded by some of the library servants, very busy as usual, very angry with one of them who held up to him a moth-eaten volume, scolding him savagely, though, I have no doubt, very deservedly, and repeatedly swearing "Zounds!"—a form of oath now of more frequent occurrence on the stage than in real life.

I had evidently chosen an awkward moment for my visit. He was out of temper, and my face, it appears, was not to his liking. He took the letter I was holding out to him,—both of us standing,—ran it over at a glance, and, knitting his heavy brows, he crumpled it up, and said,—

"There, now! There is no end to these silly women! What right has Mrs. Bonamy to write to me at all? She says she was my pupil at Liverpool. How can I remember? Who will tell me her maiden name? And what can I do for you? Italian lessons? In London? Coals to Newcastle! I never found any for myself. I lived here for two years at the rate of fourteen pence a day,—fourteen pence, I tell you: it is a starving trade in London. I had to go to Liverpool for my bread; and it grieved me to my heart to have to send my townsman and friend, Giglioli, to Edinburgh. Do you think I can do for you what I failed to manage for him? You will never do here. As I can give no help, take at least my advice, which is, pack up your things and be off. It was very foolish of you to leave America, where Mrs. Bonamy says you were doing so well. But if you do not go back, at least do not stay here and starve. Try Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield,—anywhere—anywhere away from this."

All this he spoke rapidly, angrily, never allowing me a chance to put in a word. Anger is catching, especially when it is unreasonable. When he had done, I gave him back a few hasty and wrathful words of my own, and left him, vowing in my heart that if I stopped in London for no other reason it would be to spite him and prove to him that I could get on without him.

Though I certainly did not deserve this ill treatment, and was not to blame for the unwarrantable liberty his former pupil had taken in addressing him in behalf of a countryman of his, it was not long before I could make some allowance for this outburst, when I learned by what swarms of impostors and downright scoundrels, calling themselves Italians and political exiles, he was beset, and what war he had had to carry on for many years against the ill will of some Englishmen of the hard John Bull school, who never forgave his being an Italian, and could not brook the "injustice," as they called it, by which Lord Brougham had pitchforked him, a foreigner, into a post to which many natives had better claims, and for which they were better fitted.

I did not see much of him again for a long time, and there never was much lost love between us. For *duro con duro non fa buon nuro*.* I could be as stubborn as he was. When better days dawned for me, and step by step my position in London was assured, I never failed to write to him, bidding him rejoice with me on my success. And the time came when it was in my power to oblige him, and I was only too glad to be of service to him; and when he died, I was asked by Delane to write his obituary in the "Times;" and I hope no one will say that the two columns I wrote about him did him scant justice. For all that I remembered at the time was that Panizzi was a man of vast brain and a noble heart, and his only fault was temper,—a fault about which I had certainly no right to cast the first stone.

With another and an equally well-known countryman of mine I was brought into contact almost on the first day of my arrival in London. I was walking at random in Upper Gower Street, when behind a ground-floor window there flashed upon me a pair of black eyes under a fine round forehead, which struck me as not unfamiliar, and could only belong to an Italian. As I went down street to the New Road, I was overtaken by a little man wearing green spectacles, who introduced himself as Usiglio, from Modena, and told me I had been recognized as I passed by Mazzini, who wished to see me.

I had only seen Mazzini once, in 1833, at Geneva, under peculiar circumstances, but his writings had exercised upon me, as well as on all the youth of Italy, an influence which I already began to feel had not been wholly for my good. I walked back with his little messenger, however, and had a long talk with him, and we parted better friends than ever. He took some interest in my private affairs, and, hearing that some of my writings had found their way into print in the United States, he expressed a wish to see some specimens of my style, a wish I soon complied with by

* "Hard upon hard makes no good wall."

sending him my article on "Romantic Poetry in Italy" in the "North American Review." When I called upon him a few days later, he had read the article; he praised it, made me aware of my oversight in mentioning his name as *Giovanni* instead of *Giuseppe* Mazzini, and expressed great regret that we could not work together, as our views of Italian matters differed too widely to allow him to recommend me to the editors of the English Liberal journals with which he was connected.

I may have occasion to return to Mazzini again, and to subjects on which I was at variance with him; but I merely mention him here because, as we were discussing these subjects, a visitor entered, my acquaintance with whom was not without results on my future movements.

This was Enrico Mayer, a German by extraction, but whose family had settled at Leghorn, where they had a thriving banking establishment, and all of whom, but especially Enrico, had become strongly attached to their adopted country, so that Enrico, without sharing Mazzini's ultra-democratic ideas, was not unwilling to co-operate with him on that neutral ground of practical patriotism which aimed at emancipating his country by educating his countrymen. It was with that intent that Mazzini was then projecting a ragged-school in Hatton Garden, in which Italian organ-boys, plaster-image-sellers, and other petty tradesmen and artisans were to be taught to read and write. Enrico Mayer, who entered warmly into that scheme, strongly objected to the political purposes to which its founder wished to make it subservient. Like myself, Mayer was an Italian, but no republican, or even democrat. And when I rose to take leave, he also parted with the great agitator, grieved to differ, but unable to agree with him.

As we walked together down Gower Street, Mayer and I soon became intimate, and I learned that he had for several years devoted himself to the cause of popular education, had written long articles in an Italian monthly journal called the "*Educatore*," edited

by Abate Lambruschini, and that the object of his journey to London was to have these articles turned into English at the request of the Board of Education in England. As he had heard I was in need of work, and that I wrote good English, he offered to employ me as his translator, and appointed so handsome a rate of remuneration as might prompt a suspicion that it was for my advantage, rather than for any real need of my services, that his proposal was made. However, I was not in a condition to scrutinize his motives. I closed with him very thankfully, went to work eagerly, and through him I became acquainted with some of his friends, most of them men connected with the Board of Education, or avowed promoters of its cause; among whom were Dr. Kay (in later years my friend Sir James Kay Shuttleworth), John Stuart Mill, George Long, and many others, one of them being no less interesting a personage than Lady Noel Byron, the widow of the poet. I saw her ladyship twice in Dorset Square, an out-of-the-way locality above the New Road, where, as she volunteered to explain to me, she stayed to oblige Mr. Duppa, a friend who could not have afforded to travel as he wished without letting his house, and could not easily have found another tenant. Later on I called upon her, at her request, at Esher, near Kingston, at that time still a *beau-idéal* of a rural village, where also, I believe, she was a lodger in some friend's house; for there seemed to be about her a restlessness which allowed her to find no permanent abode, at least at or near London. It was as a translator from English into Italian that I was recommended to her by Mayer, who took charge of some of her writings on the Management of Charity Schools, which her ladyship intended for the editor of the "Educatore." On this subject, which constituted the link of connection between her and my friend, she entertained me at great length during all my visits, bidding me stay and lunch with her, holding forth incessantly, as if anxious to impress me with the conviction that her zeal for the cause of progress and humanity engrossed all her energies to the exclusion of any other thought.

Lady Byron was then forty-seven years of age. She had been fifteen years a widow, and had seen the last of her husband twenty-three years before the date of my visit. She barely looked forty,—though she dressed simply and almost poorly, with her hair in smooth bands under a cap, and a plain dark merino dress up to her chin, almost a nun-like habiliment. Her complexion seemed to me rather dark for an English-woman,—marble-like, quite colorless; but her features were faultless, and the expression was sedate, serene, with hardly a trace of a grief long since buried.

I looked at her with deep interest, as if expecting to see graven in her countenance the solution of the mystery which will now baffle the world's curiosity to the end of time,—as if I could make out the cause which so ruthlessly and implacably hardened the heart of this highly intelligent and sensitive being against the man whose proud destinies she had deliberately and with full knowledge of his merits and faults chosen to share.

It even happened at Esher, as the day was fine and the purity of the air brought up the subject of Italian skies, that I said I little cared to see Italy again in her present prostrate condition, and quite inadvertently let slip the line,—

“Victor or vanquished, thou the slave of friend or foe;”*

then, soon recollecting whose words those were, I was struck dumb and looked foolish; but the lady never winced, never made a sign as if she had ever heard the line,—as if “Childe Harold” had never been anything to her, or she to “Childe Harold” and its author.

Lady Byron dealt with me with studied delicacy. When the translation was finished, she wrote me a kind note of thanks, but said nothing of payment, leaving that to be settled between me and my friend Mayer, who had her ladyship's instructions.

* Not a very good version of Filicaja's famous

“Per servir sempre, o vincitrice o vinta,”—

proving that one may be a great poet yet an indifferent translator.

CHAPTER XV.

A FIRST TEMPTATION.

New friends—More work—Social life—Pitfalls—Pastimes—London sights—London environs—A shower at Windsor—A royal review—Acclimatization—New acquaintances—Chances of authorship—My first publisher—An Italian friend—A long talk—An unexpected resolution—From England to Italy.

BESIDES the temporary employment as a translator provided by my friend Enrico Mayer, I also found on my first arrival in London a profitable engagement as a literary assistant to Mr. James Yarrow, a retired Unitarian minister, an amiable elderly gentleman, and a rusty old scholar, who had devoted the latter end of his life to the compilation of a work on "The Art of Weaving among the Ancients,"—a ponderous work crammed with Greek, Latin, and Hebrew quotations, in which the co-operation of an ordinary amanuensis and copyist would have been unavailing.

Mr. Yarrow was a wealthy man, or had married a wealthy wife; and this latter, still youngish, made her hospitable home in Highgate—formerly the abode of Charles II.'s Nell Gwynn,—a quaint old mansion, unaltered for two centuries—the centre of a social circle, where she delighted in bringing together the young of both sexes, trusting to the instincts of natural selection, and the power of music, dancing, and champagne suppers, for results in which she declared that she neither marred nor made. In spite of all disclaimers, the house at Highgate was immensely popular as a matrimonial mart of the most honorable description. And there was another house in Hampstead, belonging to a Mr. Tweed, also a divine of the same Socinian persuasion, equally at rest from his pulpit work, where every young couple, fresh from their wedding-tour, were expected to accept a dinner given in their honor, to which it was a rule that none but other happy pairs,

within the twelvemonth from their wedding, should be asked to meet them. It had thus become a common saying among the friends of these benevolent people that in a glass of Mr. Yarrow's champagne there was a foretaste of a bottle of Mr. Tweed's port-wine.

With some help from these unexpected sources, and my daily occupation as a teacher of languages, I managed to support myself during the six months between the Midsummer and the Christmas of that year. But it seemed to me an ignoble kind of existence, less endurable even than I had gone through in the early stages of my American experience; not because it was less lucrative and more expensive, but because it was not sweetened by that same ready sympathy and easy intercourse, that same indefinable home feeling, which had cheered me from the beginning on the other side of the water.

It was something, no doubt, to be easy on the score of my landlady's weekly bills, to have nothing to dread from laundress's or tailor's dunning, and not to lack a few loose half-crowns in my pocket for cabs, kid gloves, and other requirements of a young man about town. But I asked myself why I was so anxious to go out in quest of what I could not find; why I did not perceive how unfit I was for society,—too clumsy for a dancer, too shy for a talker, and utterly deficient in any of those talents by which men contribute to the entertainment of an evening, so that when I was asked to favor the company with some of my country's music, and I had to avow my absolute uselessness either as a vocal or an instrumental performer, people fell back wondering. "What! an Italian, and not sing?" And I fancied I could hear them adding, in a whisper between themselves, "What else in the world can he do?"

Yet I went out evening after evening, partly because I looked upon the practice as a social duty, and I thought I could thereby extend my personal acquaintance and promote my interests in my professional capacity, but chiefly because I liked to look at pretty faces and thought almost every Englishwoman with fair

hair and blue eyes supremely beautiful. Mine was one of those minds which are early developed yet ripen slowly. It seemed easy for me to forget that I was no longer a boy, that I had reached the threshold of my thirtieth year; I was still in love with the whole sex, and went about in a crowd like a dog that has lost its master, as if expecting to find in every woman I met the twin soul which Heaven was sure to have created for my especial benefit.

Full of these fancies, I went out evening after evening to parties, where all my enjoyment consisted in turning my eye-glass upon every young female face when I fancied my gazing was unnoticed, and feeling angry when the face caught me in the act and frowned; as if a young lady went to a party for any other purpose than to see and be seen, or as if a poor purblind wretch as I was could see her with the naked eye like other mortals. Whereupon I felt abashed, and fell back upon the crowd, and sat apart, scarcely daring to steal a glance now and then, turning over the leaves of some "Keepsake" or "Book of Beauty,"—the only one sad and silent individual in the midst of those jostling groups and the hubbub of those jarring voices,—till chance, or fatigue, or vague pity of my forlorn condition, brought near me some young lady apparently as bashful and helpless as myself, when we managed to strike up an acquaintance, and sat together at the same table, busy over an illustrated copy of the "Lays of Ancient Rome" or the "Pleasures of Hope," pretending to criticise verses or plates, but in reality looking into each other's eyes, soul diving into soul, and indulging in a vast deal of nonsense in an undertone,—in other words, *spooning* at an unusual rate; blind and deaf to all that was going on around us, till the party broke up, and we became conspicuous in the half-empty room; when we started up as if coming from the land of dreams, my charmer crimson in the face and looking guilty as she sought the shelter of her mamma's wing, and I was pounced upon by some good-natured friend who perceived my embarrassment and took me off with him arm-in-arm, wishing me joy

of my "*veni, vidi, vici*" conquest, and, half in jest, half in earnest, assuring me I should be expected to call early in the morning on my sweetheart's father, to be taken to task about "the nature of my intentions."

And I must confess that this banter astonished as much as it vexed me; for, even after my three years' American experience, my Italian prejudices could not be reconciled to that Anglo-Saxon free-and-easy practice of letting a mere lass, scarcely out of her teens, go forth and angle for herself, her parents or guardians taking no pains to bait the hook, and only reserving to themselves the care of landing the fish when they were sure of the bite.

For my own part, Heaven knows I should have been willing enough to be caught; but, alas! it was yet for several years with great difficulty that I could manage to keep myself. To keep a wife was altogether out of the question; and not less so to allow a wife to keep me. I can scarcely remember now in how many encounters of the nature of the one I have just described I found myself compromised; but somehow I always contrived to break through the toils, much as a swallow does through cobwebs. I withdrew from the field unscathed, though, perhaps, *parmâ non bene relictâ*, and always with a bold, though unfortunately not firm enough, resolution never to venture among such pitfalls again.

Meanwhile, the days passed. There were the lions of the Tower to be seen, the Mint, the Bank, the Tunnel, the Zoo; there were the environs to be explored,—Richmond, Hampton Court, Windsor Castle,—this latter especially; for I went frequently about with my Yankee friends, and these had their minds filled with nothing but the queen, "their own darling young queen," whom they followed and waylaid at Hyde Park Corner, along Constitution Hill and the Mall, wherever she might have to pass, cheering her with all the breath in their lungs whenever they could catch a glimpse of her liveries, and dragging me along with them as if bent on making me as enthusiastic in my loyalty as they themselves—the free and en-

lightened citizens of the biggest of all republics—could be.

We had come to England too late for her majesty's coronation, and too early yet for her wedding; but I had good opportunities to see her, near enough even for my imperfect eyesight. The state apartments at Windsor were at that time most liberally thrown open to the public, for the queen's advisers at that early part of her reign deemed it expedient to popularize the young sovereign by not too jealously denying her to her subjects' gaze. We stood, a small, well-behaved crowd of idlers, on the terrace before the Castle, on a fine Sunday afternoon at the end of June, 1839, in expectation of something which we had not long to wait for. Presently a door on one of the side-wings of the palace was opened, and out stepped the queen, alone, the gentlemen of the suite following a few steps behind,—a fair vision, in a plain light summer dress, a dazzling white complexion, slightly colored, a noble brow, a stately bearing, a firm step, a sure countenance, before which the bystanders gave way, hats off, bowing reverently, the crowd opening a wide avenue before her as she advanced among them, a girl of twenty, only two years a queen and a twelvemonth crowned, but knowing her own mind, conscious of her exalted right, to all appearance bent on ruling as well as reigning. As she reached the end of the terrace a passing cloud sprinkled a few drops of rain on her face. She stood still for one moment, perplexed; then, as the drops gathered into a shower, she seemed to change her mind, and to shorten her intended walk to "the slopes" by merely going the round of the terrace. But even before she had accomplished that purpose the shower became too smart for her composure. She soon broke into a pretty, mincing, double-quick step; and as she neared the door from which she had come out, she did as any other girl not born in the purple would have done,—she rushed in at a run, the suite following.

Later in the year, in October, if I well remember, I saw her again at Chobham Park, where all London had assembled to behold the young queen holding a

grand review of her land-forces. It was a sight to dwell in a man's mind for a lifetime: the beautiful green spot, a natural amphitheatre surrounded by richly-wooded low hills, such as one sees only in England; a martial array of the finest men and steeds in the world; a vast multitude, such as London alone could muster; a chaos of dazzling sights and stirring sounds; and in the midst of it all a light slender white figure, seated on her charger on one of the heights, a diademed warrioress, a young Una with the Lion of England at her feet,—a sight to conjure up to men's fancy all they had ever read of Boadicea with the Icenî, or of Elizabeth at Tilbury.

With all these sights and diversions to relieve the anxiety of my precarious position, I must, however, not attempt to conceal that life in England during this first season was sufficiently irksome and dreary. For a man whose early existence had been spent either in Italy or here and there on the shores of the Mediterranean, a climate where, as Shakespeare has it, "the rain it raineth every day" (as it did that first year throughout August, to the great discomfiture of the knights of the Eglinton Tournament), must be allowed to be distressingly trying; and it took more than one twelvemonth to convince me that for all that wet and all that gloom there is some compensation in the luxuriance of vegetation, in the green of the fields abiding almost throughout the four seasons, in the extraordinary mildness and evenness of the temperature, and even in those cruel piercing and cutting easterly winds, which, whatever havoc they may carry on among weaklings, are the kind nurses of all the strength and daring which constitute the main boast of the English race.

I have been a dweller in many lands at various periods of my life, and I could not name the country in which my good health has ever forsaken me. But although in other regions life, so far as the weather was concerned, may have been more enjoyable, it is nowhere but in England—nowhere even in any part of my native peninsula—that I feel all my spirits and

energies, all my manhood about me in all its fulness; and as the only enduring charm of my existence has always been, not pleasure, but work, this country ended by suiting me best in every respect. But those first six or eight months involved a very severe apprenticeship, and the kind of work I had to live by, especially the teaching business, and the pleasure that was to sweeten it, especially the attendance at evening parties, as they compelled me to be a good deal out of doors, made the showers and the fogs and the perpetual mud of the London streets not only unbearably grievous, but also heavily expensive.

The following year, 1840, seemed to hold out better prospects before me.

I had gone for my business card or circular to the printing-office of Mr. Richard Taylor in Great Queen Street, and had made the acquaintance of his nephew and junior partner, John Edward Taylor, a well-educated youth, who had just become known as the author of a little volume on "Michael Angelo, considered as a Poet." Both these printers belonged to a wide-spread family, sprung from the renowned Doctor of Music, Mr. Taylor, of Norwich, all of them Unitarians and Liberals in politics, all of them, males and females, distinguished for their literary or artistic attainments.

John Edward took me out to Weybridge, where his aunt, Mrs. Sarah Austin, the translator of Ranke, and the authoress of "The Story without an End," was then living in attendance upon her husband, an official of some rank, now afflicted with a chronic and, as it proved, incurable complaint. Mrs. Austin may have been at that time between forty and fifty, but she showed still in her face and figure the traces of the magnificent beauty of her youth, and to suggest what that beauty might have been, she had still her perfect image in her daughter, Lucy, afterwards Lady Duff Gordon, whose "Letters from the Nile," written under the shadow of the writer's inevitable doom, death by consumption, have all the sad sweetness of the swan's dirge.

With the mother and daughter, and grand-daughter,

Mrs. Ross, and this latter's children, as well as with the four generations of many other families of my acquaintance, it has been my lot, Nestor-like, to abide on this earth. And nothing perhaps more forcibly reminds us of the rate at which the Present is burying the Past than the rapid succession of these new friends growing up to take beside us the place that our friends of other days have vacated.

Mrs. Austin was the kindest of women, kind especially to the Italians, one of whom, Fortunato Prandi, had been her intimate friend, and whom she had aided in the translation and publication of the "*Memoirs of Andryane*," a state prisoner at Spielberg. She gave me letters for many influential men, all of whom were lavish of their promises of assistance in any kind of employment which I might suggest as suitable to my tastes and abilities, but all of whom civilly dismissed me when they perceived that I knew no better than they did the thing that I wanted and that I was fit for. One of these friends was Mrs. Austin's own nephew, Mr. Henry Reeve, a handsome young gentleman of high promise, for many years Registrar of the Privy Council and editor of the "*Edinburgh Review*," whose advice, like that of Panizzi and many others, was that I should at once give up all idea of settling in London; that this huge town was only the *carrefour* (his very word), the road-crossing which might lead anywhere, but where nothing could be sown or reaped, and where a friendless stranger's likeliest chance was to be trampled to death under the chariots of those whom a benignant fortune was wafting on to competence and fame. He suggested Manchester, Edinburgh, Canada, the West Indies, East India. In this latter country, he told me, nothing would be easier than to get me a commission in the army of the Nizam of Hyderabad, which was then being reorganized by Europeans. As this proposal flattered the heroic aspirations which I had always cherished in my youth, I, of course, eagerly gave in to it, and Mr. Reeve undertook to settle the matter with the Nizam's agent. But a letter I received from him

three days later expressed his regret that no commission could be given to a man more than twenty-five years old, unless he had served as an officer in one of the regular European armies. And I was nearly thirty!

Thus was a military career for the third time, and now forever, closed against me; and for any other business than war I had stubbornly made up my mind that nothing should induce me to turn my back upon London.

As it had happened in America, in England also it was to women that I was indebted for the real help that was to extricate me from my worst difficulties. Mrs. Austin gave me letters for her friend Mrs. Jameson, a lady who was then rising to fame as the authoress of "*The Diary of an Ennuyée*," "*Female Sovereigns*," etc., and who, later in life, travelled to Italy as an art critic, and worked for many years at her popular works, "*Sacred and Legendary Art*," "*Legends of the Madonna*," etc.

Mrs. Jameson, at that time a middle-aged woman, auburn-haired, with a fair complexion, a Venetian type of face, a somewhat portly but loose and languid frame, —though, I believe, not in bad health,—lived in Notting Hill with her old mother and a young niece; her literary productions being, as she said, the only support of her small household. She had been married in Canada to an ill-tempered man by whom she had been ill treated, and so savagely that, as the report was,—probably a myth,—he had, in a fit of mad passion, fired a pistol at her, the bullet of which was still lodged in her flesh between her ribs. She asked me repeatedly to lunch, and it was at her house that I met more than once a young man with a bright countenance, long hair down to his shoulders, and dark eyes, with the light of intelligence and the fire of enthusiasm flashing from them, whose name, I learned, was Robert Browning.

Browning was then all full of Italy, a country wherefrom he had just returned, and where, as he told me, he had been rummaging about that farrago of the rhymesmiths of the Cinquecento, "among whose rub-

bish he found gems of great price." He was two years my junior, and had just published "*Sordello*," a poem which interested me by its subject, but of which my still imperfect knowledge of the English language did not allow me to fathom the meaning. Its author announced that he would soon be back in Italy, where alone he could live. And there indeed I met him many years afterwards, a happy married man, as I still meet him not unfrequently at the Athenæum Club, a resigned widower, the dark mane turned to gray, but the eye still undimmed, and the vein of his manly verse unexhausted.

As I mentioned, incidentally, that I had given lectures on Italian history and literature in Boston, and that some of my articles had appeared in the "*North American Review*," Mrs. Jameson expressed a wish to see some of my writings; and upon my sending her the manuscript of the lectures, she asked me whether I could so modify them as to fit them for publication in one of the London magazines. She then addressed me to her publishers, Saunders & Otley, of Conduit Street, the proprietors of the "*Metropolitan Magazine*," a periodical which had come into light under the auspices of Edward Lytton Bulwer, but whose editor at the time was, as usual with such publications, a mystery.

I went to Conduit Street, where, besides their publishing offices, these booksellers had also one of the largest circulating libraries in London, and where Mrs. Jameson's name insured for me a friendly reception. Mr. Saunders, an old man with a light-brown wig and gold spectacles, was busy with the financial department of the establishment. Mr. Otley, still young, and with the look of a City dandy, was especially charged with the literary part of the concern, and, I suspected, had in his hand the management of the "*Metropolitan*," whose editor had probably no more real existence than one of Ariosto's hippogriffs. He showed the most eager disposition to make himself agreeable, declared that he would be only too proud to bring into light anything "from so distinguished a pen," but warned

me that the reputation of the magazine filled the editor's hands with so vast a number of excellent articles that it was extremely difficult to find room even for the best-known and most popular writers. About a week later I called upon him with the Introduction to my Lectures, which I had in the interval carefully written over again, and which he engaged to submit to the editor without delay. But a month elapsed before I received the editor's answer, "that the article was 'accepted'" and would appear in the forthcoming number. Mr. Otley then proceeded to business, and informed me that the magazine had to withstand the competition of many rival publications coming up day by day like mushrooms, and that so high was its standing that nothing could have been easier for the editor than to fill it up with unpaid and yet most valuable contributions. But he added that gain was not with the Conduit Street firm the only object, that they were above all things anxious to encourage rising talent, and to raise the tone of their journal by the occasional publication of other matter besides works of fiction, and he concluded that for a series of essays like the one the editor had now in hand they would be willing to pay at the rate of three guineas per sheet, or about 3s. 11½d. per page. There was nothing very splendid about the terms; but I have no doubt that even that paltry remuneration would never have been allowed to a complete stranger and a mere beginner, had it not been for the booksellers' reliance on Mrs. Jameson's judgment, and their desire to oblige an authoress whose works had already brought, and could still bring, grist to their mill.

But, however the result may have been brought about, the fact that a literary career was now opened for me in England seemed to admit little doubt; and it filled me with a feeling of exultation far more lively than that which attended my first success in America, both because the field of activity spreading now before me was wider and higher, and because I had been much less sanguine about any chance of my gaining a footing on it. I went to work with such earnestness

during the five or six ensuing weeks as to have as many of the articles ready for the magazine. They all were meant to appear under the title of "Italy," and so contrived as to come out separate and self-standing essays, though they were in reality linked together like the chapters of one and the same work. Some delay occurred before the editor, or the publishers, showed any disposition to keep their promise. It was only in April that the proofs of the first article were sent to me for correction; and I was looking forward with a young author's eagerness to the forthcoming May-day, when I was told that article was to be the first in the table of contents of that number, when something happened to upset all my reckonings, and to disturb the even tenor of that English existence to which I now deemed myself indissolubly wedded.

I had given to my new employment as a writer for the magazine only the few hours I could spare from my former occupation,—usually the early morning before breakfast; but I did not suffer anything to interfere either with my lessons, or with my business as a translator of other people's writings or the compilation of the index to other people's books. To give myself a chance of earning my bread as a literary man I deemed it a duty—and it was a necessity—to shrink from no literary drudgery. I was in the *faut-vivre* phase of my career, and I had never forgotten, and never can forget, that there are things a man can do much worse than working and little better than stealing.

I had just finished a translation I had undertaken for Enrico Mayer, and which I had promised to have ready for him before the day he had appointed for his departure from England, when he came to see me in Bedford Place, to settle accounts between us, and to take his leave. He was extremely liberal in his payment, as I said before, and the sum he owed me for the present work amounted to something between twenty and thirty pounds.

He sat down and took out his purse, but before he opened it he looked fixedly at me with his grave and

earnest countenance, expressive of a benevolence that I have never seen equalled, and intimated that he had some important communication to make. He took a very sincere interest in my affairs, he said; he perceived, to his great regret, that, whether owing to the dreariness of the climate or the outward reserve of this good but not very demonstrative or expansive people,—or—well, to other circumstances—I did not *get on* as happily in England as he might wish. He had said nothing about it till this moment; but he had some hidden design in his mind all the time, and it had now come to maturity. “He was most happy to tell me,” he concluded, “that he had smoothed the way for me to leave England and—go back to Italy.”

“To Italy!” I exclaimed. “What! an amnesty—to me, my dear Mayer? Had I wished to degrade myself by asking for pardon, I might now have been comfortably at home this many a year. Pardon, forsooth! The Italian governments might well forgive me; but could I ever forgive the Italian governments?”

“I never spoke of an amnesty,” he said, his calmness in no way ruffled by my vamping,—“never dreamt of proposing such a thing to you. Listen to me. Our grand-ducal government in Tuscany is not much better than that of the Bourbons at Naples or of the Pope at Bologna. It is equally despotic, but not tyrannical to the same extent. It affects Liberalism; it courts popularity; it encourages learning; it is lenient in the exercise of its censorship of the press. There may be affectation—hypocrisy, if you will—in its conciliating and forbearing policy; but I do not see why we should not take it as current coin and make the most of it. At Pisa young men are allowed almost unbounded freedom in their studies. At Florence, Cantù, Albéri, and many other distinguished exiles from Lombardy and Piedmont not only live unmolested, but are allowed to proclaim what they think truth in their historical publications. Mazzini himself sends his articles to the ‘Antologia.’ His name does not always appear, but his style is known. And we

have 'Antonio Foscari' and 'Giovanni da Procida' evening after evening at our theatres. Were it not for the presence of the Austrian ambassador at Florence and the threats of Metternich from Vienna, Tuscany might be a perfect oasis in the wilderness of enslaved Italy."

"That is all very well, my friend," said I; "but—think of it!—I should have to beg leave to cross the Tuscan frontier, leave to reside in Tuscan territory, and——"

"You would have nothing of the kind to do," he interrupted, "and this is precisely what I have managed for you. The name you now bear is not in the list of proscription. Neither the Tuscan police nor the Austrian Embassy need trouble themselves about Luigi Mariotti. They might suspect, they might perfectly well know, who you are. They might object to your presence, and you would, as a matter of course, always be at their discretion. But their tactics are '*Quieta non muovere*.' It would hardly be worth their while to incur the odium of molesting you, unless you gave them cause to fear you."

"There! you have said it!" I burst out, with bitter disdain. "I should be tolerated on my good behavior."

"There would be nothing to hurt your feelings," he replied, with a quiet smile. "The door would be open; you would come in without knocking. You might always reserve your freedom of action. Whenever you wished to declare war, you would call for your passport and strike your flag, like any ambassador. The worst that would happen would be, you would have to go. We have no scaffolds in Tuscany. We have no state prisons. But even against the chance of your expulsion I have provided. Listen to me. There is an English family at Florence of the name of Crawley, resident in the grand duchy for these last twelve years, flattered though dreaded at court, endeared to all classes of people by their amiability and hospitality, by the liberal use of their enormous wealth for the well-being of all around them. Well, my friend, the head of this family, Mr. Crawley, asks you to become his guest."

"Asks me?" I wondered. "Why, what on earth does he know about me?"

"I might answer he knows as much as I told him," said Mayer, "but that would scarcely be justice to all parties. The fact is, some of your American friends have been beforehand with me, singing your praises. Enough that all is arranged. You have only to land at Leghorn and just mention Mr. Crawley's name. I tell you, you will have the police, the custom-house, and the very gendarmes at your feet."

I was greatly moved, yet still perplexed, not half convinced; but I jumped up, and reached my hand across the table to my friend, while something like moisture glistened between my eyelids. "You are an angel, Mayer, to take all this trouble about me," I said. "But—but what shall I do in Tuscany when I am there?"

"Why, what are you doing here?" he retorted, sharply. "Work and earn your bread. You have learned English, but you have not forgotten your Italian. Mr. Crawley offers you hospitality for as long a time as you may be willing to accept it. He has lots of children; he will perhaps, if it suit you, allow you a handsome stipend as a tutor. Ill paid as our writers are, the '*Antologia*' of Florence will offer you better terms than you have obtained from the '*Metropolitan*' in London. Remember, also, writing in England is a trade. In Italy it is a mission. Here the stimulus is ambition, there it is duty. You have talents; you have seen the world; you have access to the thoughts of other nations. You may love England, but you owe yourself to your country. And what can you do here for Italy? Plot with Mazzini? But you are too straightforward, too impetuous, for such underground work. Leave it to Mazzini; join us. His instinct is conspiracy; our method is education. He works in the dark; we prefer daylight, and not improbably we tend to the same goal, though different are the means by which we hope to reach it."

I had sat down as he spoke, and when he had done I buried my face in both my hands, and remained thus for a few moments thinking.

At last I looked up.

"You have conquered, my own friend, you have conquered! Only give me a few minutes to breathe. Your offer upsets all my plans, demolishes many of my theories: there is something in it that humbles my pride. But I believe you are right. Give me your hand! I accept. I'll go back to Italy."

Thus did another man's words once more divert me from my purpose. I had left America with a full determination to live and perhaps die in England: I thought no force in the world could take me back to Italy except the immediate chance of fighting for her deliverance. Yet here was I again listening to the voice of the charmer. After only eleven months' residence, I was leaving England; I was returning to Italy,—to an Italy where every chance of deliverance was indefinitely adjourned.

My heart still misgave me; but my mind was made up: I found some pretext to break through my engagements with such pupils as I had; I delivered to Messrs. Saunders & Otley the copy of the seven chapters of "Italy" which I had been carefully preparing for the press; and, having settled all my accounts, only three days after my long talk with my friend, on April 21, 1840, I crossed over to Paris with Mayer; and, as his route lay across the Rhine and through Switzerland, I went my way alone down to Lyons and Marseilles, where I embarked for Genoa and Leghorn.

Thus it has always been my custom,—to let as short an interval as possible pass between coming to a resolution and carrying it into effect. And the reason is perhaps that I do not thoroughly trust my own firmness, and do not wish to allow myself time to change my mind.

CHAPTER XVI.

FIRST REPENTANCE.

London to Leghorn—Leghorn to Florence—An English family—Their friends and politics—Florentine acquaintance—A golden youth—A great Italian—An American artist—Back to England.

FROM London to Leghorn, in the year of grace 1840, there was a long and somewhat fatiguing journey of ten days and ten nights. Twenty-four hours by the boat from London Bridge and across the Channel to the Calais stairs. Two nights and two days from the Hôtel Dessain to that Babel of all the French diligences, the Place Notre Dame des Victoires. Again five days and five nights from Paris to Marseilles, *via* Lyons. From Marseilles the French coasting-steamers went round to Naples, touching Genoa, Leghorn, and Civita Vecchia, and so contriving each of the four voyages as to come in sight of harbor every morning at break of day.

Throughout the land-journey across France it was not the traveller's comfort but the *conducteur's* convenience that was invariably consulted. The only stoppages, of nearly one day in Paris, and five or six hours at Lyons, were all that was allowed for the use of soap and cold water; for breakfast and dinner about a quarter of an hour each meal, and with the terror of the thundering "*En voiture, messieurs!*" haunting one between the first spoonful of the scalding bouillon and the last drop of the burning coffee. But to make up for the hardships of that slow progress there was youth and good digestion, and the novelty of the Boulevards from the Madeleine to the Place St.-Antoine and of the quays from Notre Dame to the Invalides, and a glimpse of Amiens, Dijon, Avignon, and other old towns seen from the lofty seat of the banquette, and the food at the hasty meals not unpalatable, and the wine through-

out Burgundy first-rate. At sea, the French Mediterranean steamers were very much what the Messageries are now and forever will be,—the seamanship pitiful, the *cuisine* and the *litterie* the best afloat.

It was early in the morning of May-day when we anchored at Leghorn, and some time elapsed before the officials of the police and the board of health would allow us to land. But no sooner was I free from those hinderances than I closed with the offer of the driver of a *calessino* or *biroccino*, who had just conveyed two English passengers to the steamer, and engaged to take me back with him to Florence in six hours, for not more than two *paoli* an hour,—a *Francescone* and the *buona mano* (about five shillings) for the whole journey.

Leghorn was not at that time a free port. The custom-house was not at the harbor-entrance, but at the inland town gates, where the search was rather strict and irksome. To aggravate the evil, as my luggage was hauled down from the vehicle and opened for the custom-house guards' inspection, a crowd of idlers, most of them decent people (to judge from their clothes), gathered around us to witness the proceedings. Curiosity is the besetting sin of the Livornese, as, I am afraid, of the Tuscans in general. What all those loafers expected to see in those dusty portmanteaus and leather bags of mine I was at a loss to imagine,—for those were not yet the days of dynamite or Orsini bombs,—but there they stood, staring with all their eyes, as if to make out whether the *Inglese* (for they took me for one) would be clever enough to baffle the vigilance and outwit the sagacity of the keen-scented grand-ducal *douaniers*. I was writhing all the time under the indignity of those impertinent lookers-on; and when the business was over, and I was allowed to resume my seat in the *calesse*, I could not refrain from giving them a bit of my mind, telling them, in a language decent enough to remove all doubt about my nationality, "Well, gentlemen, I hope you saw nothing stolen from you in my valises." The reproach was mild and well deserved, but the blackguards were hurt and became abusive, whereupon

I waxed wroth ; and had not my vetturino given his horse a cut and set off at a gallop, my first encounter with my countrymen, on my return after ten long years' sufferings in my country's cause, would have been a quarrel.

My vetturino did not quite accomplish the feat of which he had boasted. We did not travel over the distance in six hours. But, in spite of an hour's stay for breakfast at Pisa, and a somewhat longer spell at Pontedera for dinner, it was not later than between eight and nine in the evening when we arrived at the gate of Florence.

At the gate of Florence we were stopped by the gendarmes. My passport had been already *visé* at Leghorn, and was all right. Still, the rule was for travellers to deliver up again that precious document at the town gate, and give the name of the hotel where they wished to put up ; but on mentioning that I was going to stay with some friends at a private house, and merely naming the Crawleys, my passport was respectfully handed back to me, and we were allowed to proceed without further parley.

Mr. Crawley's residence was a large, grim, fortress-like old palace on the Lung' Arno, on the left bank of the river. The entrance and vast staircase stood open, and almost in utter darkness, throughout the night. On sending in my card at the door of the state apartments on the *piano nobile*, I was soon met by Mr. Crawley himself, who, bidding me welcome, showed the way through a long maze of gloomy corridors to the room that had been made ready for me, where my kind host, upon ascertaining that I had dined and was not at all tired, still insisted on sending up a flask of Chianti and a few biscuits, and whence, after the allowance of half an hour for a hasty toilet, he again led the way to a somewhat dimly-lighted but large and lofty hall, where a numerous company was assembled.

With so little risk or difficulty had I thus smuggled myself into Italy.

There were several reasons why my friend Enrico

Mayer should not wish to travel with me to my journey's end. Mayer was well known to the Tuscan government as a loyal and open, though uncompromising, opponent. He was one of those men whom despotic men fear more than they hate, being aware that they are equally law-abiding and above all suspicion of underhand plots or intrigues. Mayer was not a native of the country, nor was he even a naturalized Tuscan subject. Both himself and his brother, the banker, head of the family, were under the protection of Würtemberg, a State of which both the banker himself and his father before him had been for many years consular agents at Leghorn. But, although my friend had nothing to fear for himself, he was not sufficiently strong to make himself answerable for my safety; for my coming to Italy under an assumed name was in itself an illegal act, and Mayer could and would have no hand in it. Had I appeared in Florence as *Antonio Gallenga*, the Austrian ambassador, as representative of my liege sovereign the Duchess of Parma, would have been in duty bound to apply to the Tuscan government for my immediate arrest and expulsion; but as *Luigi Mariotti*—though the pseudonyme was a secret to no one who might care to know it—it was nobody's business to trouble himself about me, especially so long as I was the guest of a long-established and highly-respected British subject, and as such under the ægis of Her British Majesty's Envoy, Lord Burghersh,—later Earl of Westmoreland,—who was at no time loath to throw his own diplomatic influence into the scale in opposition to the overbearing control exercised over the grand-ducal government by that great bugbear of the Austrian ambassador.

Under Mr. Crawley's roof I was still, so to say, on English ground. Mr. Crawley was only too happy to lend himself to an act of kindness which was at the same time an evidence of his power; and when he introduced me to his domestic circle and the usual evening company he actually named me "*Luigi Mariotti, alias Antonio Gallenga, an exile from Parma, a hero and martyr of 1831,*" the *alias* being in this case

a title of honor, which won me a general acclamation from the patriotic friends there assembled.

Mr. Crawley was a man of about sixty, of a very lofty and dignified appearance, and a quiet, unassuming demeanor. His wife was probably ten years younger, with a sharp and somewhat vinegar face, and fidgety address; a woman of many hobbies and oddities,—very *blue*, and vain of her learning,—whose strangest crotchet was a deep admiration of Strauss's "Life of Jesus," by which she had been induced to adopt the Hebrew views of our Saviour's career as a Messiah and to live now as a converted and professed actual Jewess. The offspring of this somewhat ill-suited pair were numerous. The eldest son was at home in England, a married man and an M.P. But there were still in the house a lot of boys and girls, of any age between eighteen and twelve,—the eldest daughter sixteen years old, rather pretty, but with some of her mother's acidity of expression, and who, a few years later, married one of Mazzini's stanchest and, to do him justice, most honorable partisans, Ausonio Sarpi.

In all the grown-up members of this Crawley family two distinct natures were blended. As English men and women they were proudly aristocratic, and ultra-Conservatives both in matters of Church and State. To the ignorant Italians who *milord*ed or *miladie*d them, they were always anxious to explain that they "had no titles, and would be sorry to have any,"—that the members of the House of Lords were for the most part mere upstarts, and that the true nobility of England were the old land-owners,—the county families,—before whose names men only placed the plain Mr. and Mrs. by which they themselves, the Crawleys, preferred to be designated.

But as residents of Italy the Crawleys harbored quite different views and acted on altogether other principles. It was not improbably a wish to retrench that had originally determined their choice of Florence (at that time a cheap place) for their permanent quarters. But it was not long before the bright Southern land cast its wonted spell over them. They soon learned not only

to love Italy, but to sympathize with the Italians. Unlike most of their countrymen, they made themselves at home among the natives; they took their cause to heart; and, though they frequented the court, and were even dealt with by the grand-ducal family with marked courtesy and benevolence, they made their house the rendezvous of the most advanced revolutionary characters,—not only of the patriots whose only aim was the independence and unity, or at least union, of Italy, but also of the most fanatical partisans of Mazzini and his *Giovane Italia*, whose faith was in a general subversion of all civil and social order and its reconstruction on the basis of an ultra-democratic, unbounded political and religious freedom. The only condition for the admission even of the most ranting republican into the Crawley circle was that the man should be educated and gentlemanly; and, as a necessary consequence, the majority of the Italians and strangers of other nations who frequented the house were of that order of the nobility, all the titles and privileges of whom were to be involved in the impending wreck and ruin of an effete society. The people of that class sat up till late; and before the company broke up I had on that first evening made the acquaintance of many young men belonging to the best Florentine families, the Mannelli, Baldelli, Ginori, Ridolfi, Cambray-Digny, etc., all counts or marquises, with the brothers Fenzi, bankers, Bartolommeo Cini, a great paper-mill owner, and a few professors, men of letters, etc., who, if they had no other titles, were sure to be addressed as *Dottori* or *Avvocati* (M.D.'s or LL.D.'s); for a handle to every name was indispensable in Italy, at least in those days.

Anything more charming than the conversation of these well-bred persons could not well be imagined. There were no other ladies present than those of the family; yet, strange to say, it struck me as if there were something feminine in the tone of the voices, the softness of the accent,—to which my ears had of late become unaccustomed,—something in the caressing manner and winning affectionate address, to which the

tutoiement of the Southern idioms admirably lends itself. All that was so old as to have become almost new to me; it sounded like the mere echo of a half-forgotten past. The years of my wandering life vanished from my mind; and in those few hours of my first evening in Florence I felt as if I became again the mere youth of my Parma days,—a hare-brained, impetuous, enthusiastic youth, not without upward instincts, but variable, melancholy, half ascetic in my habits; with many faults, all, I vowed, to be redeemed by self-sacrifice in some noble cause; above all, with an earnest love of work, and uncommon powers of exertion and endurance.

The following morning had a sobering effect. I went down into the hall before breakfast, and was set upon by the whole bevy of the Crawley children, who took me to their school-room, and, opening their class-books, appointed me then and there their tutor without waiting to know their parents' mind or my pleasure on the subject. I was, of course, only too happy to repay in some manner the hospitality which had been so freely offered, and to which no limit or condition had as yet been prescribed. When Mr. Crawley came down and saw us at work, he only said, "Sit still; do not move; let me not disturb you," and passed on. Thus, without further explanation, my life in that house began. I was installed as a private instructor for two or three hours in the morning, then had all the rest of the day to myself, to see Florence, extend and improve my Florentine acquaintance, lounging in the galleries, idling at the Café Doney, flirting with the Signora Erminia, the flower-girl there, a mere peasant, but a sovereign beauty with whom every male customer was bound to flirt, walking or driving to the Cascine, and staring at the lovely English and Russian ladies at the Piazzone, where they sat as for a show in their glittering carriages, till all ended by going home at dusk to Casa Crawley, where dinner and the usual reunion awaited me.

Dare I confess that, with all its charms, that easy life soon became wearisome to me? Those nine years'

wanderings had completely unfitted me for that monotonous quiet. I felt thoroughly *dépaysé*. Where everybody was thus busy doing nothing, it seemed hard that I should just have come all the way from England to help them. There were many among those Florentine idlers whom I liked, not many for whom I could feel much respect. The tone of their mind struck me as frivolous; their patriotism, which was general and sincere, seemed merely an affair of fashion; their love of literature and art only a luxury. I had fallen in with a set of dilettanti: the talk was prodigious, the work nil. My English and American experience had taught me to look on manliness as the first and most essential attribute of man; and Diogenes himself with his lantern would have been at great pains to find much of that quality among that *jeunesse dorée*. They were people who sat up late and wasted the night, as if thereby to acquire the right to kill the forenoon. Lands they had, but knew no country life. They had horses, but never rode. Hunting, shooting, boating, and other manly exercises were not to their taste. Their time was divided between the café and the Cascine, with the evening at the Pergola, and the late summer at the baths of Lucca or Pisa, Montenero or Viareggio. Their talk was a little about Italy, a great deal about the opera and the ballet. About some rival stars rising in the operatic horizon they would squabble with as much fury as their ancestors ever displayed in their Guelph and Ghibelline feuds.

I had gone the round of these same toils, which men called pleasures, when at home, in Parma, during the first score years of my life. Not a little of my youth was taken up by attendance at opera-boxes, dangling about married women. But it was a life for which I despised myself even then, when I knew no better, and which I loathed now, when I saw the danger of my relapsing into its inglorious routine. I did not dislike my new Florentine friends. Very fine fellows some of them were, with noble aspirations and generous instincts; but they seemed too ready to give in to the seductions of their corrupt society; they were too

easily persuaded that all striving after better things would be unavailing,—that their country was no field in which the battle of life could be fought with the least hope of success. And it was so, indeed ; for Italy was too utterly weakened by division, too prostrate and helpless under the priestly and princely rule that had weighed upon her for centuries, to have any chance of working out her deliverance by her unaided efforts. But it seemed to me that my countrymen still could and should fight for fighting's sake,—that they should stake their lives even on a losing game. I had always had a true religious faith in the miraculous power of self-sacrifice. Where a man cannot conquer in a good cause, I thought, he can at any rate suffer for it. No government can stand on a system of wholesale proscription and banishment. It may always be defied, even when it cannot be overthrown. It is in all cases right that one man should suffer for a whole people. "*Vincit qui patitur*" was my device, and on that theme I held forth among friends and strangers, in private circles and at the café tables, with that rash, inconsiderate freedom of speech which had always been habitual to me, even in my school-boy days at home, and had become a second nature during my stay in free countries, but which now caused my audience first to wonder and stare at me, then to turn pale and look behind their backs to see whether I was overheard, and at last to slink off one by one, some of them thinking me stark mad, others, who knew nothing about me, suspecting me as a spy and *agent provocateur*,—all which did not prevent my real friends making much of me, declaring that what I said was Christ's own gospel, and only wishing I might show a little more reserve, charity, and discretion.

It was especially in this respect that I was repeatedly admonished by my friend Enrico Mayer. His home was with his brother at Leghorn ; but he had chambers both at Pisa and Florence, and was often to be seen in both cities. With all his Italian patriotism, Mayer was a good German, and liked fair play both with friends and enemies. He had no faith in con-

spiracy, no hope in rebellion. All his reliance was in the education of the lower classes, and it was to that scope that he worked with all his energy with Lambruschini, Salvagnoli, Andreucci, and many other writers in the "Educatore." But I could neither see nor hope great results from the task at which these worthy men labored. I did not see much good in supplying readable matter for a people who had little taste for reading. I thought there was no language in Italy in which the lower classes could be addressed; for all Italians, high and low, even in Tuscany, used their *patois* in their familiar intercourse, and their noble tongue, which was only used for literary purposes, had all the artificiality, all the stiffness and unwieldiness, of a dead language. Moreover, it seemed to me that all the corruption in Italy was, not in the lowest ignorant classes, who at least toiled and suffered, but rather among the higher orders, for whom the best means of education were provided both at home and abroad. What was wanted in Italy was not merely instruction, but moral and physical training; and it was especially among the enervated, effeminate youth of the upper ranks that this deficiency was felt. It was this kind of education that the rulers of the country, both lay and clerical, most resolutely combated or at least discountenanced. Almost everything was allowed to a man in Italy, and especially in Tuscany,—except to be A MAN!

I spoke in this sense to the only one who seemed to me a real man, the Marquis Gino Capponi, to whom my good Mayer introduced me on his first arrival in Florence. Gino Capponi had almost all the gifts of body, mind, and heart that combine to make a king of men. He was the one among the Italians who had seen most of the world, and whom the world held in the highest esteem and reverence. He was the wisest as well as the noblest in the opinion of his countrymen,—the one most dreaded yet least molested or suspected by his country's rulers.

Capponi was forty-eight years old when I first saw him, and he lived to the great age of eighty-four; he

labored at the emancipation of the country by the regeneration of its people; he found himself, as its natural leader, at its head in 1848, when there was a chance of its deliverance; he had to yield the supreme power when anarchy and reaction set in; but throughout all revolutionary phases he stood firm and erect, too secure in his *mens conscia recti* ever to bend or break. Throughout that long life, in the privacy of his library, he had set himself a task,—a “History of the Florentine Republic.” He was at work about it year after year, long after he had lost the use of his eyes and had to read or write by the help of an amanuensis, and he put off the publication of his work till 1876,—the year of his death.

He was a tall man, renowned for his rare good looks in youth, majestic and serene in middle age when he was still striving with his gloomy affliction, resigned and cheerful at the time I last visited him with my friend Hillebrandt, in 1874, when he was in utter darkness, yet still in possession of all his faculties, with an unequalled freshness of memory, a clear, sonorous voice, and a wonderful fluency and command of language. I saw a great deal of him while I was in Florence. His interest in me centred in the fact that I had been for nearly three years in Boston, and had there been so intimate with Prescott as to be able to tell him how the American historian bore up under the gloomy calamity with which Capponi himself was afflicted, how he managed to grope in the dark for the materials wherewith his historical edifice had to be reared, and at what rate the assistance of other men’s eyes and hands enabled a blind man to work.

He made me read out to him some passages of “Ferdinand and Isabella,” and urged me to undertake an Italian translation of the American’s work,—a scheme which he pursued with great interest, taking up the publication as his own speculation, coming to terms with the bookseller Barbera for my remuneration, and helping me in the interpretation of some technicalities about the constitutional organization of the mediæval kingdoms of Castile and Aragon, in which he dis-

played an amount of knowledge far above anything that I could boast. I took up the task with a good will, but I only regret that I was not allowed to carry it on to any great length, as I had to leave Florence when I had just fairly gone through the magnificent introduction.

Capponi fully sympathized with all I felt and said about the frivolity—the want of backbone—of the Florentine youth of that generation; he thought, as I did, that there is no state of society in which a man may not do great good by incurring a little risk, and encouraged me to write in the same strain as I talked, trusting that his influence would suffice to insure a place for my articles in the “*Antologia*,” the “*Archivio Storico*,” and the “*Educatore*.”

It happened about the end of May, as I was sitting down with my young pupils in Casa Crawley, that we missed our French dictionary, which, it was said, had been taken into Mrs. Crawley’s drawing-room. The children lost time bidding one another to go and fetch the book, when, waxing impatient, I got up, and went for it myself.

It was rather early in the forenoon, but Mrs. Crawley was already in the room with some lady visitors. I walked in with a light step, and went straight to the side-table, where the dictionary was lying, hoping to escape notice; but Mrs. Crawley looked up, and said, with what seemed to me uncalled-for asperity, “Mr. Mariotti, the children are in the school-room.”

“I know it,” I answered; “and I beg your pardon. I have just left them there this moment. I only came for this book, and I was not aware you were here and had company.”

With this I withdrew, and the lady probably thought no more of the snub she had administered; but I thought it undeserved, and it rankled in my bosom very deeply and very sorely,—so much so, that the lesson was no sooner over than I ran to Mayer’s lodgings, told him the occurrence, and begged him to intimate to Mr. Crawley, with many thanks for his kindness, that I had already too long trespassed on his hospitality,

and that I wished now to establish myself in Florence as a bachelor, living by myself in chambers, and looking for literary employment.

My good Mayer tried hard to reason me out of my "fatal resolution," as he called it, which, as it would cut me adrift from English protection, would immediately lead to my banishment from Tuscany; but, seeing that my purpose was unalterable, he conveyed my wishes to Mr. Crawley with such tact and dexterity as to remove all suspicion of any displeasure on my part, and it was settled that I should take up my residence where I pleased, so only I continued my attendance at Crawley House as an instructor, Mr. Crawley for the first time bethinking himself of appointing my salary, and insisting on paying arrears from the first day of my arrival.

Thus all was settled, and I took my leave. I was punctual in the discharge of my duties at the school-room, and appeared at some of the evening reunions at Casa Crawley for a week or two; but little by little my visits of ceremony discontinued. It was not long before family matters called away Mr. Crawley to England. The family went for their sea-baths at Spezia, and I never saw any of them again, except the eldest girl, whom I met many years later in the Strand as a married woman, walking arm in arm with her husband, Ausonio Sarpi,—when the lady cut me dead as an anti-Mazzinian, while Sarpi himself shook hands and stopped for a friendly greeting; for he was too rational a being to allow political differences to interfere with the claims of mutual esteem and friendship.

Would it be believed that, though I was now my own master, I found it still very difficult to reconcile myself to my sojourn at "Florence the Fair"? But it so happened that the spring or early summer of that year was oppressively hot, and the glare or dust affected my eyes; and I felt as if the little English I had learned had taken away any skill I ever had in the use of my Italian; I was at a loss for proper, forcible expressions, both in my translation and in my original writings; and I felt town life in Italy noisy and unwholesome,

the air polluted by bad drainage, by the exhalations of the stagnant water of the dammed-up river, and by the utter disregard of all decency and of the commonest hygienic rules on the part both of the government and people.

I began, in short, to perceive that I had been too long estranged from my country to find myself at home in it. I fancied that by turning my back upon England I had cut myself off from all intellectual, sober, useful life, and dreaded that force of example which might soon make me as inane and unprofitable a being as only too many of the men I saw about me. I was disappointed, disheartened, sick of myself, weary of the present, hopeless of the future, and regretful of the past. I hardly dared to avow it even to myself, but it is a fact that I longed to leave Italy and go back to England. And it was not long before it came to pass that I had my heart's desire.

I had got into the habit of shunning intercourse with my countrymen, among whom I perceived that my scoldings and upbraiding had made me unpopular, and seldom saw any company, except at Vieusseux's *soirées* in the fine apartments adjoining the great circulating library, which was the social centre of all distinguished travellers going through Florence, and where one met fully as many strangers—especially English and Americans—as natives of Italy. I had made there the acquaintance of Horatio Greenough, at that time the most renowned of American sculptors, and who was now busy with a colossal statue of George Washington, destined to fill a conspicuous place in the Hall of the Capitol at the seat of government in the United States.

Greenough was one of the handsomest and best-mannered men I have ever known, and I saw a great deal of him, both at his house, where he lived with his wife and wife's sister, and at the Cascine, where he drove a phaeton and a fine span of horses, and where he usually looked out for me, begged me to take the vacant seat by his side, and after a prolonged drive alighted with me for an ice and a little æsthetic talk at

the Café Doney. As the summer advanced, his ladies had gone for their sea-baths to Viareggio, and as the town was fast emptying itself of its foreign visitors we became indivisible, and were pointed at as we passed as Orestes and Pylades.

One morning about mid-July I called at his studio, and found him grave and thoughtful, and, as I thought, less than usually warm in his greetings.

"My friend," he said, "what have you done to call upon yourself the attention of the grand-ducal police? Do you know?—one of Baldasseroni's secretaries has just been here, intimating that the government are fully aware that you are living here under an assumed name, which is, in their estimation, a very heinous offence, and which puts you *hors la loi*. They would, they say, have proceeded against you long ago, but, as they know you are my friend and would rather spare me any unpleasantness, they begged me to convey to you their advice, which is to call for your passport and take yourself off with as little delay as possible, and while you are still free in your movements."

I was thunderstruck and somewhat alarmed at the news, but it was only for a moment. In a few minutes I felt as if a great weight was removed from my mind.

"You don't say so?" I exclaimed. "Then hurrah for England! You are my witness, Horatio. It is not from choice I go: they drive me out. Hurrah! hurrah! Old England forever!"

Though my heart danced within me at the idea of going, I soon mastered my emotion, and went with a long face, first to the English, then to the American minister, loudly complaining of the undeserved ill treatment I met with at the hands of the Tuscan authorities, protesting against the violation of the common laws of international hospitality, and asking if they could and would support me if I resisted a command which had hitherto only been intimated to me under the form of a friendly hint.

Those two diplomatists shook their heads, as I well expected: they could do nothing for me; for, as a

native of Parma, I either was under the protection of the Austrian ambassador or under none.

Whereupon I raised a great clamor against the iniquity of the measure that expelled me, and, laughing in my sleeve all the time, I packed up my luggage with great glee, paid my few debts, went through all the necessary leave-takings, and, putting myself in a *biroccino* like the one that had brought me to Florence, I drove back in it to Leghorn, just staying a few hours at Pisa to explain what had happened to my dear Enrico Mayer, who showed me all his hearty sympathy, but had no other consolation to offer than the "I told you so!" of all prophets of evil.

That same night I slept at Leghorn, and on the morrow I embarked in the French steamer bound for Genoa and Marseilles, and hence through France, *viâ* Lyons, Dijon, Paris, and Boulogne, I crossed the Channel and came up the river to the London Bridge stairs, after little more than a three months' absence.

CHAPTER XVII.

SECOND TRIAL IN ENGLAND.

Back in England—Gloomy lodgings—Gloomy prospects—Publishers' money—Up-hill work—My first book—A holiday trip—My future home—A modern castle—Oxford—Coming out in print—Authors and critics—Writers and publishers.

It was not without a transport of joy that I stood on the deck of the Boulogne boat as we steered through the maze of the world's merchant-shipping on our way to our landing-place. The river was then—and, in spite of all the railway-termini, will ever be—the great avenue, and London Bridge the main gate, of London town. In the midst of all that stir and hubbub, under that clouded sky, in sight of those dingy-white turrets and that smoke-begrimed dome, I felt that I was coming home; and the mutton-chop and Guinness's stout with

which we whiled away our time at a low yet clean public-house near the wharf where our luggage was being landed under the custom-house guards' supervision went for not a little towards strengthening the feeling of satisfaction with which I saw myself restored to English life,—the life best suited to my taste and temperament.

I had already, during my first stay in London, become weary of my boarding-house company, and made choice of a little parlor and back parlor in a decent house of furnished apartments at the east end of Devonshire Street, Portland Place. Thither I directed the cabman to take me and my luggage, and there I established myself in a thorough bachelor's establishment, feeling for the first time the great luxury of being alone, lord of all I surveyed, lord of myself and my time.

My trunks being emptied and my rooms tidied, I sallied forth into the street, and on to Portland Place, strolling leisurely along the broad-flagged pavement towards Langham Place and Regent Street. I mused. My prospects of gaining a permanent footing on the slippery ground of this huge English metropolis were certainly not brighter—were even considerably gloomier—than they had been on my arrival from America fourteen months before; and, woe was me! my pocket was lighter! We were now in the last days of July, at the fag-end of the London season. The shutters were closed in most of the mansions of that stately neighborhood. Schools and colleges would soon be breaking up for the summer holidays. Nothing to be done in private houses, where, even when the head of the family was detained in town by parliamentary, official, or professional business, the women and children were packed off to the country, to the sea,—anywhere for a change of air. No chance, for me or for any man, of employment in the teaching-line at this time of the year, even if I had not, in my own case, spoiled all by the abrupt manner in which I threw up the few pupils I had when I left England in mid-April, placing them under the necessity of providing another teacher at a

moment's notice. With what face could I show myself to the kind friends who had exerted themselves on my behalf, reappearing barely three months after a leave-taking which both they and myself thought would be forever? How could I expect them to take again the same interest in the fortunes of a man who seemed so little to know his own mind, who was so ready to break from old engagements, to launch into new ventures, and to throw away his opportunities?

My heart sank within me as I walked on in my brown study; but I had no one to blame except myself, and I felt how important it was in my difficulties to keep on good terms with the one who, as he had involved me in them, was alone in duty bound to extricate me from them. "You have made your bed, sir," I said to myself: "you must lie in it as you can."

With these thoughts in my mind, I had proceeded down Regent Street to the corner of Conduit Street, when I remembered Saunders & Otley and the "Metropolitan Magazine." I went up to the shop, was shown into old Mr. Saunders's sanctum, and was warmly greeted by the old gentleman, who handed me the August number of that journal, among the contents of which I read the fourth of the articles on "Italy" I had left in the mythical editor's hands at my departure. The publisher gave me the grand, the glorious news that my papers had made "quite a sensation," that the remaining three would follow month by month, and that meanwhile he was in my debt and would be happy to settle with me for those that had appeared; for which, he added, he would have sent me a check to Italy had I ever made him acquainted with my whereabouts as I had promised to do.

"Twelve guineas!" Can the reader imagine what a boon that lump of gold was to a poor wight, all whose wealth at that moment scarcely amounted to as many shillings? All that harvest gathered from seeds which I feared had been vainly scattered to the winds! It was the first remuneration I received for English literary work done in England, nor could it have been more welcome had the sum been ever so much larger, or my

need of it ever so much less sorely and urgently pressing.

My spirits rose at once; and in the reaction following upon the chill of those few hours' depression, there seemed to be hardly any undertaking I felt unequal to. "Lessons for me!" I exclaimed: "better starve as a bookseller's hack than roll in wealth as a *marchand de participes*."

It was not long, however, before I experienced that both teaching and writing would be for me, if not quite starving, at least sadly pinching work. I sat down at my desk with great courage and constancy. I renewed and extended my acquaintance with the *ban* and *arrière-ban* of the literary host. The printers, Richard and John Edward Taylor, had just started a "British and Foreign Review," which relied for its funds on the liberality of a wealthy M.P. anxious for the promulgation of ultra-liberal views, and which for a few months allowed its contributors as high a rate of remuneration as either the "Quarterly" or the "Edinburgh Review" had ever paid. The pages of the "Foreign Quarterly," of the "Foreign and Colonial," of the "Westminster" and other Reviews were liberally opened to me by their respective editors, and it was not very often that my manuscripts were returned to me with or without thanks. But it was hard struggling work for a long time. For the paying editors were not many; and the few had their hands full, and were for the most part unknown to me, accessible to none but their intimate friends, and I never felt disposed to solicit as a favor that civility which I fancied I could claim as a right. My articles were not often rejected; but they lay for months unopened or unread; for months I was kept in suspense as to their fate, my letters unanswered, my applications for a personal interview met with an inexorable "Not at home!" Even when my writings were accepted and actually put into type, when the proof-slips were sent to me for correction, publication was still put off quarter after quarter, till my patience was exhausted, and I got back my manuscript, not without some angry correspondence, occa-

sionally ending in an actual quarrel,—in one instance the editor, a D.D., too, compelling me to resort to legal prosecution for the money he had received from the publisher for the payment of his contributors!

Even in those not very rare cases in which the review was under honest and strictly punctual management, the writer in one of those heavy periodicals, especially if, like myself, he was only a beginner unknown to fame, had no end of vexatious disappointments and bitter humiliations to put up with. The editor, of course, was absolute and supreme judge of what suited his taste and befitted his journal. He had his own views and principles to uphold,—his party's interests to serve, but in some instances also his crotchets and conceits to humor. He was always sure to be right even on subjects to which he had paid little attention, and which the writer had made the study of his whole life. Your poor article, that unlucky bantling on which you had bestowed so much care, which you had so long, so lovingly licked into shape, would come out—when it did come out—with a very mosaic of petty corrections, interpolations, mutilations, till you had no little difficulty in recognizing your own production,—till you found that you had been made to say what you never intended, and must be answerable for glaring inconsistencies and absurdities of which you deemed yourself incapable. And all that because the Great Unknown at the head of the journal is determined that his editorship should be no sinecure, and that he would rather die than let well alone.

With all these drawbacks, however, that constant brain-work had not a little charm for me, and throughout the summer months of that year 1840 I was assiduously at my desk, hardly seeing any man, and allowing myself no other recreation than a brisk walk round Regent's Park, or a run up to the Hampstead and Highgate Hills. Besides revising and writing over again every line of those American lectures on "Italy" which I turned into articles for the "Metropolitan Magazine," I wrote a series of essays for the reviews, only one of which came out before the end of that year,

the remainder following at intervals during the ensuing twelve months, and even later, to suit the editors' convenience.*

October came, and with it the sea-bathers came back, and all the flock of those migratory birds whose flight did not extend beyond Boulogne, or Havre, or the Belgian cities and the Rhine. Business revived in London, and, as all my earnings as a literary man were only in prospect, I had again perforce to take to my old trade of a teacher of languages, and did it with something of the feelings of those two greedy and improvident Capuchin monks who on their way to a peasant's wedding found some fine ripe pears at the foot of a tree close to the roadside, and their first instinct was to pick them up, but on second thoughts, fearing that that fruit, tempting as it was, might spoil their appetite for the wedding-feast, threw it contemptuously into the fetid ditch that stagnated along the highway, but who, being hindered in their farther progress by a brook which recent rains had made impassable, had to go back disappointed and famished, and were only too glad to fish out of the mire and devour those pears which were now hardly fit for the swine to eat.

A complete revolution had taken place in London with respect to that teaching-trade. These were no longer the days of Byron and Shelley, of Roscoe, Leigh Hunt, Rogers, Landor, and those other stars of the Regency, who had caused all their educated countrymen to rave about Italy,—no longer the days when Pickering's diamond editions of the Italian classics

* The following are the dates of some of those articles, as they appeared in print :

1. "Catherine de Medici," October, 1840, "Foreign Quarterly Review," No. li.
2. "Historical Publications in Italy," January, 1841, "British and Foreign Review," No. xxii.
3. "Copyright in Italy," January, 1841, "Foreign Quarterly," No. lii.
4. "Italian Drama," April, 1841, *Ibid.*, No. liii.
5. "Education in Italy," July, 1841, *Ibid.*, No. liv.
6. "The Women in Italy," October, 1841, *Ibid.*, No. lv.
7. "The Aristocracy of Italy," January, 1842, *Ibid.*, No. lvi.

were a paying speculation, and the lives of Poggio Bracciolini, Poliziano, or their contemporaries were in demand at the circulating libraries. Italian was at a discount after Queen Victoria's marriage, and German had come into fashion. Ariosto and Tasso could ill bear up against the inroads of Schiller and Goethe; and even poor Manzoni and Pellico were insufficient to keep up the pretensions of Italy to a living literature. The learners of Italian were indeed more numerous than ever; but they no longer belonged to the same class of people. The Italian teacher was simply looked upon as an auxiliary to the singing-master. His rank had sunk, and his fees had dwindled; and in the same measure as his wares deteriorated, both in quality and price, the competition increased, owing to the constant influx of political exiles driven in shoals to these hospitable English shores by the calamitous vicissitudes of the Italian peninsula,—all the new-comers taking to the teaching-trade as to the only one for which they all deemed themselves fit, and by which they were determined to live. And of all these eager rivals hardly one but met with greater success than I did,—partly because my heart and soul were not in my work, but chiefly because I could not stoop to the undignified shifts and dodges by which some of my colleagues managed to get on; I could tell no lies about the place of my nativity; I could not smirk, and cringe, and truckle, could not bribe the booksellers or music-masters, and would put up with no lower terms than those who could not boast better qualifications. Everything seemed against me. Careful mothers and rigid governesses objected to me as still too young, while damsels allowed to have their own way naturally gave their preference to some one better-looking.

It was in the midst of this painful struggle for existence that I received an intimation from Messrs. Saunders & Otley to the effect that the (invisible) editor of the "Metropolitan Magazine" could not go on with the publication of my articles on Italy, seven of which had already appeared in as many successive months, but that they, the publishers, and some of their friends

had so high an opinion of those papers that if I would favor them with a call in Conduit Street at my earliest convenience they hoped it might be in their power to come to terms with me for the publication of those articles and of those that were to follow in the shape of a book.

It was not likely that I should lose much time in answering the summons. I saw Mr. Otley, and signed with him an agreement by which it was understood that the book should be published as a joint speculation, or, as the phrase is, "at half profits."

The work was to be ready for the early spring, the publishing season of the ensuing year, 1841; but I went so diligently to work about the revision of the last chapters as to be able to place the manuscript in the printer's hands before Christmas. What with that revision, however, and the articles I had engaged to supply for the January numbers of the "*Foreign Quarterly*" and "*British and Foreign Review*," and the lessons, which, few as they were, took up the best part of the day, compelling me to trudge all over London from end to end, I felt I had overtaxed my strength, and by the time the holidays began I was in want of a few days of rest and a change of air.

On my journey from London to Florence in April I had met a young Oxford student, by name John Earle, whom his friends nicknamed John, Earl of Oxford, who was travelling as an agent for the British and Foreign Bible Society and was trusted with a large pack of Diodati's Testaments intended to be smuggled into Italy. I gave him all the help I could in his hallowed contraband trade, and reassured him about the terrors he had conceived as to the possible consequences of his rash enterprise by showing him that, whatever might be the case in other Italian States, Diodati's Italian translation of the Scriptures was freely exhibited for sale in more than one book-stall in Florence. In my subsequent intercourse I became so intimate with him that, on my leaving Tuscany in July, he gave me letters of introduction to some of his college friends, and among others to a young doctor, a native of Bristol, by name

Thomas Thomas, whom, he said, I should find established as a medical practitioner at Tintern, on the Wye. Having heard, or read, good accounts of the loveliness of the valley of that name, and being indifferent as to the direction I might give to my holiday trip, so only I avoided the horrors of the middle passage, I left London by a night coach to Bath, two days before Christmas eve, found at Bath the train of the newly-opened railway to Bristol, crossed the Bristol Channel over to Chepstow, and thence went five miles up the Wye Valley to Tintern by a magnificent four-horse coach, which carried the Hereford mail. The cold for a few days of that Christmas season was intense. On the night when I sat outside the coach from London to Bath, several travellers doing the same on other routes in England were, as we learned from the newspapers, frozen stiff to death on their seats. And the Wye at Tintern, which flowed under the windows of the doctor's house where I was a guest, was choked up with large and thick cakes of ice, floating up and down with the tide, "cracking and growling, roaring and howling, like noises in a swound," as did the ocean ice-fields described by the Ancient Mariner in the tale of his dismal cruise.

The valley of the Wye, so renowned for its beauty in the summer season, had assumed at that juncture all the sublimity of the most rugged Alpine scenery; but neither extreme cold nor the contrary excess ever lasts for more than three days in the West of England. We soon came to a thaw, then to days mild, moist, and sunny; and in a few excursions in which I accompanied my friend the doctor in his professional visits up the valley and across the hills, I had the best opportunities of seeing the country under that ordinary winter aspect which somewhat alters, but never altogether destroys, its picturesque character.

About four miles above Tintern we stopped at a little lonely and somewhat primitive village on the river-side, close to the right bank, nestling in a bend of the valley where the hills sweep round, steep and precipitous like the walls of an amphitheatre, encircling

and sheltering a glen down into which a brawling brook falls with a miniature cataract, described by the native peasantry as "The Shoots." On the hill-slope, close to the brook, about two hundred feet above the village, a new house or villa in the Elizabethan style had just been built on the ledge of a rock hewn out and levelled into a platform or terrace, whence one had the most charming view of the valley above and below, the hills on either side crossing, dovetailing, and overlapping their skirts for several miles before the house, and the river winding round and round, as if wooing it and loath to quit it. The house had been reared at a high cost by the wife of a wealthy gentleman, and was to be her dower-house on her husband's demise. The house was finished, though not inhabited, and bore, with the owner's crest, the date of that year, 1840.

I stood for a long time on that terrace—the doctor being busy with his patients farther up on the hills—and looked with rapture on the surrounding landscape, in the midst of which the newly-erected habitation was enthroned, as if to be the queen of the valley; and as I gazed and gazed again a soft feeling stole over me, such as Guy Mannering is described as having experienced when he stood on the turrets of Mr. Bertram's dilapidated ancestral mansion at Ellangowan. "How happily," I exclaimed, almost in his very words, "would life glide in this happy retirement!" Only there was no Miss Wellwood in my case whom I could apostrophize as he did: "Here, then, and with thee, Sophia!"

I have spent so many words on this account of my otherwise uneventful western trip simply for the reason that the name of that village was Llandogo, and the brand-new house, with its fine surrounding, which I then so greatly admired and coveted, was eighteen years later destined to become my home,—the home to which for many years I flew on the wings of the wind during the brief intervals allowed by my incessant professional wanderings,—the home where I am now, and where I hope to continue to be a fixture to the close of my days.

From Tintern and Llandogo I proceeded to Monmouth, and farther up to Ross, whence I paid a visit to Sir Samuel Meyrick, the learned gentleman who had for a long time the care of the armory of the Tower. Sir Samuel was now living in retirement at Goodrich Court, a castellated mansion built by him in the Norman feudal style on a hill facing the hill still crowned by the ruins of Goodrich Castle, and which he had furnished as a museum of arms and antiquities, a valuable collection now filling several apartments in the South Kensington Museum. I stayed with Sir Samuel a week, discussing with him several subjects of Italian heraldry and genealogy, about which we had been in correspondence for several months, but in which he was in every respect my master. Sir Samuel was rather dreaded than loved by his neighbors in the county, who described him as a man of hot temper and many crotchets, and a sceptic in religious matters,—probably because he harbored no good will to the clergy of any denomination,—let us hope, only to *bad* clergymen,—a disposition of mind which my visit gave him an opportunity of indulging to his heart's content, and to my own benefit.

For it happened that one of that cloth who had been the incumbent of one of the best parishes in the suburbs of London, that of C——, had absconded and gone abroad with his family and household, bag and baggage, leaving no address, and only a large amount of unsettled bills behind, among which there was a trifle of sixteen pounds due to me for lessons given to his daughters. On mentioning the case to my host, and giving the reverend gentleman's name, Sir Samuel cried out, "What! Mr. W——? I hope it is not the new humbug upon whom our bishop here has bestowed the fat living of M——?" And upon inquiring, and ascertaining that the new vicar of M—— in the diocese of Hereford was actually the same reverend defaulter and runagate from the parish of C—— in the diocese of London, he summoned his attorney from Ross, and set him at the vicar, and with such good effect that at the end of three days the lawyer called and handed me my sixteen pounds.

On taking leave of my kind host, he traced out my back journey to London *via* Malvern, Worcester, and Oxford, gave me letters for this last-named place, addressed to the vice-chancellor and other "heads," as well as to the librarian of the Bodleian,—this latter a distinguished scholar and an amiable companion, with whom I dined at the Fellows' table in New College Hall, who showed me all the wonders of the university (which struck me only as the *beau-idéal* of a vast mediæval monastery), and who both in this and in later visits endeavored, zealously though vainly, to further my interest as a candidate for an Italian professorship in the Taylorian Institution for the Teaching of Modern Languages,—an institution the inauguration of which had long been expected, but was still put off from year to year.

On my return to London, after three weeks' absence, I found the first proof-sheets of my book lying on my table, and went to work correcting and revising it till it came out in April, 1841, with the unnecessarily long title, "Italy: General Views of its History and Literature in Reference to its Present State," which in a second issue, following a few months later, was curtailed into "Italy, Past and Present."

The apparent success of that juvenile work was so great as might well have turned a much stronger head than mine. The publishers sent out ten copies as presents to literary gentlemen and ladies of eminence,—first of all to Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer and Mr. Disraeli, both of them then at the height of their reputation as writers, and the first of whom had probably urged on Messrs. Saunders & Otley the expediency of publishing my work. Though I was as yet unacquainted with those gentlemen, I received their letters of thanks conveyed in such flattering terms as were in all probability only meant for the encouragement of a beginner, but which seemed to me far to transcend all the limits of mere courtesy or benevolence.

Sir Edward declared himself delighted "to see an Italian taking up the cause of his country, and by his noble enthusiasm awakening in its behalf the interest

of the European nations." He described my English as "admirable," no foreigner, in his opinion, having ever attained such a style, "as beautiful in form as it was in thought."

Mr. Disraeli recognized in the work "the rare characteristics of genius," a vast acquaintance with the subject, a picturesque elocution clothing profound ideas, a passionate sensibility, etc., etc.

In a few days after its publication that book had won for me an altogether new social position. Lady Morgan, Lady Blessington, and other ladies who had recently written on Italy or on subjects connected with that country, were loud in my praises; and, as their drawing-rooms were the resort of a variety of persons of distinction, I found, when I was admitted into them, that my name had preceded me, and my "Italy" lay conspicuously on their tables. Lady Molesworth, Mrs. Milner Gibson, and other leaders of fashion among a certain class in Belgravia took me by the hand, and rare during that season were the afternoons or evenings in which I was allowed to attend to my occupations or enjoy the quiet of my lodgings. Dinners, concerts, parties of all kinds followed without respite. I dined with Sir Edward Bulwer, both in Piccadilly and in Hertford Street,—where I renewed my acquaintance with Robert Browning, and where I repeatedly saw Sir Edward's brother, Mr.—later Sir Henry—Bulwer, and, later still, Lord Dalling. At Lady Morgan's especially, whose husband, Sir Charles, was still living, I was a daily visitor, and there was scarcely any notability among her acquaintance to whom I was not introduced; and, though I did not always know how to turn my opportunities to the best advantage, many of those with whom I then was brought together were won as stanch friends for life. One of Lady Morgan's old cronies, Mr. Holford, a retired clergyman, a man of great wealth, and known for his sumptuous hospitalities, offered to enter my name as a candidate for election at the Athenæum Club, and, at his suggestion, I sent a copy of my "Italy" as a present to that institution.

Mr. Disraeli had at that time not long been married, and was often to be met at Mrs. Milner Gibson's, the two ladies continuing to be very intimate friends, though their husbands no longer mustered in the same political ranks, as Mr. Disraeli, after several protean changes, was then settling down as a Conservative, and had arrayed around him that golden youth which was soon to take the field as leaders of the "Young England" Party. I distinctly remember dining at Grosvenor Gate with a large party, where every gentleman present, myself excepted, wore a white waistcoat,—among them, Mr. Smythe, Lord John Manners, and others of that clique,—and where, upon the ladies withdrawing, both the host and his guests courteously for some time addressed me, as a stranger, plying me with questions about Italy, after which they turned the conversation to matters nearer home, and, either forgetting my presence or deeming all caution unnecessary, they laid freely open their plans of action for open war with the government, and even, half in jest, half in earnest, assigned to each other the part they were to fulfil in a future cabinet. Upon which, on the following day, meeting a good friend of mine then in Parliament, I ventured to express an opinion that Disraeli aspired to take the lead of the Opposition, and eventually to be a minister,—an opinion for which I was scouted and laughed at by my friend, who pitied me for a poor benighted foreigner knowing so little of the prejudices and antipathies of his countrymen, and assured me that I myself, or the Lascar sweeping at the street-crossing, might as soon cherish the presumption of winning a seat in her majesty's Council or cabinet as "that Jew's son or grandson," adding that "Dizzy" was too shrewd a man even to *dream* of such a promotion. But I had read "Vivian Grey," and felt sure that the writer of that novel meant to be the maker, as he had evidently been the prophet, of his exalted fortunes.

Outside that circle, which was already too large for me, my connections at this epoch grew wondrously extensive. I knew Leigh Hunt, and his son, Thornton,

and his friend George Lewes; and Thomas Hood, then ailing and aged in appearance; and James Payn, at that time still a beginner; and Thackeray, as yet obscure; and William Harrison Ainsworth, at whose house I frequently dined with a lot of friends, and where I met Mr. Henry Chorley, who was my *bête noire*, with his carroty whiskers and crimson necktie, his shrill voice and dictatorial tone, and who seemed to me never so happy as when he could, either talking or writing, have a fling at Italy and the Italians. Last, not least, I should name Thomas Carlyle, at whose request I was frequently taken by Mazzini to Cheyne Row, where in the evening I found the grisly philosopher seated in a low arm-chair near the fire, with his feet up to the chimney-piece, Yankee fashion, with half-closed eyes, and a meerscham between his teeth, holding forth in his own drawling Scotch sing-song, and so much in the phraseology with which I had become familiar in his writings—and especially in his “French Revolution,” which I knew almost by heart—that I often turned to him wondering whether he was merely talking, or reading, or reciting.

But, as I said from the beginning, the success of that poor book of mine was only apparent. I had but to go to Conduit Street, where I was sure to be met by Mr. Otley with a very long face, and the stereotyped phrase that the sale was “slow, sir, very slow.” How it was, why it was so, he could not explain. They had advertised, they had spread the presentation-copies most liberally among the press; yet the book was hardly anywhere reviewed or noticed.

“Could I do nothing for it?” he suggested.

“Nothing!” I replied, tartly. “An author’s task is ended when the book is written; it is the publisher’s business to sell it.” And I came away angry and disdainful, for to puff my own work, or to have it puffed by any act of mine, was repugnant to my old-fashioned Italian notions as beneath my dignity, though I have seen it done in England by men whose name sounds higher than a blast from the trumpet of fame, and no one seems to think that even the “greatest circulation

in the world" is sufficient to insure notoriety even in London alone.

Notwithstanding all my repugnance, as month after month passed, and all the journals seemed to conspire to ignore my luckless production, I, taking good Lady Morgan's advice, wrote to her friend Mr. Charles Dilke, the able editor of the "*Athenæum*," complaining of the inhospitable treatment that a stranger, struggling to make his country known in England, met on the part of those critics whose duty to the public was to sit in judgment with impartial justice, and whose sentence, favorable or otherwise, might be claimed by every author as a right. Mr. Dilke, whose friend, as well as his son's and grandson's, I became in later years, answered somewhat vaguely, pleading press of work and lack of space, and adding that part of my book had appeared in a magazine, and it was against the rule for the "*Athenæum*" to take any notice of periodical publications. Nevertheless, two weeks later, a review of my "*Italy*" did appear in the "*Athenæum*," not by any means hostile, but, as it seemed to me, flippant and supercilious, "damning with faint praise," in which I thought I recognized the caustic manner of my turkey-cock friend Henry Chorley, though this latter very loudly asserted that his writing in the "*Athenæum*" was limited to the treatment of the music and fine arts department.

Be that as it may, I made no further application to the literary or political organs of the press, and these evidently did not even think it worth while to act on that charitable suggestion, "Hit him, he has no friends." They simply ignored me and my doing. Very little, to my knowledge, appeared in any journal, either to contradict or corroborate the "*Athenæum's*" oracle. The book languished throughout the year; and when I met Mr. Otley in Conduit Street, towards Christmas, the information was, "Dead, sir! Dead as a coffin-nail!"

The unsold copies were presently re-advertised as a "second edition," with a new title-page and binding, and the whole of the issue was eventually exhausted.

But when we came to settle accounts, my "half-profits" were $0 \times 0 = 0$.

That same book, however, was, without my knowledge or consent, published in Leipsic, in a magnificent German translation by Julius Bernhard Seybt, a gentleman unknown to me, and a long *feuilleton* appeared in the "*Allgemeine Zeitung*," full of very warm and, as I thought, exaggerated praise. But what success the publication had in that country I never took the trouble to inquire.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A SECOND TEMPTATION.

Despondency—Cesarini and Maltravers—A bishop's offer—Liverpool to Halifax—American notes—Windsor, Nova Scotia—College life—Halifax—Work and work's wages—A lecture and its consequences—Summer enjoyments—Winter prospects—Back to England.

THE depression of spirits into which I fell when the publishers announced to me the death of my book was fully commensurate to the elation I felt when its birth was proclaimed. I sat down angry with the world and with myself, cursing the evil star which had launched me into a literary career, in which, had there even been a chance of success for me in any other country, I began to fear that nothing but failure would ever await me in England. "Of what avail," I asked, "had any amount of painstaking been to me? Had not that wretched book of mine been twice and three times written over? Was there a subject in which I could hope to be more at home, in which all the faculties of my soul, all the purest, noblest, holiest feelings of my heart, could be more deeply engaged? If love for my country has no power to win me distinction, what other theme will better inspire me? I have put my good will to the test, tasked all my faculties, strained all my energies, and what is the final result? Plainly,

I am one of those men whose powers fall short of their aspirations."

I was still full of these disheartening thoughts when I went out; and as I was taking a short cut through the Albany, I was stopped by Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, who spoke to me with his usual courtesy, and, perhaps becoming aware of the cloud that darkened my brow, begged me to waive all ceremony and dine with him *tête-à-tête* that evening in Hertford Street. I accepted and dined with him; and, when the dinner was over, we pushed forward two arm-chairs to the chimney-corners, placed our claret-glasses on the mantel-piece, and the conversation began.

Somehow, though I had not seen much of Sir Edward, I had a vague idea that no one took as much interest in my well-being as he did, and on that evening I became convinced of it. He asked me how the world wagged with me, and when I opened my heart to him, telling him of the disappointment caused by the failure of the book of which he had expressed so flattering an opinion, he endeavored to soothe my wounded spirit by assuring me that he had said no more about my "Italy" than the book deserved, that publishers were an unsatisfactory set of men to deal with, but that of course he need not tell me that all beginnings were beset with hardships, that literature was a useful walking-stick but an unsafe crutch, and he hoped I was not depending on the sale of my books for my sustenance.

Having thus overthrown all my reserve, and made out from me of what nature were the difficulties I had to contend with in my various professional avocations, he asked me how far advanced I was in my knowledge of French and German, begged me to show him a sample of my handwriting, and explained how it had occurred to him that I might find an offer from him to take me in his service as a private secretary or amanuensis not too much beneath me,—at least "till fortune showed a better disposition to do me justice."

He stopped me by a wave of his hand as I was about to answer, begged me to take time and consider his proposal and convey to him my decision by writing.

There was no man in England at the time for whose talents I had a higher respect than Sir Edward. I had read his novel "*Ernest Maltravers*,"—the second edition of which was just out,—and not only placed it far above all other works of fiction of the day, but, had it not been printed before the author had heard anything of me, I should have thought that he had read me through and through, and had me before his mind's eye in his creation of his weak-minded Italian, Cesarini,—a character evidently meant as a set-off to the sterner and loftier English type of Maltravers, in which the novelist had more or less consciously portrayed himself; the poor Italian pining for a fame which, strive as he might, he could never attain, while the proud Englishman, without giving it a thought, claimed and attained it as his indisputable birthright.

There was more than mere admiration for his writings, and more than mere gratitude for his benevolence, to bind me to Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer. There was that harmony of souls which made me find in his pages the interpretation of my own thoughts and feelings. It seemed as if what was blindly and vainly struggling for utterance within me took color and shape in the flow of his language. His writings revealed to me my own mind as a looking-glass would reflect my face. His was the influence which most powerfully contributed to make me known to myself,—a self-knowledge which, in a well-constituted mind, seldom fails to lead to self-correction and improvement.

"Would not," I asked, "the incessant intimate contact with this great man be the making of me? Would it not be an inestimable benefit as well as an honor?" Yet I hesitated, and ended by declining the well-meant offer "with thanks." Not even for the advantage of constant intercourse with such a master-mind would I barter my independence. In the first place, indeed, I could not consider myself fit for the place intended for me; for my knowledge of German was as yet superficial and my handwriting detestable. But the strongest objection lay in this, that my temperament was too

sombre and my backbone too unbending to accommodate itself to a position implying subordination to another man's habits and humors. After my experience of a life of subjection at Tangiers, at Nashville, and at Florence, I ought well to have learned that it would never do for me to abide for a permanence under another man's roof.

There was something also in Lytton Bulwer's outer man with which I doubted whether all my opinion of his genius would in the long run have induced me to put up. No man, it is said, is a hero to his valet; and I dreaded an intimacy which might give me too frequent a chance of catching "Pelham" at his toilet and seeing his character as well as his person in *déshabille*. Under the foppishness and effeminacy which, people said, made Bulwer put his hair in curl-papers, wear stays, and rouge his cheeks, there seemed to lurk a haughtiness and irritability of which I might not have long borne the outbursts. What his wife appears to have found him, what his son and biographer painted him, my knowledge of human nature had instinctively revealed him to me. Imagination had set up an idol which rude reality could hardly fail to hurl from its shrine.

But when this unexpected and almost providential aid was rejected, what was to be done? These last twenty months of my second stay in England had not greatly advanced me. The future in this country still loomed ominously dark before me. But—where else could I go? Back to Florence, or any other part of Italy? I could not. Back to the great transatlantic republic, back to Boston? I would not. Yet,—wonder of wonders!—just as I was mentally renewing my resolution to "stick to London through thick and thin," and while I considered my purpose in that respect most unmovable, there came, towards the end of December, a letter bearing the postmark of that very city of Boston, that made me in an evil moment change my mind, and leave England—for the last time.

The Boston letter bore the signature, "I. Nova Scotia." The writer, Dr. Inglis, a colonial bishop, in-

formed me that, being in Boston on some business connected with his diocese, he had picked up at a bookstore a copy of my "Italy, Past and Present," which he had read with very great interest, and that, upon talking about it with some of the American friends who had known me, especially Ticknor and Prescott, he had heard more than enough to confirm the high opinion my writings had given him of my abilities; upon the strength of which he ventured to make me an offer which he thought might perhaps be worth my serious consideration.

They had, he went on, a King's College in his colony, at Windsor, Nova Scotia, of which he, as bishop of the diocese, was the visitor, and of which they were desirous to enlarge the plan and extend the efficiency. Among other improvements, they wished to endow their institution with a Professorship of Modern Languages, History, and Literature; and he, having come to an understanding with the Council of the college, was empowered to recommend that important chair to my acceptance.

He concluded by referring me to his friend the Reverend Ernest Hawkins, Secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, to whom, he said, he had written on the subject. The Rev. E. Hawkins, a tall and large man, with a fair, smooth face and a velvety hand, had nothing to add to the bishop's information, except that to the place offered a salary of one hundred pounds (one hundred and twenty-five pounds, Nova Scotia currency) was assigned; besides which the professor was entitled to students' fees, and would be free to seek employment, for six months in the year, as private instructor, or in any other capacity, both in Windsor and Halifax. For his own part, Mr. Hawkins was instructed to give me a check for twenty-five pounds for travelling-expenses, the moment I felt inclined to accept the bishop's offer.

I took time to think about the scheme, and promised to give an answer on the morrow. Those were the last days of the year, and Mr. Hawkins was anxious to communicate with the bishop by the next mail, which

was to leave Liverpool for Halifax and Boston on the 4th of January, 1842.

How could there be any doubt about my answer? The bishop's proposal held out the prospect of a certain fixed income; and it came when my position in England seemed most precarious. This decided me at once. On the following day I called again in Pall Mall and said that the offer was accepted, and that I should be ready to start by that very mail.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the Biblical secretary. "The '*Britannia*' leaves in three days from this."

"It seemed impossible for me to make up my mind," I answered. "But, that being done, I might be ready to set off this very evening."

Mr. Hawkins stood up and looked at me with admiration.

"Ah! If all our agents were as expeditious as you are!" he said, sighing deeply, as he thought of the delays and hinderances that the encumbrances of women and children caused in the movements of the common run of his clerical missionaries.

The voyage of the "*Britannia*," one of the earliest steamers of the Cunard Line, in the month of January, 1842, was an epic event, and I am exempt from the duty of saying anything about it, as a narrative of it by the ablest of pens is given as an introduction to Dickens's "*American Notes*." All I have to say for my part is that we were sixteen days going from Liverpool to Halifax; that, like Dickens, I lay for nearly all the time sick to death in my berth,—so sick that a shipwreck, from which we had more than one narrow escape, would have been hailed as a happy release.

Immediately on landing at Halifax and taking up my quarters at the "*Masons' Arms*," I called upon the bishop, who had not yet opened his budget of European letters, and no more expected the new professor than the man in the moon, but who bade me a thousand welcomes, took me out in his carriage to introduce me to Lord Falkland, the Governor of the province, and asked me to dine with him that same evening, with

Mrs. Inglis and the four Misses Inglis, and with such friends as he could manage to summon at a moment's notice. The bishop was a dapper little man, with a lively face, on which the sense of what was due to his prelatic dignity was perpetually struggling to check the impulses of his bustling activity. There was something in him of the look and manner of Dean Stanley; and the resemblance would have been stronger had not the good dean's quickness in his later years been somewhat tempered and sobered by his frequent residence at "The Castle." The bishop's wife and her four thin and not very young daughters had stateliness enough for the whole Episcopal bench in the Lords. The Inglises were English, and very gracious to the colonists with whom the promotion of the head of the family compelled them to associate.

At dinner, in the evening, we had the archdeacon and his strapping daughters, two or three judges and members of the Provincial Council and Assembly,—altogether a score of guests; but at a later hour very nearly the whole of Halifax crowded in. For it so happened that the only cabin-passenger with whom I landed in Halifax, a Mr. Shannon, a young wholesale and retail draper, well educated, and very popular in the town,—who had shared the same cabin on board the "Britannia" with me, and with whom, in the intervals between the paroxysms of sea-sickness, I had struck up a friendly acquaintance,—had had a great deal to say about me to all he met; and this circumstance, coupled with my visit at Government House, had given my arrival the importance of "quite an event."

The very interest, or curiosity, evinced by this good people in my behalf soon satisfied the bishop about the expediency of sending me off to my destination with the least possible delay; for the college term was just beginning, the sooner I was at my post the better, and, had I tarried only a day or two, no one could say how long the kindly-meant hospitalities of those eager friends might have detained me. And as I, for my own part, was also in a hurry to see what berth fortune had in readiness for me at Windsor, on the very morning

after landing I took my seat in a sledge doing duty for a stage-coach bound to that place.

The forty miles of country between Halifax and Windsor was at that season a mass of snow and ice, all dimmed and blurred by a thick white fog, through which a scene of utter desolation was barely visible. The journey ended at the door of the main hotel at Windsor, whence, followed by two or three black porters with the luggage, I made my way on foot to the college.

Windsor was something between a town and a village, on the estuary of a little river at the head of the Bay of Fundy, on the northwest of Halifax, from which it was divided by the whole width of the Acadian peninsula, here only forty miles across. The little town was surrounded by low hills, on the summit of one of which, about half a mile outside the town, stood the college, while on another hill, facing the college, was then the residence of Judge Haliburton, the humorous creator of "Sam Slick." The college—"King's College and University of Nova Scotia"—consisted of one building divided into five large and lofty wooden barns, called "bays," in one of which resided the President, Dr. MacAulay, with his wife and an only child, a daughter, ten years old. In the bay next to that the ground-floor was reserved for the Professor of Modern Literature. On the floor above it lived Mr. Stevenson, a raw Scotchman, the Vice-President and Bursar of the college. The students, at the time eighteen in number, were quartered in two of the other bays. The fifth contained the dining-hall, and the apartments of Mr. Mahon, the steward, who, with his family, had charge of the whole domestic service of the establishment.

The President alone had a separate household; the students were Mr. Mahon's boarders. The professors were privately attended to in their own apartments. For my own part, I might have been privileged to reside out of the college grounds, in the town, or wherever I liked; but I preferred to live *en famille*, which cost me next to nothing; and even, in my

anxiety to conform to local usages, I wore the academical cap and gown, to which no rule of the college bound me. It did not take long to acquaint me with the real nature of the institution I found myself connected with, and to which I had been inveigled under what might be called false pretences. The college was merely a divinity school, a nursery for clergymen of the Church of England, in a diocese in which the members of that establishment even in Halifax barely constituted one-third of the population, and were considerably outnumbered by the Roman Catholics. The whole staff of the instructors consisted of the President, who, besides theology, taught Latin and Greek, and the Bursar, who had charge of the Mathematics and Humanities. Connected with the college was the academy, a preparatory school standing about half-way on the slope of the college hill, in the keeping of a Mr. King, also a clergyman, who lived in the premises with his wife—a portly woman, still handsome—and a rising family of half a dozen children. The school accommodated about a score of boarders, and was attended by about the same number of day-scholars.

With Dr. MacAulay I was soon on good terms. He was a ripe scholar, and at the same time an eager learner, passionately fond of the study of languages, dead or living, and had inoculated with the same ardor his wife, a pale and frequently-ailing lady, with whom he sat up till the short hours of the night, poring upon elementary books on the Ollendorff system, by which he had attained a good smattering of French and German, writing his themes correctly, though somewhat at a loss for the right pronunciation. Mr. Stevenson, the Bursar, was a half-educated, uncouth, conceited animal, from the University of Aberdeen, who pronounced Hallam “Halam;” oblige, “obleege;” and neither, “nother;” and professed the blindest Puritanism both in faith and morals, but who ended by running away with a rich farmer’s wife and her money at Annapolis, to the grievous scandal of the community and the dire vexation of Bishop Inglis. Mr. King, of the academy, was an obese man, in perpetual dread of

being smothered in his own fat. The students, both at the college and in the preparatory school, belonged to those middle and lower classes among whom the Church, for lack of better, was compelled to recruit her clergy. The youth of the best town- or county-people mostly went for their education to England or the United States.

Under such circumstances it was evident that the place I had come three thousand miles to fill must needs turn out a sinecure. The bishop or the London Society had thought it would sound well to have a foreign professor merely "for the honor of the thing;" for, otherwise, the poor students were already crammed more than to their hearts' content with studies about which they knew they would have to undergo an examination, and they were not likely to volunteer to add to the classical lessons a task about the fulfilment of which no one would call them to account, and in pursuit of a branch of knowledge not of the least use to them in the profession they were brought up to. I wrote and delivered an introductory lecture,—which, besides the students and professors, the magnates of the town, and, among others, Judge Haliburton, honored with their presence,—and formed classes, to whom I imparted as much French, Italian, and Spanish as could be managed without the books which no one had had sense enough to provide. The classes, of course, soon dwindled away, and I was left with two or three pupils.

Nothing to do,—that was death to me. As soon as the weather allowed, I bought a horse, hired a black groom, rode with Dr. and Mrs. MacAulay, sometimes with Judge Haliburton or some of his daughters, dined with them or with other neighbors, read German,—Ollendorff's German,—and killed time as I best could; but it took a great deal of killing. Windsor had its balls and concerts; and there were, besides the Sam Slick girls, the Miss Murphies, the Miss Heads, the Miss Uniackes, and other spinsters, wanting neither prettiness nor animation, and showing no invincible objection to a little bit of innocent flirting. But all

that was not work, and the weather was not fair, the country not interesting, the company not lively enough to fill up a vacant existence. The plain college fare, the primitiveness of the people, the sameness of the daily routine, would not have been irksome if I had been for anything in it, if I had had my share in it. But no! Everybody had something to do around me, and I was the only man unemployed. And in such a state of things the terrible question, "Is life worth living for?" never failed to present itself.

How the winter months were spent I need not describe; but Easter came, and in due time the summer holidays, and of all that time I disposed for a prolonged sojourn at Halifax.

Halifax had at the time a population of about thirty thousand souls; it was the capital of the province, a garrison town, and a naval station. Halifax harbor, as everybody knows, is one of the finest roadsteads in the world. The town was a busy place, in a pleasing situation on the slope of a hill, mirrored by the Bedford Basin, an inlet of the sea, like Southampton Water, all shut in by wooded ridges not deficient in beauty in the freshness of their summer verdure. The houses, with most of the public buildings, were in my time all of wood, with the exception of Government House and the Roman Catholic cathedral,—this latter shaming by its loftiness the wooden church, and the low, though comfortable, dwelling in which Bishop Inglis officiated and lived; for Anglicanism, as I said, had not the upper hand in the town or province. Dalhousie College, Acadia College, the Pictou Academy, and other Presbyterian and Dissenting institutions were better attended and endowed than the so-called "University" which the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel supported at Windsor.

The population, mostly of Scotch or Irish extraction, with a few remnants here and there of the old Acadians, were partly British, partly French, partly Yankee in their refinement, and contrived to keep on friendly terms in spite of either religious or political divisions. In less than a week I was at home with all

whose acquaintance was worth making, from Government House, where the official world congregated, to my draper friend Shannon's shop, which was the house of call and mart of harmless gossip for the best class of people.

I found on my arrival that everything had been prepared for my reception, and that there was work enough before me to make up for that long winter of forced idleness against which I had fretted at Windsor. Some good souls among the ladies, and especially Mrs. Bliss,—Judge Bliss's wife, and the leader of the highest social circle,—had formed various classes, chiefly among their young-lady friends; and it was settled that, by way of inauguration, I should repeat the same introductory lecture I had written for the students at Windsor.

The lecture was well attended and highly applauded. The Governor was present, and Lady Falkland, a lady of royal blood, and, what is more, a royal beauty,—now in mourning for her brother, the Earl of Munster, who had died by his own hand three months before,—and with them the little provincial court, the bishop and his clergy, with the head and staff of Dalhousie College and other rival educational establishments, the Roman Catholics alone holding aloof, probably from a natural abhorrence of a professed foe to the Pope-King.

When the lecture was over, and I was leaving the hall with Mrs. Bliss, I was stopped at the door by Lord Falkland, who was just handing his wife into her carriage, and who thanked me for my lecture, "which," he said, "had it had no other merit, was the shortest it had ever been his lot to sit out;" rather a blunt compliment, of which Lady Falkland, with feminine tact, perceived the awkwardness, and for which she endeavored to make amends by graciously requesting me to call at Government House on the following morning, as she "wished to read a little Spanish under my tuition."

That same evening, however, I was already engaged to dine at Government House, a very private enter-

tainment, owing to the recent domestic affliction, and where, besides the family circle, none were present but the bishop and my stanch friends, Judge and Mrs. Bliss.

As I was leaving the house, not long after dinner, Lord Falkland intrusted me to the care of his private secretary and master of the ceremonies, Count Barruel de Beauvert, who, as he showed me the way out, begged me to step into a little antechamber, as "he had something very particular to say to me." Count Barruel was quite a character, and a study for me during many years' acquaintance in London in later days. He told me he was a Frenchman, a Legitimist *émigré*, at war with Louis Philippe's government; his father having been one of the noblemen who offered themselves as hostages to the Convention to obtain the release of Louis XVI. from his confinement in the Temple. He was now here a tutor to Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland's only child, and nominally his lordship's French secretary. Having thus given me all particulars about himself, he congratulated me about the success of my lecture, but warned me of the serious danger to which some untoward expressions in that discourse had exposed me. He explained that among the audience were some young officers of a French frigate anchored in the roadstead, who, not being well conversant with the English language, had asked him, Barruel, whether they had rightly understood when I called their countrymen a "nation of hair-dressers and dancing-masters, half tigers, half monkeys,"—"expressions," Barruel concluded, "which I could not deny you had used; whereupon the officers had gone on board, and intended to come back on the morrow with the admiral's permission to send you a hostile message."

I answered that those offensive words had certainly occurred in the lecture, but that they were only a quotation of the usual compliments that the Europeans and all other nations exchange between them in their mutual animosities; that I had equally observed how the English were spoken of as "a race of shopkeepers," the Italians as "daubers and fiddlers," the Swiss as

“base hirelings,” etc.; that every nation was known under the denomination of some animal emblematic of its peculiar characteristics,—the English as the impetuous bull, the German the patient ox, the Italian the sly fox, the Spanish the ruthless catamount, etc., etc.; my object in recommending the study of languages being precisely to bring the various peoples to obtain a thorough knowledge of each other, as the best means of curing them of their absurd prejudices and illiberal rancors and jealousies.

Barruel seemed easily persuaded, and he told me he would go on board the frigate and bring his naval countrymen to hear reason; adding that, if he was unsuccessful as a peace-maker, “he would stand by me as a second to the last drop of his blood.” He called at my hotel on the following morning, with a message that he had put the officers into the best of humors, and he was even charged with their request that I should go on board and drink a glass of *ponche* with them.

After this little incident, of which my new friend had possibly exaggerated the importance, I spent in Halifax four of the pleasantest summer months, the example of Lady Falkland and the zeal of Mrs. Bliss having enlisted nearly all the fair sex of the place in the ranks of my pupils, so that I had hardly an hour of the day to myself, whilst the evenings were taken up by the endless gayeties of a place which combined the advantages both of a garrison town and a naval station.

Boating-parties in the “Basin,” picnics at the Duke of Kent’s Lodge, reunions at Government House, all the pleasanter for being strictly unofficial and private owing to the family mourning, and balls given in turn by the officers of the garrison at the Assembly Rooms, or by the naval officers on board the admiral’s frigate, were almost daily occurrences,—balls with such a show of beauty as hardly any other town of the same size and pretension could exhibit, and to the charms of which I, though I never danced, could not be blind,—the charms of the acres of dazzling-white bare necks and shoulders

of the archdeacon's strapping daughters, of the bright eyes and elegant figures of the four Miss Cunards, of the fair complexions and sweet expression of the four Miss Uniackes, two of them stars of the first magnitude, —all of whom whirled before me as creatures of another orbit, happy in the arms of the red-coated or blue-jacketed gallants encircling their waists, and hardly bestowing a pitying glance on the moping Italian master, before whom they would appear in the morning not fully awake, but sober and demure, with unsought apologies for the truant idleness which had made them scamper through their themes and forget everything about the conjugation of their verbs, beyond "*Amo, I love.*"

With respect to all these Halifax beauties, however, and in general with respect to my pupils wherever they were, I was thoroughly heart-whole. But there was in Windsor some one who would be sure to be seen at morning service at the College Chapel, and in order to see that one, and with hardly a hope or a wish to be seen, every Saturday evening, my duties being over for the day, I had my horse brought round to the hotel door, and sallied out at dusk, riding all night, moonlight or starlight, fair weather or foul,—riding the whole forty miles' distance to Windsor, barely stopping for two hours to bait at the half-way house, and only arriving at King's College at break of day.

At the college I breakfasted with Dr. MacAulay and his wife, went down with them to the College chapel, where the doctor preached, and Mr. King, of the academy, read prayers, dined with this latter and his wife, and when all good people went to evening service, I shook hands at the church door with all of them and left them, who said nothing, but no doubt wondered and thought me crazy, as they saw me mount my horse and ride away into the night. I rode back the way I came, and arrived at Halifax in time for my earliest classes on Monday morning.

This was all the enjoyment of my day of rest. I remember one instance when my ill-shod steed fell lame, and I had to walk two-thirds of the way, lead-

ing him by the rein. I remember other times when I left him knocked up at his stall in Windsor, and ordered out the mail-coach horses, changing at every stage of ten miles, the pace of those great hulking brutes bringing up my heart to my mouth. Those two lost nights, however, and that hard trotting did me a world of good; and the scenery along the road, bare and bleak as it was in the glare of day,—a mere wilderness of rock and stunted forest,—assumed in that weird solitude, and amidst those fitful night-shadows, all the character of a phantom region, giving full scope to the imagination, and harmonizing with the half-morbid state of my feelings. For those were still, though I was now past thirty, the days of romance; and I fancied myself another Ritter Toggenburg, sitting up all night outside the cloister, waiting, waiting for the morn that was to bless him with a mere glimpse of his lady-love,—“the long-loved lady who was now Heaven’s bride, and who would presently appear at her open casement, looking down on the valley; looking down, calm, pure, and holy,—meek as an angel.”

But why should I prolong this account of the fifteen months which I miserably wasted in that “Land of the Bluenoses”? When the summer was over, I shuddered at the prospect of a return to Windsor for another term of ignoble idleness at King’s College. I went through it as best I could, nevertheless; but at Christmas I was back again at Halifax, and threw myself upon the bishop’s mercy, giving him to understand that my first experiment of colonial life was sufficient, and that I was fully bent upon going back to England,—that dear Old England which I had been a fool—an egregious fool—to quit upon any imaginable consideration.

The good bishop vouchsafed me his sympathy and allowed me to have my way, only, however, upon two conditions: one, that I should not leave till Easter,—though without going back to King’s College; the other, that I should write to some of my colleagues in the teaching-line in London, who might be willing to take the vacant place,—my duty being to abide in Halifax and await my successor’s arrival. Upon these terms

the matter was settled, and, from the moment that I was not tied to it, a Halifax winter residence, with its sledge-drives, and tandem club, and dinners at officers' mess, and evenings at Government House, became more endurable. The bishop, the Bliss, the Cunard, the Uniacke, the Wilkins, the Haliburton and other families, constituted a refined and really pleasant society; and when the Cunard steamer "Acadia" called at Halifax harbor on her way from Boston to Liverpool, and I embarked in her for my homeward voyage, most of the gentlemen and some of the ladies of those families were on board to bid me good-by.

My successor in the professorship of Modern Languages in King's College, Windsor,—my friend Signor Mantovani, a Milanese,—was a wiser man than I was, and had all the success he deserved. He thrived, however, only nominally as a teacher, but actually as a farmer, buying and selling land, and embarking in various speculations,—the best of which was marrying one of the Misses Murphy, with whom he managed, at the end of a score of years, to go back almost a wealthy man to Milan, where I saw him in 1874.

CHAPTER XIX.

FIVE YEARS IN LONDON.

Back to England—A Yorkshire friend—Yorkshire to London—A break-of-day adventure—A windfall—Unfrosted monks—A dead man's shoes—Work under difficulties—New books—Prosperous life—Longings for happiness—Love and marriage.

BETWEEN the spring of 1843 and that of 1848 five years elapsed, during which I made London my home, hardly allowing myself more than a week's absence at any time.

As I landed at Liverpool after those fifteen months' experience of colonial existence, I bitterly reproached myself for my baseness in suffering any craven con-

sideration of the safe haven of a dull province to make me turn my back upon those storms of metropolitan life to which I had rashly, perhaps, but deliberately chosen to commit myself. I was now going back again to the angry waves of this same great London ocean, fully determined not only to retrace my course, but also to strain every nerve to make up for lost time.

I was at this time thirty-two years old,—not far from that midway of life when some men have already reached the goal of their ambition, while, again, others are only setting out towards it. To what object my inmost aspirations really tended, I hardly dared to avow even to myself; but there were two verses of Dante on which I endeavored almost instinctively to frame my rule of life, and from which I never suffered my purposes to swerve. One of them is to the effect that “Man should not allow himself to sink to the level of a brute;”* the other, that “he should stand in awe of the generations yet unborn;”† in other words, that he should respect himself and dread the judgment of posterity.

It is easy to laugh at the presumption and conceit of these youthful yearnings; but I always deemed it a man’s duty to aim high. There would always, I thought, be time to abate some of one’s loftiest aspirations and to make allowance for exhaustion of energy or infirmity of will. But you should always be sanguine and confident. A man should have faith in himself, though he can only keep faith to himself to the best of his powers. I knew, at all events, that I had in my country the best of causes, and felt that even that could best be served in honor and by truth; and for the triumph of Italy and truth I really looked upon myself as capable of any amount of self-denial and sacrifice.

* “Considerate la vostra semenza;
Fatti non foste a viver come bruti,
Ma per seguir virtute e conoscenza.”

† “Perchè se al vero io son timido amico
Temo il giusto giudizio di coloro
Che il secol nostro chiameranno antico.”

Have I ever departed from that line of conduct? Let us see. Anxious as I was to see myself in London, I did not, on landing at Liverpool, proceed at once in that direction, but travelled eastward, across Lancashire and Yorkshire, on a visit to one of my best English friends, Harry Silchester, at Beverley. I had known him a young student in London, devoted to his widowed mother, who had given him the most careful education, and suffered him to dabble in poetry and light literature, till it became time for him to think of a career, which, upon taking a survey of domestic circumstances, it was found could only be a junior partnership in a country attorney's office.

He was already half a Yorkshireman. He gave me a ride after the Holderness hounds, when, at the first stiff fence, down I came a famous cropper; he took me to see the old Gothic minster; he showed me some of his translations from Heine; and finally—this was his main drift—he introduced me to a fair and sweet young lady, asking my advice as to the expediency of making her his wife,—a matter on which both he and I well knew that his mind was irrevocably made up.

I left him to his happiness, and went my way to London, a sadder, albeit perhaps a wiser, man, not envious of my friend's wedded bliss, but measuring in imagination the abyss of time which I might have to get over before I could hope to attain the same happiness. Italy, truth, and honor were all very well as the ultimate scope of all a man's actions; but, in the mean while, bread was the first requirement, and how could I provide so much for myself that a little might be offered to just so sweet a companion as the one with whom my friend—ten years younger than myself—had contrived to link his destinies? A grave question, and one which haunted me with an incessant alternative of stern and soft thoughts as I crossed the Humber between Hull and Great Grimsby, and thence by a Lincoln night coach I proceeded to London.

But no man's mind can ever be so deeply attuned to tragedy as to be quite safe from some sudden fall

into unmitigated farce. When I came into town at break of day, all full of sad and anxious thoughts, of which the long sleepless hours of the dark journey had intensified the gravity, I little expected the absurd adventure which was to make me an object of ridicule in my own eyes.

I had written from Liverpool to my former landlady in Devonshire Street, Portland Place, informing her of my arrival in England and preparing her for my arrival. She was a poor widow, about sixty years old, who herself waited on her lodgers, with the help of a maid-of-all-work, who did not sleep in the house. On the first summons of the bell, the lonely old woman, waking up in a fright, jumped from her bed in her night-gown, and, partly from fear, partly from modesty, she opened the door ajar, carefully holding her candle before her to reconnoitre; but no sooner had the light flashed on my face than, uttering a mad piercing scream, she stepped back and shut the door with a bang. Surprised and annoyed at this unexpected reception, I stormed at the door, thumping at it with both fists, calling her a thousand bad names, till—gradually reassured by the sound of my voice, yet screaming again, “Is it you,—quite you? Lor, sir! what a scare you gave me, to be sure!”—at last she made up her mind to admit me. I stepped, all in a rage, into my old ground-floor parlor, still fuming, and asking for an explanation of her idiotic behavior; but she simply fell back, pointing at me, and gasping, “Look at yourself, sir; there is a glass: look!” And now, fully recovering from her fright, she broke out into wild, hysteric, uncontrollable laughter. Meanwhile, the street-porter from the coach office, whom I had left outside at the foot of the steps in charge of my luggage, and a policeman, who was lurking in the neighborhood, alarmed by the woman’s shrieks, had followed us through the open door, and at the first glimpse they caught of my face they joined the woman in a chorus, their mirth very nearly throwing them into convulsions. I looked at last, and—*tableau*: I saw my face black as that of a chimney-sweeper or an

Ethiopian serenader, or, as the landlady's startled fancy first suggested, a burglar.

There was nothing unnatural in the metamorphosis. I had sat all night outside the coach, on the seat behind the driver, and, as I dozed towards morning, my head went nodding over one of the coach-lamps, and the smoke and smuts from the vile oil stuck to my skin till I looked like an actor of olden times when he tricked himself out for the part of Othello. There was nothing to do but grin and bear it, give the laughers a drink, and soon see what soap and water would do to remove that African dye.

Upon settling in London with a full determination to "do or die," I found that the mere question of a livelihood would give me this time less trouble than I had encountered in my two previous experiences. In the first place, out of my earnings in Nova Scotia I had what would support me for a few months. Then something turned up that I could have little expected, and from the quarter least likely to do me any good.

There came in those days to London, under the false category of political exiles, a number of runaway priests and monks, chiefly from the Papal States, men who had awful tales to tell of the martyrdom they had suffered in the dungeons of the Inquisition, on a charge of heresy,—their tales being in some cases absolutely false, in others mere exaggeration of the penalties they had endured in consequence of their immoral conduct. The first thing these unfrocked shavelings did was to declare themselves Protestants, or to express their readiness to embrace Protestantism. This at once won them the good will of the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel and other honest and zealous but credulous Anglican divines, who took these worthies by the hand, provided them with well-dowered wives,—matrimony being a kind of baptism to wash away the vows they had made on their Catholic ordination,—and in every case supplied them with profitable occupation, especially as teachers of the Italian language. Some of them turned out arrant scamps and knaves. One of them, Dr. Achilli, lived a most scandalous life, till Dr. (now Car-

dinal) Newman openly denounced and annihilated him. Another, a Signor Raffaele Ciocci, who so won the good will of a pious old lady whom he chanced to meet at a dinner-party that at her death she left him a twelve thousand pounds' legacy, abandoned himself to so desperate a career of profligacy that he was in the end brought into court, not as a thief, but as a receiver of stolen goods on a large scale, and is even now in durance vile under sentence of fifteen years' penal servitude. A class of bad men, most of them, of which the occupation of Rome by the Italians in 1870 has in a great measure delivered well-meaning, but indiscriminating, English society.

One of them, not the worst of them, an ex-Barnabite monk, by name Bompiani, with whom I had had a slight acquaintance in the way of business, came to me soon after my return to London, filled my ears with a long tale of his domestic calamities, and threw himself upon me for relief in his sore distress. He was a middle-aged man who had married a pretty English girl of eighteen, a musical genius, and had lived happily with her several years, his wife's talents and connections procuring him employment as an Italian teacher wherever she herself gave singing-lessons. Bompiani's evil fortune made him fall in with a young and handsome Milanese fencing-master, whom he found in a state of utter destitution and ill health, and to whom, with true Christian charity, he offered the shelter of his wedded home. Months passed before the stranger recovered under the nursing cares of his host's wife, and the result was that patient and nurse ran away together, not only taking with them all the poor man's valuables, but also leaving him to settle a considerable amount of debts contracted in the guilty wife's name.

The forsaken husband bore up against his ill fortune for a season; but his health failed, he was threatened with arrest, and his only chance of giving his creditors the slip was to steal away under another name and take refuge in a large manufacturing town in the North, where a countryman and friend offered him assistance, but where illness put an end to his sufferings

before the lapse of twelve months. What the ruined man appealed to me for before he left, was simply to make over his professional engagements to me. In his distress he had won the sympathies of his employers to such an extent as to persuade many of them to help him by the prepayment of a quarter of his fees for tuition. It was this debt of honor that he wished me to take upon myself. On the day after his departure I was to go wherever his pupils expected him at the appointed hour, deliver the letters in which he named me his substitute and successor, and fulfil the duties for which he had already received his remuneration, thus lending my services gratis up to the extinction of his debts. There was a chance that at the end of three months I might find myself permanently installed where I went in provisionally, and reap from the *damnosa hæreditas* a position by which my trouble would be eventually repaid.

I accepted the poor man's proposal. In some of the houses where I presented myself with his introduction I met with no flattering reception. They were angry with the man who, they truly said, had "swindled" them, "selling" them to an unknown master. It was "all a job, a conspiracy," and they preferred to lose their money rather than submit to an imposition. But by far the greater number gave in with a good grace. They acquitted me from all blame, thanked me for the disinterestedness with which I consented to assume another man's liabilities and to atone for another man's offences, and all was well that ended well.

There was among others a family of the name of Montalto, the head of which had made a large fortune in the colonies, and lived now in great splendor near Regent's Park,—an M.P., a tall man, with a countenance and address of great dignity and authority, but who harbored somewhat uncharitable John-Bullish prejudices against everything French or foreign. This gentleman had at first looked with disfavor on the transaction which brought me to his door; but when he saw that there was no deceit on my part, that the result of my intervention was only to screen him from

loss, and that I strictly abided by the terms of an evidently onerous contract, a revulsion of feeling in my behalf set in. There seemed to be no limit to his admiration; he thanked and praised and honored me as "a gentleman and a credit to my country." Of himself and every member of his family, of his relatives and dependants, I had made friends forever,—such friends as the English are when they choose to be; and henceforth, whenever a day of trial arose, wherever there was an obstacle to be overcome, or a blow to be parried, I was always sure of a Montalto of either sex ready to stand by my side and fight my battles against all odds.

Henceforth things went well with me. Poor Bompiani had only achieved his success by making himself cheap, underbidding his competitors. Many of the connections he made over to me were not worth having at any price, and most of these I was glad to drop as soon as accounts were squared; but some of his young ladies' colleges or academies would repay cultivation, and these, with the help of a few private lessons in great houses in Stanhope Gate, Hamilton Place, and other localities round Hyde Park, which I chiefly owed to old Lady Morgan's heroic exertions in my behalf, yielded an income which, had it been permanent, would have been amply sufficient.

With all my distaste for the teacher's trade, I thus found myself bound to it faster than ever, and it so absorbed my time as to preclude all hope of my ever being able to emancipate myself from it by literary employment. Those ladies' schools and colleges lay at unconscionable distances, at Richmond, Wimbledon, Hounslow, Hampstead, and other still farther suburbs, where omnibuses did not reach and cab-fares would have been ruinous; and, though I was indefatigable as a walker and fond of riding even hired hacks from livery-stables, there was not much strength left in me at the end of my day's excursions. Luckily, I had the very early morning and the Sunday all to myself, and, though I was neither a Bulwer nor a Trollope, I also found out, with those distinguished writers, how much

can be done during the three or four hours taken out of a man's night's rest before breakfast.

Though I still did some work for the "Foreign Quarterly," the "Westminster," and other Reviews, I soon found that such a task involved a vast amount of reading, a constant resort to books of reference,—in short, much more preparatory study of my subjects than I had leisure to bestow upon them. I took, therefore, to a lighter kind of writing,—chiefly tales and sketches for the magazines. I had already left a first essay in that style in the hands of Theodore Hook, then editor of the "New Monthly," previous to my departure for Nova Scotia. On my return I was informed that, at Hook's death, the magazine had passed into the hands of Thomas Hood, who had found my article among his predecessor's papers, printed it, and now encouraged me to send many more, which were equally accepted, and by which I was brought into frequent contact with that poor melancholy Jaques of English humanity, seeing him frequently at his house, till his sufferings ended with his life in 1845. With him, and with "Ainsworth's," and "Fraser's," and "Tait's," and other periodicals, now all dead and buried, and especially with my old friend the "Metropolitan," I kept up a more or less desultory connection; and I even managed to supply some letter-press to Lady Blessington's *Annals*,—the "Keepsake" and "Book of Beauty,"—for which my only remuneration was the honor of seeing my name by the side of those of some of the greatest in the land.

I was not equal to the task of writing a novel. I felt I had neither ability to begin nor perseverance to go through with one. But some of those short pieces I put together, and published half a score of them in two volumes entitled the "Blackgown Papers," followed at a later period by another volume of "Scenes from Italian Life." The subjects dealt with were, with hardly an exception, purely Italian,—Carnival tales, Carbonari tales, smuggler and banditti tales, Christmas stories, sketches of rural life, college life, etc., etc., all grounded on the youthful reminiscences of my own

country. A series of papers in the "Metropolitan," of "Memoirs of an Italian Exile," were nothing but a record of my own exploits during the political disturbances of Central Italy in 1831, and these came out as a book in two volumes under the title of "Castellamonte."

The more serious and elaborate essays written for reviews were also for the most part intended as illustrations of Italian topics, political or social, literary or personal, and a number of these also I put together in a proper form, to be published as a second part of that work on "Italy, Past and Present," the first edition of which Messrs. Saunders & Otley had been perhaps in too great a hurry to drop, but of which the press still to some extent kept the memory alive. Among the many American friends I had in London, besides the publishers Wiley & Putnam, of Paternoster Row and Waterloo Place, there was also John Chapman (no connection with Messrs. Chapman & Hall), a well-educated man, who had taken in hand the "Westminster Review," both as editor and publisher, and for whom I had the good fortune to write two or three articles that met his approval. It was at his request that a second edition of my "Italy, Past and Present," was projected, with the addition of long chapters on Foscolo, Manzoni, Pellico, Giusti, Mazzini, Enrico Mayer, etc., in an additional volume entirely devoted to the present phases of Italian intellectual and moral life. The republication of that book established me on a more satisfactory footing, both financial and social. There was no man of distinction to whose familiar acquaintance I could not aspire; no learned body, no fashionable circle, into which I could not obtain admittance, had I not been in a great measure kept aloof by my invincible shyness and rusticity, my contempt for small talk, my fits of almost misanthropic pride and disdain, but above all things by the weariness and fatigue brought on by overwork, which unfitted me for company, and warned me not to "burn the candle at both ends" by the sacrifice of the late hours of the evening after so awful a waste of the early hours of the morning.

The days, meanwhile, flowed rapidly and not unpleasantly. Steady, all-engrossing occupation allowed no leisure for brooding cares; and here I was in London, in the centre of the world's life and action, whirled by the turmoil of its brain, thrilled by the pulsation of its heart, placed within reach of its work, though I had so little share in it, and with free access to its pleasures, though I so seldom indulged in them,—for the very reason that we often care least for what we have most conveniently at hand.

So highly did I value the privilege of living in London that it was with an incredible reluctance that I ever dreamt of a move for that change of air which all Londoners deem indispensable. Here I was in the deadest of the dead season, in spite of the pressing invitations of the dearest friends and the temptations of the most frequented localities. The only diversions I allowed myself in five years were one week's tour to the Belgian cities with some Italian friends one summer, and a month's run up the Rhine and into Switzerland on the following, when my fellow-traveller was Marmion Savage, a gentleman who had been married to one of Lady Morgan's lovely nieces, and who was then rising to fame as a humorist by the publication of "The Falcon Family," "The Bachelor of the Albany," "My Uncle the Curate," and other novels, chiefly of Irish life; for he was an Irishman, and had lived in Ireland all his life, though, like many of his countrymen, he delighted, as he said, in "blackguarding" the Irish to do them good, for his own part professing himself "*Hibernicus nativitate, non moribus.*"

Savage was then a widower, but he expected to marry again immediately on his return to Dublin; and his endless rhapsodies about the wedded bliss he had experienced with his No. 1, and the still greater bliss he looked forward to with his No. 2, had so tantalizing an effect on my imagination that when, on our return to London, we parted at Albert Gate, I assured him that many months would not elapse ere I was transformed from a "lucky dog" into a "happy man."

Yet how was that to be accomplished? My yearly

income very seldom exceeded three hundred pounds. With that, by dint of thrifty management, I had ventured to give up my lodgings and to furnish a little suite of apartments in one of the tiny houses in Pont Street, Belgrave Square,—now all fast disappearing,—where there was certainly room for two, and where, what with books on the shelves, and prints on the walls, and flower-pots on the window-sills, I might have been as comfortable with a companion as I had hitherto been without one.

The difficulty was to find an Eve for the Adam; but when a man is, as I always was, in love with the whole sex, the *embarras du choix* is soon overcome. The mere process of intensifying one's general adoration of the species into a particular worship of the individual—singling out the woman who is to efface all other women, the sun eclipsing all stars—is a matter that only requires leisure. Leisure, however, was precisely at that time what I could least afford; and I never could have afforded it, had not help come from a combination of unexpected, fortuitous circumstances.

The reader has, perhaps, not forgotten two of my Italian friends, Giovanni Paggi and Spiridione Gambardella, whom I had met in Boston towards the end of my stay, and whose solicitations had, in some manner and under Providence, influenced my determination to quit the United States and seek my fortune in England. Both of these friends had also come over to this country at various intervals, the last-named of them pouncing upon me at my lodgings in Devonshire Street and taking up his quarters in an upper floor in the same house, whence he broke upon me at all hours, consulting so much more his own inclination than my comfort that in the end he drove me mad, and sent me in quest of new apartments, first in Down Street, Piccadilly, and eventually in my *maisonnette* of Pont Street, Belgrave Square.

Both these Italians, however, had achieved great success, each in his own peculiar line,—Paggi as a music-master and a very first-rate performer on his favorite instrument at private and public concerts,

Gambardella as a portrait-painter of the highest talent. This latter was young and handsome, and had somewhat odd and rough, yet amusing manners, a ready wit, and great volubility of language. He easily fitted himself to all humors, and rushed in with rare audacity on every variety of topics. He had thus made his way with astonishing quickness and was welcome into the best circles of the upper ten thousand, while he was extremely popular with those whom to know was distinction. There was no vain boast in his saying that he was on "hail-fellow-well-met" terms with "Douro," "Brougham," etc., etc., and he had taken the latter's fancy to such an extent that, as he boasted, "they were often in Paris together, the ex-Chancellor, a sexagenarian, delighting to run the *bonnes aventurés* after the *grisettes* as the companion and rival of the good-looking young Neapolitan artist."

The extremely officious friendship of these two countrymen, which had already been troublesome enough to me in America, became a positive nuisance as it persecuted me in this country. They always talked about me in absurd superlatives; they wondered and fretted at the neglect and obscurity to which a blind, cruel world doomed me. They volunteered and would have forced my acquaintance upon persons who expressed no wish to know me; and, had I suffered them to have their own way, they would have made me the *bore* of London society. It was a mania on their part, and, though their patronage was perhaps kindly meant, I revolted at it, and resented it as neither more nor less than meddling impertinence.

It happened that Gambardella, having made the acquaintance of a young art-amateur who belonged to a family of rich merchants in Manchester, was commissioned to paint the portraits of the youth's father and mother, which turned out masterpieces, and for which he was paid a high price. He had made himself very agreeable to the old couple, talking all the time he painted about many things, and especially about his favorite topic of the great and ill-acknowledged talents of his countryman and friend Mariotti; and he never

stopped till he had talked the old lady into sending me an invitation to deliver my four lectures on Dante—those lectures which I had written and delivered in Boston, and which had lain idle in my desk ever afterwards—before a select class of her friends, offering me at the same time the hospitality of her house during my stay in Manchester.

I received the old lady's note with surprise, and not without somewhat gratified vanity, wondering how my name could have managed to travel so far north; and, though I had no particular gifts as a lecturer, and never took to it without reluctance, I was somewhat flattered by the unexpected offer. I accepted it, and, managing to break off from my London engagements for a couple of weeks, on the 4th of October, 1846, I took the evening train for Manchester.

My host and hostess were both Germans by extraction. But they had lived all their lives in England, and their children, two sons and one daughter, all grown up, were English by birth and education. They belonged to one of the two sets of German colonists in a great measure monopolizing the export trade of Lancashire and Yorkshire,—one of which, consisting of Jews, baptized or not, clustered round Mr. Salis Schwable, whilst my host, with his large clan of nephews and cousins, was at the head of the Old German and purely Christian settlement. Both colonies, but especially the latter, were a well-to-do, thoroughly educated, and more than half anglicized race, on friendly terms, yet never, or very seldom, amalgamating with the native people around them; eminently sociable, amiable, and hospitable among themselves; rolling in wealth, or rapidly accumulating it, but in both cases minding their business with equal assiduity, and at the same time cultivating music and all the arts, more especially that of enjoying life.

I was with them, and saw a great deal of them, during that fortnight, went back again to them in April, and a third time in July. On the 12th of this latter month, in the year 1847, I married the only daughter of my host and hostess, at the Unitarian

chapel of the Rev. John James Tayler, in the neighborhood of the residence of the bride's family, in Green Heys.

It was at this juncture, when, for the first time, I had to sign an important legal act, that I resumed my real name, though that of Mariotti still appeared for several years as a *nom de guerre* in all my literary publications. But for the rest, my marriage did not to any extent affect my style of living or materially interfere with my usual occupations. The first month was spent in a pleasure-trip to the English Lakes and the Scotch Highlands. But about the middle of August we took leave of my wife's kith and kin, and, travelling southward, took possession of our London home. I had set my eyes on one of the two-floored houses in Pelham Place, Brompton, the yearly rent of which in those happy times varied between forty and sixty pounds; but I was overruled by my wife's parents, who expressed a wish to be our guests from time to time, and settled at last on one of the best houses in Thurloe Square, a locality recently built, and leading out into a maze of green and flowery Brompton lanes, which before the invasion of bricks and mortar consequent on the two Great Exhibitions of 1851 and 1862 had still all the character of a secluded rural district.

My wife was sixteen years my junior, but she had quiet domestic tastes, and took pleasure in all that pleased her husband, as before her marriage she had subordinated all her desires to the wishes of her parents. I was out all day giving lessons, as I had done in my bachelor years,—the only difference being that instead of hiring hacks from Cates's livery-stables, as I did when I lived in Pont Street, I had now a horse of my own, a powerful gray, the present of one of my brothers-in-law, a gallop on which over Putney Heath or Wimbledon Common, Richmond Park or Battersea Fields, was one of the few real luxuries by which a life of constant toil and not unfrequently of disappointment was sweetened.

But it was chiefly on my return from these profes-

sional excursions, in the evening, that the manifold blessings attendant on my new mode of existence were most keenly appreciated. For I came home long expected and anxiously watched for ; and the open arms and happy face which met me on the threshold were something different from the bedroom candle and box of lucifer matches up to which my latch-key enabled me to grope my way in the dark at the close of the chilly days when "I was a bachelor and lived by myself."

And there were light and warmth to welcome me home, and the tale of little domestic incidents appealing to my interests, and a tidy room and neatly-spread board, and love and rest, to reconcile me to the snubs and buffets, the wear and tear, of out-door life.

At the end of barely seven months—March 2, 1848—a child was born, a pale, old-looking baby-girl, evidently premature, and to all appearance not destined to a long lease of this earth. But the care of that frail creature filled up as much of her mother's existence as was not engrossed by the other elements of her domestic happiness, and this was now, both for her and for myself, as complete as it is ever allotted to any of Adam's brood.

But we were now in 1848,—a year in which the peace and well-being of many a human household besides mine were destined to meet with sudden and severe disturbance.

CHAPTER XX.

PATRIOTIC EXPERIENCES.

Wedded life—A year of revolutions—The outbreak in Italy—Italians in London—Italians in Paris—Paris to Milan—A fellow traveller—A crisis at Chambéry—Milan after the barricades—Camp-life—Volunteering—A younger and a wiser brother—Politics at Parma and Milan—Alarming news—Back to England.

ALTHOUGH my wife belonged to a wealthy family, and was appointed in her father's will co-heiress with her two brothers, no pecuniary advantage had accrued to me from my marriage. There had been no contract; no dowry had been assigned, or settlement made. The only verbal condition I had willingly assented to was that I should look upon England as a permanent home for my family, in return for which I had reserved for myself the right of going to Italy, and bearing a hand as a combatant in her cause, should any chance ever present itself to that country of striking a blow for her emancipation.

Nothing, in my father-in-law's opinion, and in the opinion of all sane men, could seem more unlikely than any insurrectionary attempt in Italy at that juncture. Pius IX. had ascended the throne in June, 1846, and the amnesty by which he had inaugurated his pontificate had not only raised wild hopes in Italian hearts, but also struck such consternation among the rulers of the peninsula that a rupture between Austria and the Holy See appeared imminent. But Louis Philippe was as yet firmly seated on the throne of France. All international differences were still referred to diplomatic arbitration. The quarrel between Rome and Vienna was patched up; Pius IX. soon showed himself "every inch a Pope;" and so long as the peace of Europe was safe, there was neither prince nor subject in Italy who could think an unarmed and divided

nation a match for the one hundred and fifty thousand bayonets that Austria mustered south of the Alps.

The year 1848, however, rose, and with it a complete change of the situation. A revolt in Sicily early in January was attended with sufficient success to wrest from the Bourbon at Naples a proclamation of a Liberal Constitution. Before the end of that month Constitutionalism became the watch-word throughout Italy, Germany, and Austria itself. In February Louis Philippe's throne was overthrown, a French republic proclaimed, and by the time my tiny girl was born, before my wife had risen from her confinement (March 18 to 22), Milan and Venice were in full insurrection, and the Austrian army south of the Alps was little better than a routed and disbanded rabble. The time had come for me to claim my right and redeem my pledge. I had no longer home, wife, or child. My country called: I must answer her cry. I was Italy's soldier, and must join her standards.

No objection was made on my poor wife's part. She looked resigned and proud of her husband. Her child lay by her side on her bed. Her parents had come up to her when her time came, and they would be sure to abide with her during my absence. To them also my resolution appeared perfectly natural. Events crowded upon us so suddenly, so rapidly, the turmoil seemed so universal, that a breaking down of all domestic ties, the sacrifice of all private affections, was deemed as reasonable as it was inevitable.

In those days there was a permanent council of Italian patriots of all parties in London under Mazzini's presidency. Mazzini had lately lost ground in his countrymen's estimation. His ultra-democratic and socialistic theories, his domineering temper, and, above all things, the lavishness with which the blood of the Bandiera and others had been shed "to feed the flame and hallow the ground for the triumph of the sacred cause," had cooled the heads of the most enthusiastic friends of the arch-conspirator to such an extent that even the brothers Ruffini, Usiglio, and other household friends had fallen from him one by one.

But with the report of the Palermo insurrection and of the Milan massacres in January, Mazzini had soon recovered his ascendancy. He had proclaimed a new "National Association," in which all political questions as to forms of government should be adjourned till the liberation of every inch of Italian soil from the foreigner should be accomplished. And on these terms we had all again rallied round him.

For my own part, I was still on good social terms with Mazzini, far asunder as I was from him on all political subjects, and unfit as I was by my free and open nature from any participation in the tenebrous work of his incessant, abortive plots. I stood by him manfully when Sir James Graham broke the seals of his letters at the post-office, and even humored him by occasionally attending his ragged-schools in Hatton Garden, where he assembled hundreds of organ-boys and image-sellers; though even in that task we were actuated by different motives,—my chief object being to put an end to the kidnapping of those young vagabonds, which I denounced as an iniquitous slave-trade in whites in a tale written about that time,* while Mazzini's aim was to enlist and drill those poor starvelings into a "band of hope," a reserve to be kept in hand to fight their country's battles.

But we were now all impressed with the necessity of prompt action, and it was soon settled that such of us as had travelling means of our own should set out at once for the scene of strife, leaving the rest to organize themselves in volunteer battalions and follow at greater leisure. On the 27th of March, in the night, accordingly, we crossed the Channel, and the next morning but one we were in Paris, where another meeting of our countrymen awaited us.

The news in London, at the time we left, was that Charles Albert, now Constitutional King of Sardinia, had mustered his army on the Ticino frontier, as if bent on marching to the rescue of the Milanese insurgents,

* "Morello, or the Organ-Boy's Progress," in "Blackgown Papers," vol. ii.

but that he had hitherto not only not budged an inch himself, but had even opposed the movements of the Turin and Genoa students, who were up in arms and on their way across the border.

Nothing could equal the bitterness of our feelings against that "recreant prince," we said, "who had already twice forsaken the Italian cause, and was now so basely deserting it for the third time." But on our arrival at Paris we found the situation completely reversed. The intelligence was that the king had proclaimed the national war, that he had reared the Savoy shield on the Italian tricolor standard, and that his vanguard had already crossed the frontier-stream.

It would be impossible to describe the change that these great tidings wrought on Mazzini's countenance. He was dumb-struck for a few minutes; but when he rose to speak he declared that it was necessary to suspend our judgment, to mistrust mere appearances; that the king's aid came too late and when it was no longer needed; that the Lombards had won the battle, and the Piedmontese would only come in to snatch from the conquerors the prize of victory. He added that we had gone back to the days of French Revolutions; that France was now a republic; republicanism was sure to make once more the tour of Europe; and Italy would have reason to repent the haste with which she saddled herself with a king, just as the days of royalty were numbered. He concluded that our association was bound to neutrality on all political questions as to the form of government; that we represented all parties; we were the nation; we should have a war-cry, a standard, and a force of our own; that we should march, indeed, but in "God and the People's" name, to uphold the people's cause, not to swell the pageant of that *esecrato Carignano*, who, if he had indeed taken up that cause, had only done so with a design to betray it.

Mazzini's deep-seated conviction gave his words a power that made them irresistible to the majority of his susceptible audience. His last sentence was drowned by a tumultuous acclamation, at the end of which it

was resolved that all should tarry in Paris till we had assembled a volunteer force and collected subscriptions for their armament and equipment.

But, when the meeting broke up, I stepped up to Mazzini and told him privately that those were not the terms on which we were agreed in London, and that, now that war was declared, I was no longer a politician, but a soldier of Italy, whose duty was to join those Italians, no matter of what party, who were the first to draw the sword in their country's cause.

Thus we parted, and in the same evening I left Paris on my way to Milan, *via* Lyons and Turin. It was not without a struggle that our diligence could make its way through the crowded boulevards, crossed in every direction by frantic bands of *Voraces* and *Vesuviennes*, swarming with drunken groups of workmen of Louis Blanc's *phalanstères*, exhibiting, in short, all the hideous scenes of riot and debauch of which Paris becomes the theatre whenever its populace is king. Everywhere along our route we descried the symptoms of a society in complete dissolution, and it took all the energy of our *conducteur* to drive us through the mob-beset *barrières* of Lyons.

The diligence conveyed no other passenger than myself and a Turin merchant, by name Vincenzo Denina, a tall, fine-looking man, of an intelligence above his station, a loyal subject, devoted to his country, but professing himself a business-man, neutral on political subjects, and never meddling with them. He was withal a very agreeable fellow-traveller, and a two days' and nights' companionship through Savoy and across the Alps made us fast friends.

I had soon an opportunity of seeing what stuff he was made of, and of perceiving what ascendancy may in great emergencies be exercised over an excited multitude by mere loftiness of stature and dignity of presence. On alighting at Chambéry, where we were to dine, we found the hotel and all the accesses to it thronged with half the population of the place, all bawling and gesticulating together, wild with some sudden and startling intelligence. On making our way

to the landlady, we learned that bands of working-men out of employment, from the Lyons silk-loom, had crossed the frontier at Pont Beauvoisin, struck across the Mont du Chat, and were now in force on Lac Bourget, only six miles from Chambéry, bent on storming and sacking the town.

It was a ticklish moment. For the troops and gendarmes of the ordinary garrison had left for Turin to join the king in his Lombard campaign, and were now already half-way across Mont Cenis; and the craven civilians had deserted their posts on the first alarm, so that the town saw itself forsaken both by its defenders and its rulers.

Denina alighted from the diligence a very *Deus ex machinâ*. He addressed a few reassuring words to the terrified landlady and her maids, who instinctively clustered round the big man for protection. Then he with little ceremony cleared the hall of the noisiest intruders; and, standing on the steps, he drew himself up to the fulness of his commanding height, squared his broad shoulders, and thus harangued the scared hinds who crouched before him:

"What is all this panic about? Are you men, and do you come here for shelter behind helpless women's petticoats? Have you no hands?—no weapons? Will you allow yourselves to be slaughtered like sheep or swine?—to be devoured by a pack of wolves who would run away on your only showing your teeth? Have you not your fowling-pieces, your scythes and hay-forks, nay, your flails and cart-whips? For shame! Get out of this! Go and toll your alarm-bell; go and see what paltry knaves they are who have frightened you out of your senses. Though I see no heroes among you, surely you are not such arrant cravens as those you will have to meet outside the town."

Abuse and upbraidings are bitter medicines to administer to abject fear. But they had a wholesome effect in this instance. The men cheered the orator; they took heart, flew to arms, held a hasty meeting in the square. They found a few rusty swords and flint-muskets at the arsenal. They formed in strong sallying-

parties, and, as it was naturally expected, on the first shots being fired, the vagrants from Lyons broke up, clambered up the steep sides of the Mont du Chat, and at daybreak they were nowhere to be seen.

Denina laughed at the issue of the adventure, as we sat down to our dinner or supper, where the grateful landlady treated us to her choicest Barolo. But, I am convinced, had it not been for my friend's timely interference, the marauders would have come in in the night, they would have found plenty of wretches to make common cause with them among the scum of the population, and Chambéry and all Savoy would have come under the sway of French republican "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity."

Attempts at similar inroads were renewed at various later periods. But the town was now better prepared to act in self-defence, and stood out manfully till the grape-shot of Cavaignac had restored something like order in the French cities, when diplomacy warned the Republic of the danger she would incur by this insidious violation of her neighbor's territories.

I left Denina at Turin, and proceeded all alone to Milan, where I found the streets still encumbered with the barricades before which Radetzky's Austrians had had to retire inch by inch, but where there was no certainty that they might not soon reappear. I was an utter stranger in the city, but introduced myself to the Myliuses, very near relatives of my wife, who were also to be my bankers, and would gladly have claimed me as their guest, had I not announced my resolution to leave Milan the same evening. Though these connections of mine were Germans (from Frankfort), they had taken to heart the cause of the country where they had long been at home and highly respected, and their house was the daily resort of Cattaneo, Cernuschi, Terzaghi, and other hot-headed patriots whose political passions had not as yet become dangerous. The younger son of the family, Frederick Mylius, hearing that I was bent on setting out for Charles Albert's camp without delay, volunteered his company, and towards evening we set out, I hardly allowing myself more than five

minutes on the square of the cathedral to gaze at the wonders of that great mountain of white marble.

We found at the gate a company of volunteers on their way to join the Griffini column, and travelled with them all night through Melegnano and Lodi, arriving in the morning at Cremona. Here young Mylius and myself separated, as I was bound to the Piedmontese head-quarters, and he preferred to offer his services to the republican government at Venice. I hired a conveyance to Bozzolo and Asola, where I fell in with the first divisions of the Sardinian army, preparing to undertake the blockade of the water-girt stronghold of Mantua.

I shall not attempt a description of that campaign of Charles Albert, of which I had hoped to be *pars magna*, but in which hardly anything but disappointment awaited me.

I had left London full of genuine enthusiasm, proud of my readiness to sacrifice myself—and, alas! not myself alone—to a cause which had been sacred to me from childhood. The presentiments by which I had so long been haunted, that I should not outlive the days of my youth, revived now, though I had already attained the meridian of life; and as I caught up the dirge-like notes of the chorus of the Girondins, "*Mourir pour la patrie!*" with which the streets of Paris then resounded, I really thought that the fate which had spared me so long had overtaken me at last, and that I was now bent on a journey from which I should never return. I had received from my friends Boulton and Leslie, two officers in the Life-Guards, whom I often saw at Knightsbridge, a magnificent cavalry sword, as a parting present, and had bought a fine pair of holster-pistols at Lyons, my intention being to enlist in a cavalry regiment as a private trooper, ready to submit to all the drudgery and discipline of the service. I had provided myself with a passport from the Sardinian Legation in London, and with letters for various officers of high rank,—among them one for General Sommariva, a gallant commander, who went by the name of the *beau sabreur* of the army. I was shown a

café at Asola, where the general then was; he received me with great cordiality, admired my sword till I felt bound to offer it to him as a present; he praised the patriotic zeal which had brought me there from so great a distance, but—but he added that he had no power to accept my services without an order from the War Office; and he thought I could not join the *Novara Cavalleria* regiment, where I had friends, without going back to the dépôt at Turin and fitting myself for active service by at least a six-months' drill.

I fell from the clouds; but on applying to the Minister of War I found that the rules were inexorable, and would at least be strictly observed in my case.

In my anxiety to do something, although I did not lay aside the hope of overcoming all obstacles, and even thought of appealing to the king for his interference, I got myself enlisted in the Griffini column, which had done good service at the bridge of Goito, and marched with them from the environs of Mantua to those of Verona, where we were encamped near the king's head-quarters, now removed to Somma Campagna. Here I was for two or three weeks, engaged with our column in almost daily reconnoitring incursions, overrunning the plain up to the walls of Verona, —our instructions being to advance from one farmhouse to another, and take them by storm one by one, till we fell in with the Austrian pickets, from which we were to retire after the exchange of a few volleys. It was work of a sufficiently exciting nature, but it was only the prelude of an attack on the place, which seemed indefinitely put off, and it became somewhat wearisome,—at least to me, who had come up with the expectation of a more brisk and decisive warfare.

I felt strangely out of place among my comrades of the Griffini column, a motley crew, a few of whom were very young students from the University of Pavia, but the greatest number the mere riff-raff of Milan, all of whom had shown themselves heroes at the barricades on the "five great days." But all people who knew nothing about me took me for an Englishman, and wondered what had brought me *dans cette*

galère, hardly disguising their "suspicions;" while their chief, Colonel Griffini himself, a valiant fellow, but with the mien and manner of one of the *condottieri* of old, eyed my holster-pistols with eager covetousness, and expressed a hope that those "superb weapons" should fall to him, to have and to keep, "should anything happen to me;" looking all the time as if he would gladly have had me shot for my pistols.

By good fortune, and before anything "happened," our column fell in with a volunteer band from Parma, who were quartered at Santa Giustina and were under my brother's command; and leave for me to pass from one band to another was easily obtained.

My brother,—only brother,—ten years my junior, had succeeded as head of the family after my father's death and during my absence, and had done good service as a clerk in the Court of Accounts under the auspices of our maternal uncle Lombardini, the Minister of Finance under Maria Louisa, and also, in later years, under the last duchess, Louise of Bourbon, the Count of Chambord's sister. On the first outbreak of the revolution, my brother had shown rare pluck in some street-skirmishes with the Austrians quartered as the duke's auxiliaries at Parma; and after the flight of the garrison he had, in consideration of his gallantry, been sent out in command of the first volunteer company, at the head of which he had behaved so well at Pastrengo as to receive the gold medal from the king's own hand, followed at a later time by the cross of St. Maurice.

This brother of mine, though younger, had always been and was unquestionably wiser than I was, and, indeed, the very reverse of me in almost everything. I only remembered him as a little, lively, and mischievous urchin, and found him now a mature, sensible fellow, grave and reserved, easily extending over others that control which he always knew how to exercise over himself.

We talked that night,—the whole night,—chiefly about my doings, about the erratic impulses which had ruled all my life and brought me here regardless of all

the ties and interests of my English home, and especially about that strange, quixotic crotchet that duty to my country made it imperative on me to court a soldier's death.

My brother listened to me patiently, with downcast eyes, lest, if he looked at me, his face might betray the mirth or compassion that my high-falutin excited in his sober mind; then he began to reason that "the war was at an end almost before it began,"—a mistake on his part, but which he shared with every being in or out of Italy at the time; that even if the war went on, it would have to be fought by soldiers, not by adventurers, however enthusiastic; that his volunteers, like those of Griffini and the rest, were a mere rabble, a hinderance and encumbrance, sure to scatter like chaff when they have done all the mischief they could towards demoralizing the regular army; and that he was himself only anxious to resign his command as soon as he could do it with honor, enlisting, even as a private, in a disciplined Piedmontese regiment.

Then, proceeding with the *argumentum ad hominem*, he asked me if I forgot that I was "verging on forty, though, to be sure," he added, "I looked, and he had no doubt I felt, portentously young for my years, and my mind and heart were 'fresh and green' in proportion." He was quite convinced "no recruiting sergeant in any country would enlist an old man, near-sighted as I was, at any price; and I could never endure the roughness, the harsh rule,—above all things, the dirt,—with which a man in the ranks must put up in barracks or at the bivouac," and, after all, "there was no certainty that, with all my enthusiasm, I might not, like any private, be told off to some fortress or hospital on garrison or ambulance duty, and thus never have a chance of firing a shot from the beginning to the end of the campaign."

"It was natural," he allowed, "that I should wish to be with my countrymen at this crisis; but there were a thousand ways, now I was there, to make me of some avail to my country's cause. It was the pen, not the sword, that should be my weapon; and, even

if I was so desperately bent on soldiering, he advised me to be off to Milan or Turin, to buy a horse or two, to hire a servant, to put on an officer's tunic,—my service as an ensign in 1831 entitling me at least to a lieutenant's epaulets,—and to get myself attached to the staff of either some Piedmontese or Lombard corps, when I would at least be able to see the game near enough to take any part in it my *valor* might prompt.”

The advice, with all the sneers which seasoned it, was humiliating and stinging, but it was unanswerable; and I had to bow to it. I tarried with my brother for a few days, while the king's army seemed to have sunk into complete inaction; and, as the heat reached its height at the end of May, I turned my back to the camp, and, choosing a roundabout route least likely to bring me on the ground trodden by the belligerents on either side, made my way to Cremona and Casal Maggiore, where I crossed the Po to Colorno and Parma.

I had not seen my native home for eighteen years, but was not forgotten by the friends of my youth, among whom my exploits of 1831 had won me a name; and for a few days I was welcome everywhere as a veteran of the cause that was now triumphant. There was as yet no misgiving as to the possible issue of the Lombard campaign. At Milan the rash assurance “*A Milan i ghe vegn pu*” (Here at Milan they, *i.e.* the Austrians, will never be seen again) met you at every step; and the same insane confidence was everywhere the order of the day. The only question was, now Italy was her own mistress, how should she dispose of herself? for most men at that time looked upon the unity of the country as a Utopia, and only speculated on what terms a National League or Confederacy might be established. On the first outbreak of hostilities the Piedmontese had seized on the strong place of Piacenza, and, carried away by a fit of natural enthusiasm, that town had by popular acclamation demanded its immediate annexation to Piedmont. But Parma, in her capacity of capital of

the duchy, and from time immemorial jealous of the sister city, seemed unwilling to abdicate her sovereign rank and to sink to the level of a provincial town ; so that the majority there, as at Modena, Lucca, Florence, and other former seats of government, stood up for their local rights and honors, and were stanch federalists.

Not a few of the men of the rising generation, however, had been won over to the ideas of the *Giovane Italia*. These felt that, in spite of the wonderful success that had hitherto attended the national movement, Italy would require the joint effort of all her living energies to accomplish her regeneration ; and they were anxious to carry on at least the work of *unification* or amalgamation, as far as circumstances would allow.

With these practical unitarians I communed eagerly. The strength of my convictions acted magnetically ; and I had already won over many of our opponents, when, as I happened one day to argue the point in the Piazza Grande with a small knot of friends, I soon found myself in the midst of a crowd, all pressing round to hear. That was the very main square where, at a memorable juncture, eighteen years before, I had harangued the people ; and some of those whom my voice now could not reach, remembering that former achievement of mine, called out, "*Alla Ringhiera ! Alla Ringhiera !*" The "*Ringhiera*" was the balcony of the Palazzo del Governo, or Home Office, whence official acts and proclamations were read to the public. To that balcony I went up, or was carried up on men's shoulders ; spoke a few words to the purpose about the difficulties and dangers of the crisis through which the country was passing, dwelt upon the reasons favorable to annexation to Piedmont, and ended by an earnest exhortation to my fellow-citizens, urging them to give the first example to the cities of the Emilia, and to come to some immediate resolution which should solve the problems about the future destinies of the country.

I had been, it seems, well inspired, and had spoken at the right moment. There was a loud, far-reaching cry of assent, and my advice was instantly acted upon. Registration-books were opened at all the cafés ; the

voters' names and their votes were taken down and numbered; and, after three days' scrutiny, the result of that clumsy and somewhat informal but *bonâ fide plebiscite* was a vast majority in favor of annexation of the city and duchy of Parma to the Sardinian monarchy, henceforth to be the nucleus of a great North-Italian kingdom.

For my own part, however, I barely waited to see the issue of the vote. I took the diligence to Milan, and settled there at the Mylius's, who kindly helped me in my quest of saddle-horses, while a military tailor measured me for a staff uniform. Saddle-horses, however, for the last few months were hardly to be had at any price, and army tailors could scarcely keep up the supply with the demand that pressed upon them on all sides. Whilst I was waiting, at a loss how otherwise to employ my time, I frequented patriotic clubs, was admitted to the councils of the provisional government, saw Mazzini twice or three times at the Hôtel Marino, and was absolutely terrified at the violence of the political passions by which the great city, as well as the whole country, was distracted.

Here also I was able to do some good. The report of what had been done at Parma had preceded me; I was looked upon as a pronounced *annexationist*. As such I was highly favored by the provisional government, and, on the other hand, became decidedly obnoxious to Mazzini and the republicans of all colors. But at Milan, as at Parma, I succeeded to some extent in throwing some oil on the troubled waters, especially by the publication of a series of articles in the "Lombardia," an influential daily print, in which I carried out the same views which I had advocated from the palace balcony in my native place.

While I was thus employed, patiently bearing the delay which kept me away from the scene of war,—where, as far as we in Milan knew, everything went on propitiously for the Italian arms,—a large parcel of letters, which the Mylius's had sent out to me by the military post at head-quarters, and which had wandered there from place to place, following the king's

movements, came finally into my brother's hands at Santa Giustina, and was by him despatched to Parma, whence it now reached me at Milan.

Many of those letters bore old dates, and were perfectly reassuring as to the well-being of those I had left behind. But one of them, bearing the Kensington post-mark, was comparatively recent, and was signed by a Miss Bassett, an old maid who had struck up an acquaintance with my mother-in-law and was a frequent visitor at our house in Thurloe Square.

Her intelligence was that my poor little infant had died after little more than five weeks of precarious existence, and that my wife, worn out by my prolonged absence, and further distracted by that recent loss, had been attacked by an illness of which neither herself nor her parents were allowed to perceive the gravity, but by which the doctors had been so greatly alarmed that they had requested her—Miss Bassett—to send me word in their name, bidding me hasten on my way to England without a minute's loss of time, "*if I wished to see their patient alive.*"

I travelled post—*posta forzata*—from Milan to Como and Lake Maggiore, across the St. Gothard and down by Lucerne and Basle to the Rhine, proceeded by steam on the river to Strasburg, and thence by the Malle-Poste to Paris and Calais, never allowing myself one moment's rest till the cab set me down at my house door in Brompton, barely one week after the arrival of Miss Bassett's terrible news.

CHAPTER XXI.

DIPLOMATIC EXPERIENCES.

Milan to London—An anxious journey—A cruel hoax—All's well that ends well—New travelling-schemes—A family council—Terrible tidings—A hurried journey—Alpine travelling—The news at Aosta—Chaos at Turin—Italian disasters—Oil on troubled waters—Every dog has its day—Popularity and promotion—A diplomatic mission—Turin to Frankfort—Anarchy and reaction—A scheme of pacification—Its failure—Frankfort to Turin—A warlike ministry—Turin to Frankfort—Reaction triumphant—Back to England.

OF all the journeys I ever accomplished in my life, none was ever undertaken under so cruel a pressure of anguish as the one which brought me home to England in the early days of July, 1848. I was then, as I am still, too often under the influence of a gloomy temperament, which prompts me to look at things under their most ominous aspect; and under the threat of some dire calamity my first instinct is to anticipate the worst. This does not, perhaps, make me a greater coward than the generality of my fellow-beings in facing evil when it becomes inevitable; but it causes me to go through a vast amount of self-torture in the mere expectation, before the blow falls,—a torture which has been needlessly endured, when, as in the present instance, the blow is eventually averted.

There was nothing unexpected in the tidings of my child's death; for no one except a fond mother could have hoped to rear so frail a being. But my poor wife! Had my heartless desertion of her so soon after her confinement, and with that infant life slowly wasting before her eyes, been too much for her? Had I killed her?

She looked so calm, and even cheerful, when I left her. Her letters which had reached me at the camp in April and May were so far from evincing any symptoms of bodily ailment or mental distress. She had

her parents with her. I was unremitting in my correspondence, and certainly not niggardly in my expressions of conjugal affection. She knew she was all that was dearest to my heart,—next to Italy,—and she had assured me a hundred times that my love for my country caused her no pang of jealousy.

Miss Bassett's letter was at least a fortnight old. The Myliuses were in constant weekly communication with their partners and relatives in England. For two weeks nothing had been heard about Green Heys or Thurloe Square. What did that silence portend? Had the worst happened? Had Death achieved his work? And had either that or the suspense of a prolonged agony so utterly paralyzed the faculties of all in attendance upon that death-bed that none of them had thought of writing one word to bid me hope or despair?

Frantic with anguish and remorse, I stepped up to my house door and rang the bell. And—and in the hall I was met by my wife, who was rushing down the stairs, and who threw herself into my arms, half fainting with delight and surprise.

When that first emotion was over, I handed her up to the drawing-room, looked at her, hardly believing my own eyes, for there was no trace of suffering in her face, and, soon completely reassured, I asked, "Well, little wife! And how have you been all this time?"

"Pretty well, on the whole," she answered. "I was a little put out by poor baby's death, you can imagine, and fretted a great deal about you; but I have been up and going about all this last month, and felt so well since Sunday that papa and mamma have gone home to Green Heys, leaving me here just to shut up the house and join them."

"All is well that ends well," thought I. And "One moment," as the poet says,—

"One moment may with bliss repay
Unnumbered hours of pain."

But my curses on Miss Bassett for the distress of

mind her cruel hoax had caused me were not less deep and hearty for being at that moment denied a vent. Had the scheme of frightening me back to England by that false alarm sprung up spontaneously in that old tabby's fertile brain? Or had it been concocted between her and my mother-in-law, whose natural anxiety about her daughter's health was at least more excusable, and may have gone the length of coaxing or bribing her gossiping friend to charge her conscience with what was, if not pure fabrication, at least gross exaggeration? Who can say? On my first relief I deemed it hardly worth while to inquire. And before I had leisure to take the meddling spinster to task, I heard that she had fallen ill and been summoned to her last account.

There was, meanwhile, peace and happiness in Thurloe Square that evening, and for the two or three ensuing days; after which I humored my wife by taking her to her parents' old home at Green Heys, where we were soon projecting a summer excursion to the Peak of Derbyshire, or to some sea-bathing place on the Welsh coast.

Letters from the Myliuses, however, following close upon my arrival, spread a report of my doings in Italy, —especially respecting the good influence I had exercised towards soothing the animosities arising from conflicting political views at Parma and Milan,—the letters expressing the writers' regret at the domestic troubles which had determined my sudden departure, and adding a hope that, its cause being now removed by my wife's sudden recovery, I might soon be induced to go back to Italy, not necessarily as a combatant, but as a peace-maker, a right-thinking and well-meaning leader of public opinion; in which capacity I might take up my residence in Milan, accepting the hospitality of Casa Mylius both for myself and my wife, my pacific mission no longer rendering a separation in the least necessary.

These letters created not a little stir among my wife's relatives, especially in the families of two of my father-in-law's nephews,—able young men, whose enterprising

talents had given a wider scope to the business in which they were partners, who thought well and spoke sensibly on all political subjects, and took almost as great an interest in the emancipation of Italy as in the reconstitution of their own German Fatherland.

These, knowing perfectly well what had been passing in Thurloe Square, were ashamed and disgusted when they heard of the ignoble stratagem by which I had been recalled from Italy, and in a kind of family council that was held at Green Heys they declared that I had been ill used, no matter by whom or at whose suggestion, and that the least that could be done to make me amends would be to allow me to accept the Mylius's' invitation and go back to Milan, taking my wife with me to remove any chance of her again repining at her forlorn condition.

There were sense and justice in the proposal, and it was backed by so general an approval of all the little German colony in Manchester that my wife's parents themselves warmed up to the scheme as if it had been something of their own contriving, and we had soon no other thought than that of making ready for our departure.

A lady's preparations for a journey, however, especially when there is a mother to provide for what she deems "the needful," is apt to take time; and we had come to the end of July before we had made up our minds to be off. And then such appalling news broke upon us, day after day, as gave us reason to be thankful that we had never stirred at all.

News travelled lamely at that time, and the intelligence from the seat of war suffered such delays, curtailments, and additions in the transmission that the truth of anything that was happening took an unconscionable time in reaching us. When I left Milan at the end of June there could be no doubt as to the full success of the Italian movement. When, one month later, the day for our journey to Milan was appointed, our Italian cause was lost past recovery.

The real truth is that since the outbreak of the Milan insurrection the Italians had managed to live in a fool's

paradise, which they soon turned into a hell of discord and anarchy. The Milanese, flushed with the astonishing results of their five days' street-fighting, fancied they had, single-handed, utterly annihilated the Austrian army. That army, however, was surprised and scattered, but not beaten. The unlooked-for defection of many thousand native Italians had thinned its ranks, but not broken its backbone, not loosened its fundamental organization or overcome its cohesive instincts. What Radetzky had with him in his retreat was merely a nucleus of what his force had been ; but with that he was still unresisted wherever he marched, and found that he was soon able to rally new forces wherewith to regain his lost ground.

For their own part, the Italians seemed at first stunned with their portentous victory. Had they been all wide-awake and quick, the triumph might indeed have been complete, for Mantua and Verona would as easily have fallen into their hands as Milan and Venice. But the people suffered the right moment to slip ; and Radetzky, safe in his lion's den of the Quadrilateral, had time to take breath, to look about him, and to stand fast, however rapidly Lombardy, Venetia, and the whole empire might be toppling about his ears.

The war, however, the Italians thought, was not between Radetzky and Lombardo-Venetia. It was between Radetzky and all Italy. What Italian citizens had begun, Italian soldiers would be sure to achieve. There were the armies of Piedmont and Tuscany, of Rome and the Two Sicilies, coming to the rescue ; not to reckon myriads of volunteers. It was all Italy against one man ; for Austria was nowhere. Beyond the Alps the Austrian Empire was in utter dissolution, Vienna a pandemonium, the Emperor a fugitive ; while Italy, it was supposed, was "acting together as one man."

Alas ! all that was true, but only for one day. On the morrow after that first exultation, the seeds of Italian dissension broke out. The Lombards soon found that their auxiliaries too far exceeded their need. And the auxiliaries were too much in each

other's way. Rome and Naples became jealous of Piedmont's preponderance. So far as lay in their power, the Pope and the Bourbon withdrew from the contest. Left alone, Charles Albert would not in the long run, and even under the most propitious circumstances, have been a match for his Austrian adversary; for this latter had the advantages of wiser generalship, steadier troops, and an infinitely stronger position. But, independently of all these drawbacks, poor Charles Albert had to contend with implacable enemies behind his back, if not in his own camp,—the partisans of Mazzini, Cattaneo, and other hare-brained agitators, who turned the fatal precedents of the king against him, proclaimed him twice and thrice a traitor, and, flattering the municipal jealousies of the Milanese against the Piedmontese, and the senseless propensities of the populace for ultra-democratic institutions, denounced the royal champion of Italy as the greatest stumbling-block in the way of a triumphant Italian republic.

Before I left Milan at the end of June, as far as we were allowed to know on our side, everything seemed still favorable to our cause; for the only field action of the campaign, at Goito, was claimed as a splendid victory of the Piedmontese, and its immediate result had been the surrender of Peschiera, one of the four impregnable Austrian strongholds (May 30). But since then large reinforcements from the Tyrol and Friuli had joined the army of Radetzky; the strong places on the frontier had fallen one by one without striking a blow. Vicenza had succumbed (June 11), and before the end of the month all Venetia—the city of the Lagoons and some Alpine fortresses excepted—had come into Austrian hands. Throughout all that period the king seemed to have lost all initiative: he let slip the opportunity of either relieving Vicenza or carrying Verona by a *coup-de-main*, and hovered helplessly between Verona and Mantua, with his army scattered along a line reaching from Rivoli to Governolo, till all Radetzky's plans were laid, when the Austrians came forth against that thin line with a compact mass of

sixty thousand men, broke it and crushed it at Custozza (July 25), and compelled it to fall back from the Mincio to the Oglio and Adda, till it came to a halt under the walls of Milan.

Further than that, nothing was known in Manchester. For several days the despatches were confused and contradictory, and I was racked with uncertainty and suspense. All idea of the journey to Milan with a wife's encumbrance had, of course, to be given up; but my wife herself, sympathizing with the anxiety which allowed me no rest day or night, was the first to suggest that I should at once proceed on our projected route alone, and ascertain the real extent of the disaster that was too sudden to be thought absolutely irreparable.

I parted with her, leaving her in her old home, under her parents' care, hurried through London and Paris, vainly endeavoring to pick up such information as might guide me in my further progress, then went on at hap-hazard by the diligence to Besançon and Geneva, with a vague idea of making my way over the Simplon to Lake Maggiore, whence it would be equally easy for me to join the last defenders of the country at Milan or Turin; for the news, even in Geneva, left me still doubtful as to what was going on south of the Alps, some reports being that Charles Albert had shut himself up in Milan with a determination to defend that town *à outrance*, while other statements were that the king had continued his retreat to his own frontier on the Ticino, that Milan had been surrendered to the Austrians, and that Mazzini, Garibaldi, and other republican leaders had withdrawn to the mountains above Como and Varese, bent on prolonging the struggle by a guerilla warfare.

The route of the Simplon and Lake Maggiore was evidently no longer safe; that from Geneva back to Lyons, and thence over Mont Cenis to Turin, was long and circuitous: so I chose a middle course, took the early morning steamer from Geneva to Villeneuve, walked, the same forenoon, up the broad Valais Valley to Martigny, and hence, after a two hours' rest, I under-

took, still on foot, the narrow ascent to the Grand St. Bernard. Darkness and fatigue, however, compelled me to remain for the night at the Cantine, two hours from the summit of the pass; but on the following morning I went up to the Hospice, shared with the hospitable prior his twelve-o'clock dinner, which, although *de maigre* (that being a fast-day), was one of the most succulent and toothsome I ever ate in my life; and, leaving immediately after rising from table, I walked down in six hours to Aosta.

The St. Bernard's Pass, nearly nine thousand feet high, was at that season clear of snow; but there was ice in the little lake near the Hospice when I bathed in it early in the morning. The weather was bright and lovely, and the transition from the northern to the southern water-shed had all the sensation of a passage from death to life which every traveller experiences on crossing the Alps from any Northern land into Italy,—an exhilarating sensation of which even dumb cattle seem susceptible, as we read that Alfieri's fourteen English blood horses on the descent of Mont Cenis "hailed the land of the sun with neighs that had no end."

Like one of those animals, I also cried out, "Italy! Italy!" as the rugged sides of the valley of the Dora widened out into a garden before me. That morbid gloom, that weighed upon my mind all along the way, haunting me with dark presages of the fate which, as I fancied, awaited me at my journey's end, making me, as I toiled up the ascent, break out into the dismal notes of my favorite "*Mourir pour la patrie!*" was softened, if not dispelled, by the unutterable smile of that Southern region. Stirred to the depth of my heart, I stood still, and, in the midst of that vast solitude, I fell on my knees, and lifted up my voice to the Almighty, with a faith and ardor to which I had long been a stranger, and prayed,—prayed that His will should be done, but that, "living or dying, my coming should not be without some good result for my country."

As I proceeded, the cheerful look, the holiday dress, the festive gathering of the sparse population, and,

above all things, the lively peals of bells from every church steeple, struck me as something extraordinary, and recalled me from my inward meditations to a less abstract sense of the things of this world.

"What is all this?" I asked myself. "What makes these good rustics so merry? Has the fortune of war turned? And are they celebrating a victory?"

I stopped the first decently-dressed man, a stout countryman, riding, on whose brow a cloud of ill humor was perceptible, and asked "the news."

"No news, sir," he answered, laconically.

"What!" I insisted. "All these merry peals, all these peasants in their Sunday best——"

"Bah!" he interrupted. "C'est le quinze Août—l'Assomption de la Bonne Vierge! Ce sont ces sacrés prêtres qui font leur *gazzarre*. Qu'est-ce que cela leur fait, la débâcle de l'armée, ou la ruine du pays? Leur boutique va toujours. La patrie est en deuil. L'Église est en fête. Ainsi va le monde."

And in a few words he informed me that Milan had risen against the king, who was bent on defending it; that it was with difficulty he escaped from the rifle-shots of the *Barabbas* of the populace, and that he had crossed the Ticino with his scattered army, accepting the hard terms of the armistice which had been negotiated for him by the diplomatic representatives of France and England. A few steps farther I met some of the soldiers of the routed army, who had already struggled so far on their way home, ragged and worn out, and who held out their hands like beggars, charity alone keeping them from dropping down wasted by hunger and fatigue on the roadside.

At Aosta, in the evening, I found the diligence for Turin; and on the following day I took up my quarters at the Hôtel Feder in that city.

A more disheartening and perplexing situation of affairs than what met me in Italy at this juncture it would be impossible to imagine. With the king, and with the remnants of his beaten army, swarms of homeless and in many cases penniless fugitives from all parts of Italy had crowded in upon exhausted Pied-

mont. Among them were the bitterest enemies both of the king and of his people. The municipal jealousy which had shown itself between Lombards and Subalpines on the first success of the campaign was not likely to be soothed by the smart of its final reverse. Every man you spoke to, every paper you took up, gave you merely a repetition of the same senseless and relentless mutual upbraidings. Treachery on one side, supineness and cowardice on the other, were the charges with which the contending parties met each other in their envenomed controversy. It seemed as if the Austrian had ceased to be the enemy. It was as much as the police, backed by a large military force, could do to prevent the sword which had been powerless against the foreign foe being drawn in a deadly feud between countrymen and brethren.

In the midst of that chaos of evil passions, the voice of any *bonâ fide* peace-maker had a chance of being listened to.

I tried what mine could do. I had asked divine aid, and I felt the *Deus in nobis*. I sat down and wrote. It seemed as if I alone, arriving as a stranger and neutral in the heat of the quarrel, had still sufficient control over my feelings to be able to talk reason. I wrote an appeal to all parties, proving—as it was only too easy—how grievously all and each of them had been at fault, how they all needed indulgence, mutual forgiveness, oblivion. I acted the part of the chorus in a Greek tragedy,—threw all the blame on a blind, inscrutable, inexorable fate. The thoughts came from the heart. The words were written in blood. For once in my life I was as one inspired.

I wrote, and went with my broad sheet to the office of the "*Risorgimento*," a daily print which owed its rise to Count Cavour, but the apparent editor of which was Michelangelo Castelli, Cavour's most faithful and trusted agent and friend to the day of the great statesman's death.

That first appeal was followed by another, and a third, and a series. Of the impression those articles made I am almost afraid to speak. Suffice it to say

that that was the only occasion in my life in which I felt conscious of having done any good in this world.

Cavour came to the office on purpose to see and know me. He thanked me in the name of the country. My name was soon popular. I was pointed at as the man who by the annexation of Parma had given a powerful impulse to the work of national unification. General Menabrea, the same who was for several years Italian ambassador in England,—then a dashing young officer with a handsome head reminding one of the early portraits of the First Napoleon,—happened at the time to be in command at Parma, and now bore witness to the “wonderful effect my harangue in the square had had on my townspeople.” The king’s government set great store by those spontaneous votes of annexation. Worst of all in the field, the Piedmontese statesmen still hoped to retrieve their fortunes by their wonted ability in the cabinet. They were anxious to claim the unification of North Italy as an established fact, and with that view they set up a new administration, at the head of which they placed Count Casati, the former Mayor of Milan, and President of the late provisional government of Lombardy, with other members chosen from the various Venetian and Emilian provinces. As they were especially anxious, if no more could be gotten, to secure for themselves the fortress of Piacenza and the whole or at least part of the duchy of Parma, they set their eyes upon me; and Castelli came, in the name of Count Cavour and of the Marquis Alfieri di Sostegno, to offer me the portfolio of Public Instruction.

Thank heaven, my vanity, however flattered by that mere breath of popular favor, had not blinded me to such dangerous extent. I did not plead false *nolo episcopari* modesty, self-denial, or mistrust of my own abilities. I simply told those gentlemen that my domestic ties to England did not allow me to prolong my stay south of the Alps, and that I was already on the move towards home. I tarried on the spot, however, all the latter end of the month of August and part of

September, and, with the help of my friend Castelli, and Francesco Ferrara, one of the envoys from Palermo who had come over to Turin to offer the crown of Italy to the king's younger son, the Duke of Genoa, hit upon a scheme which seemed at first to have every chance of success. I laid out a plan of an Italian Confederacy, of which the leaders were easily and immediately found among the distinguished refugees from all parts of the country with which Turin was then swarming, and the first use we made of the new political power placed in our hands by this association was an endeavor to rehabilitate King Charles Albert, on whom the hostile parties were only too glad to throw the main responsibility of all the recent calamities of the country.

Poor king! He had had noble aspirations at various periods of his life. He had wished for good, but evil had been again and again too strong for him. He was in earnest now, at this last stage in his career, but how could any man know it? A few might love him, but no one trusted him. And yet everything was in his hands. Piedmont was the last, the only resource of Italy, and we must make the best of its king, and stick to him till he gave us up.

We drew up a deputation and went to him. In the name of the Italian Confederacy, and as deputies of the cities and provinces which had voted for annexation to the Sardinian crown, we came "to tender our homage, and to pledge our faith and honor to stand by him to the full extent of our power; trusting that he, for his own part, would never forsake or disavow us, and never yield to adverse fortune as long as even the faintest hope remained for the triumph of our hallowed cause."

He stood before the open window, all clad in his blue uniform, with his plumed cocked hat resting on his arm,—a tall man, stiff and erect, lean and gaunt, all yellow like boxwood in his face, old, worn, broken in mind and body. He listened with some embarrassment; he thanked us rather coldly, but asked "how any one could doubt the earnestness and steadfastness of his devotion to the nation's cause?"

"Sire," I replied, "your majesty must be aware that reports are current about town that peace with Austria has already been secretly signed."

My words touched him to the quick. His eyes flashed fire, and he moved forward a step or two, as if unable to control his emotion.

"Peace signed!" he exclaimed. Then he burst out into a bitter laugh. "Gentlemen," he said, "if you know that, you are much better informed than I am, or ought to be."

"We do not, we will not, believe the outrageous rumor, sire," I insisted; "and it is to be able to give the calumnious report your decided contradiction that we stand here in your royal presence."

"Take the word of a king and a gentleman (*parola di rè e di cavaliere*), then," he said. "Tell my people and your people that I have staked my crown, my life, and that of my sons on the issue of this contest, and that my sword shall never be sheathed till we obtain a peace with which Italy may have reason to be satisfied. Our allies of France and England hold our hands while they endeavor to patch up a peace. I am convinced that they are wasting their time, and the moment the mediation is at an end our new campaign must begin."

With this we withdrew. On the following morning the king's words appeared in the "*Risorgimento*," with a warm appeal to the people's loyalty and sense of justice. From that moment the ungenerous suspicions about the king's good faith were in a great measure allayed; but my chance of doing any further good was but small. The country was restored to some calmness,—resigned to hope and wait; but the success itself of my pacific mission made me obnoxious to the party that was bent on disorder and strife at any price. It was time for me to be off, for my further stay in Turin was incompatible with the domestic duties which recalled me to England; and I was making ready for my departure, when something happened to interfere with my movements.

The guerilla warfare which had been proclaimed by

Mazzini and Garibaldi ended in a failure almost ere it began. Its leaders went across the Swiss frontier; but its scattered legionaries crept into Piedmont one by one, and came to Turin to swell the ranks of those mischief-makers who, under the false cry of democracy, hoped to pave the way for a republic. At the head of this faction was now the ex-priest Vincenzo Gioberti, who, as a precursor of Pius IX., had made himself extremely popular by his scheme of a reconciliation between the cause of Italy and that of the Papacy. After the Pope's desertion of the national cause, Gioberti had still a large party among the liberal priests and their flock in Piedmont, and at the head of a so-called democratic club he might still be considered a power in the State. In an evil moment he proposed a fusion of his club with our National Confederacy; and his ascendancy was strong enough to effect his purpose and to place himself at the head of both associations, using them as an instrument in his opposition to the ministry. Upon a new cabinet being formed under the presidency of the Marquis Alfieri di Sostegno, a place in it was offered to Gioberti; but, as it was not the first place that was intended for him, the ex-priest broke out into open war, and joined Rattazzi and others of the Left who were clamoring for a "democratic administration." The Alfieri ministry, hoping to rid themselves of a formidable adversary, tempted Gioberti with the offer of a great diplomatic mission, proposing to send him to Frankfort, where a national assembly was now sitting, busy with a reconstitution of the German Empire. The mission was undertaken with the hope of winning over the Frankfort Assembly to the cause of nationality, a principle which would make the interests of the German Fatherland identical with our own. Gioberti took the bait, and was appointed envoy-extraordinary; and it occurred to my friend Castelli and Count Cavour that I, knowing a little German, might be induced to go with the envoy as his secretary and interpreter. This happened to suit me, as I might thus still hope to make myself useful at Frankfort, where I should be three or four days nearer home and

my wife could join me, and where the honorable errand on which I was sent might flatter the vanity of my wife's family, many of whose nearest relatives were among the most conspicuous people in the town.

All was arranged, and the day of our departure appointed, when, at the eleventh hour, the ex-priest listened to the suggestions of crafty advisers who would have lost in him the trump-card in their game against the ministers: he changed his mind, and threw up the mission. The king's government, the arrival of whose envoy was formally announced and expected in Frankfort, were at a loss for a proper substitute; and, in their hurry and helplessness, nothing better occurred to them than to send me out, no longer in the suite, but at the head of the mission. Only, instead of dubbing me envoy-extraordinary, they appointed me secretary of legation and chargé-d'affaires, reserving the power of accrediting an ambassador with full powers when the German Empire should be actually reconstituted.

I felt that a diplomatist's business was as little suitable to my peculiar cast of mind as that of a cabinet minister; but the Minister for Foreign Affairs, General Perrone, the Marquis Alfieri, and their colleagues, saw no better way out of the embarrassment in which Gioberti's defection placed them: they insisted upon my acceptance as a personal favor to themselves, and would take no denial. They gave me the young Marquis Doria di Ciriè, Alfieri's nephew, as an attaché, and we set out without further loss of time. We travelled *via* the St. Gothard to Lucerne and Bâle, and thence by coach to Heidelberg,—whence, if I well remember, the railway was opened to our destination. At Frankfort, not many days after our arrival, my wife came in from London, under her brother's escort, and we moved from the Hôtel de Russie on the Zeil to a neat little villa on the Anlage, just out of the Eschenheimer Thor.

My mission turned out a failure, as I expected, and ended in a perfect sinecure. The Germans, though so wise a people, blundered in the management of their affairs even more deplorably than we Italians had done. We were weakened by our internal divisions, no doubt,

but only succumbed to an overwhelming foreign enemy. The revolutionary party in Italy was powerful, but it would never have gained the upper hand had the war been successful. Had Charles Albert beaten Radetzky, Mazzini would have been as powerless against him as he was twelve years later against Victor Emmanuel. The Germans had nothing to fear from foreign Powers; they had no quarrels with any of them but of their own seeking. A big warlike nation, never conquered or permanently invaded, Germany would at all times have been mistress of her destinies, if she had only ever known her own mind. The people there had no other enemies than their six-and-thirty governments, and on the first outburst of their revolutionary passions they found it only too easy to trample their sovereigns under their feet. At the time of my journey to Frankfort, complete anarchy reigned at Vienna, at Berlin, and at all the minor courts or capitals. As I crossed Baden I met the republican bands of Hecker and Struve in possession of the highways, and I reached Frankfort on the 20th of September, only two days after the riot in the Pfingstweide, where two of the most conspicuous members of the Assembly, Prince Lichnowsky and General Auerswald, had been barbarously murdered, and where the mob was only overpowered by reinforcements of troops from the garrison of Mayence. Martial law had been proclaimed in the town before my arrival, and the glare of the bivouac-fires of the soldiers encamped in the Zeil under my hotel windows kept me awake part of the night. Revolution had everywhere been disgraced by assassination, and order was everywhere re-established by massacre. And in the midst of that general reaction, Germany, as represented by her National Assembly in Frankfort, was only stultifying herself. Instead of simply discussing a scheme of government, the Assembly took upon itself the authority of actual government. Whilst basing its power on the principle of nationality, it trampled upon the national rights of the Danes of Schleswig, of the Poles of Posen, of the Italians of Trent. Unable to smooth down the difficulties arising from the old rivalries of

Prussia and Austria, it set up a third power by a league of the minor States, thus further widening division and making confusion worse confounded.

In so difficult a position of affairs, what chance had I of success in my position? The Germans looked upon us as the main cause of their misfortunes, as Radetzky's victory had in some measure restored the fortunes of Austria, enabled Windischgrätz and Jellachich to crush Hungary and Bohemia and bring back the fugitive court to the capital. In Frankfort itself a league between the Absolutists, the Catholics, and the ultra-Radicals had given the Austrian party the upper hand, and it was to an Austrian, the Archduke John, and to his ministry, of whom an Austrian, Schmerling, was the head, that I was accredited. The archduke, whom, in the interest of Germany herself, I tried to induce to mediate between Vienna and Turin, with a view to obtain a peace on what might be to us acceptable terms, answered me in very good Italian (for he was a native of Florence) that he was "a German, no doubt, but an Austrian first. He was a Hapsburg prince; and, however inclined to all liberal reforms, he could be no party to any transaction which might endanger the integrity of the Austrian Empire or lessen its ascendancy on either side of the Alps. If Piedmont wished for peace," he concluded, "it should be free to settle its own affairs as it listed, but should not presume to interfere with those of its neighbors." I expected such a reception, of course, but I turned to Von Vinke and other members of the Prussian party, and asked them whether, in their contest with Austria, they did not look upon us as their natural allies. Their answer was that "they were as anxious for the welfare of Italy as for their own, but that at Trent, at Trieste, and on the shores of the Adriatic, Austrian interests were also German interests, and the *natural* frontier of Germany must be drawn at the Mincio, or, at the utmost, at the Adige." I found Mr. Karl Vogt and other republicans more amenable to my arguments. They were willing enough to do full justice to Italy, "but it must be a republican Italy,—the Italy of Mazzini."

I felt that I had been sent on a fool's errand. But my position was not unendurable; for my wife's relatives, both at Frankfort and Heidelberg, stood by me, and I was on good terms with the diplomatic body, especially Lord Cowley, the English, and with the French and Belgian ministers, the French especially, an aristocrat and a humorist, who assured me prophetically that, come what might, "*on était catholique en France*," and that "the first campaign the French Republic would undertake abroad would be in support of the rights of the Pope-King." For in those days the Pope's government was on its last legs, and it was not long before the world was startled by the atrocious murder of Count Rossi,—November 15, 1848,—a murder of which, desperate as I felt it made the Italian cause, I tried to palliate the enormity among my German friends by a *tu quoque* argument, quoting the cases of Auerswald and Lichnowsky at Frankfort, of Latour at Vienna, and of Lamberg at Pesth; but all in vain, because I was answered, "in all those instances the murders had been the deed of an excited and brutified populace, while Rossi fell a victim to a conspiracy, and the majority of the Roman Chamber, of the press, and the people exulted and gloried in the dastardly deed."

One chance of doing something in the diplomatic line, however, presented itself to me in the midst of my weariness and depression in Frankfort. Among my diplomatic colleagues I had made the acquaintance of Bruck, the director of the Austrian Lloyd's at Trieste, a first-rate man of business, who had come to Frankfort as a member of the Assembly, and was subsequently appointed Austrian plenipotentiary. When, after the new disorders in October, the Emperor Ferdinand abdicated, and his successor, Francis Joseph, had been so firmly set on the throne as to reorganize the government, Bruck was called to Vienna, and, as Minister of Commerce, exercised a considerable influence over the cabinet.

Bruck was a North German, native of Elberfeld, and in the talk I frequently had with him respecting Austro-

Italian matters he agreed with me that the Lombardo-Venetian provinces were a burden and a weakness rather than a useful possession to Austria, and that the day in which she could give them up with honor would mark the beginning of a new and happier era for the Empire. On the ground of that understanding, hearing now the report of his promotion, I drew up a scheme of pacification between Austria and Italy, which, I trusted, must meet Bruck's own views, the conditions of which were that "Piedmont should renounce all hope of aggrandizement for itself; that Lombardo-Venetia should be raised to the rank of an independent State in favor of an Austrian archduke, and that State, with Piedmont, Tuscany, Rome, the Two Sicilies, and the Duchies, should constitute a National League or Confederacy, with a diet in Rome of which the Pope might have the nominal presidency, the Papal State being in all other respects secularized."

I need not here dwell on the particulars on which my scheme developed itself as I brought it to maturity, nor do I think it necessary to point out the circumstances in which Europe was then placed, and which made it the only plausible and practicable plan of a pacific arrangement. Suffice it to say that it was all carefully drawn up on paper, and the only difficulty lay in having it safely conveyed to its destination in Vienna.

I had an intimate friend in Frankfort, in the person of Mr. Killias, a Swiss engineer from Coire, who had been sent as an extra-official envoy of the Swiss Confederacy to the German government, especially to deal with the question of a railway across the Alps from the Rhine to the Mediterranean, a subject in which I was myself strongly interested, and which I often discussed with him, though I was a partisan of the Gothard Line, while he, as a Grison, was bent on favoring the Luckmanier. This Killias had lived and worked nearly all his life in Italy, chiefly in Milan, was an extremely intelligent person, the greatest linguist I had ever known, a great traveller, and a cool-headed fellow, almost invariably correct in his judgments. He was, withal, rather a rough diamond; he had a

plain Socratic face, was short and thick, careless in his dress, rather short and abrupt in his manner. I explained to him what I wanted, instructed him to deliver my despatch to Bruck, to explain it verbally at full length, bidding him, if he acceded to my proposal, send a secret agent to Turin to come to some understanding, while I, for my own part, should prepare our Minister for Foreign Affairs, General Perrone, to receive Bruck's messenger.

Killias left for Vienna, had a long conference with Bruck, and waited for several days to give the Austrian time to win over his colleagues to his views. At last he came back to me with the intelligence that Bruck's agent would be in Turin at the appointed day, in the expectation that my communication to Perrone should arrive simultaneously with that agent. In my letter to Perrone I took care to say that "I had done my best to serve my country, but that if he did not like my project he should not hesitate about disavowing and recalling me."

A peace such as I proposed could not be acceptable to Perrone. In the first place, the general was a good Piedmontese of the old school. He thought that Piedmont could not and should not recede from the contest without some territorial gain,—without some leaf out of that Italian artichoke the whole of which was ultimately to be swallowed by the house of Savoy. He insisted on annexing at least the duchy of Parma or the stronghold of Piacenza, and it was on the rock of that condition that the mediation of France and England had hitherto foundered. Perrone had spoken at the Chamber of the insurmountable obstacle that still rose against peace, and when urged to denounce the armistice and recommence hostilities he answered that he "was not such a fool as to grapple with a mad dog which, left to himself, would soon die of its own rage."

But, as I knew too well, and as it was soon found out, Austrian hydrophobia was not past cure. The dog recovered from its madness, and it became clear that not one inch of ground should be vouchsafed to Piedmont

without a new appeal to arms. In such a position, my letter and Bruck's agent found our Foreign Minister in the greatest embarrassment. He declared that "the question of peace or war lay in the hands of the mediating Powers; that any direct negotiation of Piedmont with Austria would be disloyalty to France and England." He dismissed Bruck's agent with scanty ceremony, and bade me "give up the affairs of my legation to the secretary, and go back at once to Turin." I obeyed at once. I travelled over the St. Gothard early in January, 1849, in the midst of heavy snow-storms, and arrived in Turin to find Perrone and the Alfieri cabinet on the ground, and a democratic ministry, with Gioberti at its head, installed in their place. I presented myself to Gioberti *ad audiendum verbum*, and was told that "he would, for his own part, fully have approved of my pacification scheme, if he had any hope of a possibility of peace, but that he and his colleagues saw that war was inevitable, and prepared themselves accordingly." With that understanding, he invited me to go back to my duties in Frankfort. But I told him that "I considered my mission had miscarried, and my resignation of my diplomatic office was irrevocable."

I tarried in Turin, nevertheless, for the whole of that month and part of February, shocked at the headlong rashness with which that vain ex-priest, the prime minister, now at the height of his ambition, was committing his country to a contest in which nothing but a disastrous and ignominious defeat could await it. For the Piedmontese army, now swelled to more than one hundred thousand combatants, was chiefly made up of the most discordant and riotous elements that revolutionized Italy could muster up. It was utterly democratized, *i.e.*, demoralized; I could hear the soldiers on the frontiers of Lake Maggiore declaring, loudly enough almost to be heard by the Austrians on the other side, that "they were tired of their officers, a pack of aristocrats and *codini*, or retrogradists, as well as of their generals, all idiots or traitors, and that for their own part they—the soldiers—would make it a point to run away on the first shot being fired,"—a

promise which bad soldiers of all countries are at all times only too apt to maintain.

Aware of the desperate situation of our affairs, I tried to describe it in a pamphlet published in February, and entitled "*A che ne siamo?*" which won the suffrages of many sensible people. And when I left, towards the end of that month, I carried with me the strong conviction that all the government's bellicose proclamations were mere bluster, and that no man in his senses would, under present circumstances, dream of denouncing the armistice.

And yet almost before I had reached Frankfort it was done. Rattazzi had managed to trip up his chief, Gioberti, who had all this time been a mere puppet in his crafty colleague's hands, and whose courage broke down at the last moment; Rattazzi now put himself at the head of a hastily-reconstructed democratic administration, and on the 13th of March, 1849, he sent Major Cadorna to Milan, bearer of his hostile message to Radetzky. Ten days later the Piedmontese—or Italian—army was utterly prostrated at Novara.

Though no longer detained by diplomatic duties in Frankfort, I had to abide there for several weeks; for a son was born to us on that very 13th of March which gave the signal for the ill-omened campaign of Novara, and neither mother nor child was strong enough to bear a journey. Presently, weary of the dull and empty debates of the German National Assembly, and somewhat sick also of the endless convivialities with which our Frankfort friends and relatives, counting their chickens before they were hatched, celebrated the "second birth" of the German Empire, we withdrew, first to Soden and the Taunus, then to Heidelberg and Baden, and at last to Switzerland,—a country which, in that year, tourists being seemingly scared by the all-pervading expectation of political disturbances, we had almost all to ourselves.

By the time that summer was over, despotic reaction had done its work all over Europe. In Italy the extreme revolutionary party gave proofs of brilliant though unavailing valor at Rome and of heroic en-

duration at Venice. In Hungary, where all the power of Austria proved unable to put an end to the conflict, the restoration was determined by Russian intervention. By the time "order" was everywhere completely re-established, we went back, through Germany and Belgium, to England.

CHAPTER XXII.

LITERARY EXPERIENCES.

Back in England—Home comforts—Out-door sorrows—Love and hatred—Italian disasters—English sympathies—Literary employment—"Italy in 1848"—"Fra Dolcino"—An unexpected visit—London to Italy—"History of Piedmont"—Authors and publishers—"An Italian Grammar"—"The Age of Humbug, and Bull, and Nongtongpaw"—The Athenæum Club—Club life.

TOWARDS the end of October, 1849, after an absence of nearly twenty months, I was back again in Thurloe Square, under the impression that I was now more permanently established in England than I had ever been on any former occasion. I had every good reason to be contented with my lot. I was comfortably housed, blessed with a beloved wife and a healthy, fine-grown boy, a good number of valuable friends, plenty of work, and no absolute dependence on its profits for subsistence.

But a man's happiness, his loves and hatreds, his hopes and fears, cannot be wholly centred on himself, or even circumscribed within the limits of his domestic circle. What was dearest to me above all things in the world was my country,—which had never done me any particular good. And the enemies I most cordially detested were men against whom I had no personal grievance,—those who had dealt the fellest blows to my country's cause,—not Radetzky or the Austrians, who came in at least as open foes and in obedience to what they deemed their sacred interests; but France and her rulers,—especially Louis Philippe, in 1832, and

Louis Napoleon, in 1849, both of them renegades and hypocrites, who, as in France they owed their rise to a revolution and ushered in a ruthless reaction, so in Italy they reversed Balaam's mission, and ended by cursing those whom they professed to have come to bless.

The convulsions of that terrible twelvemonth had been so general throughout Europe that each nation, wholly absorbed by its own vicissitudes, seemed hardly aware of its neighbor's calamities. It was not yet as evident as it became in later times that at the head of the whole movement, and sure to bring about the ruin of the noblest causes, was that rabid French democracy which never fails to wage war against other people's liberties when it has not put an end to its own. Most certainly no right-minded Italian could have any faith in Mazzini's Roman Republic; but when it was seen that the vast majority of a lawless and godless French Republican Assembly sent a vote of thanks to the brutal soldier who, under pretext of delivering a people, had gone to set up a Pope, it was easy to explain, though no one would justify, the feeling which found its utterance in the Orsini bombs.

It was long before I could dismiss from my mind the thought of that utter downfall of our dearest hopes. "Surely," I reasoned, "such a happy combination of circumstances as Providence had contrived in our favor would never occur again,—never, at least, in my lifetime. What am I, that I should be privileged to witness the fulness of the times? Have not prophets and kings—lofty minds like Dante and Machiavelli—desired to see the day of Italy's redemption, and have they not been mouldering in their graves for centuries with the longing of their souls unfulfilled? When and how can Italy hope for such another chance as she has now wantonly thrown away? When will she again muster strength to fight Austria single-handed? Or when will her trust in the aid of France lead to anything but to a well-deserved disappointment, like that of Ancona of 1832, or that of Civita Vecchia seventeen years later?"

The reception we, the vanquished, met everywhere north of the Alps, and especially in England, was not calculated to temper our hearts' bitterness. No doubt our ill luck had been in a great measure our own fault; but it seemed hard that a cool "Serves you right" should be the first words of comfort with which our best friends greeted us on our return. The English, accustomed to constant success, were ashamed of our failure, and no wonder. The very men who had most consistently taken up our cause felt now as if they had been swindled out of their sympathies. As to the ultra-Tories, the men for whom Austria had always been "England's natural ally," and Italy merely a "geographical expression," they treated us to their sneers about the "heroic patriots who had gone back to eat their macaroni in a whole skin,"—an ungenerous taunt, unjust to Manara, Mameli, and the thousand others who had been lavish of their blood, but with which men like myself, who had only wished to do the same, and had come back safe and sound, had no right to find fault. On the other hand, those English Liberals, whose love of Italy resolved itself into mere blind idolatry of Mazzini, put no limits to their abuse of what they called the "Savoyard" or "Royalist" party; and I have never forgotten the little scented note with which a gushing fashionable lady in Wilton Crescent intimated that "she would never again be at home to any of those apostates who had forsaken Mazzini," little imagining that the reverse was the truth,—that it was Mazzini who had deserted us. For Mazzini himself, whom I had lately met at the Hôtel des Bergues on my way through Geneva, puffed up as he was with the glory of his defence of Rome, seemed at a loss for words in self-justification when I freely upbraided him for his unpatriotic conduct at Milan.

As a refuge against the bitter thought of that sad wreck of our dearest hopes, I went back to my former incessant occupation; but even then out of my full heart the tongue spoke. It was only on one subject the pen wrote. I contributed a long article to "Colburn's New Monthly Magazine" for November, 1849,

entitled "Eighteen Months of Political Life in Italy," which I subsequently stretched out into a thick volume on "Italy in 1848," published by Chapman & Hall at the beginning of 1851. My intention was to follow up that first volume with a second, on "Italy in 1849;" but, in spite of my most strenuous endeavors to divest myself of all predilection or prejudice,—to place country above party, and truth above both,—I could not help giving offence to many Italians, while I found English critics unable or unwilling to sit in judgment between me and my adversaries. By the time the book was ready, the subject had lost much of its interest for English readers; for I know no other people in the world more consistently practising the poet's maxim,—

"Act, act in the living present;
Let the dead past bury its dead."

There are subjects in England apt to become irksome as well as stale, and about which the least said is soonest mended,—subjects in which people here feel as if they had been in the wrong and were loath to avow it, and deemed it childish "to cry over spilt milk." They were not sure whether the sympathies they had lavished on Italy were well bestowed,—not sure whether all that Italy expected from them were merely barren sympathies. They felt towards us as a generous host in whose house the man who is entertained as a guest unexpectedly turns out a beggar.

Being compelled thus to drop the subject of living Italy, I looked for a theme among the records of mediæval Italy, and gave the "New Quarterly Review" an essay on Fra Dolcino, which grew in my hands till it came out as an historical work, entitled "Fra Dolcino and his Times." It was published by Longman in the early part of 1853, and was announced as "An Account of a General Struggle for Ecclesiastical Reform and of an Anti-Heretical Crusade in Italy in the Early Part of the Fourteenth Century." The name, at least, if nothing more, is familiar to all the readers of Dante, and the catastrophe to which the poet alludes rests on historical documents on which an authentic narrative

could most easily be based. And I took considerable pains to do the subject full justice, and placed the book in the hands of the most honorable publishers, who bought the copyright for one hundred pounds. I confess I relied on the interest of a Protestant community for its success; but the book fell flat nevertheless. The press had hardly anything to say in its praise or blame. The publishers dropped it at once as if it had burnt their hands; and up to this day it is the most neglected and utterly forgotten of all my poor productions. It was by the sheerest chance that in a book published by Charles Kingsley four years later—in his “Two Years Ago”—I found a reference to the subject. “A noble subject,” he says, “which ought to have been taken up by one of our poets; for if they do not make a noble poem of it, it will be their fault. I mean that sad and fantastic tragedy of Fra Dolcino and Margaret, which Signor Mariotti has lately given to the English public, in a book which, both for its matter and its manner, should be better known than it is.”

I say *Amen* to all you say, worthy Canon; but the fact is, “*Habent sua fata libelli*,” and even your good opinion, coming unsolicited from a man utterly unknown to me, except by fame, was given too late to rescue my poor essay from the limbo of still-born books to which the cruel world had doomed it.

Another witness, whose judgment somewhat soothed my wounded author's pride and reconciled me to my failure, was an elderly lady, the wife of a distinguished divine, and herself well versed in all subjects of Church and Church history, who, upon closing the book, turned to me, observing, “What I should like is to know whether the author is Catholic or Protestant,” a question, in my opinion, conveying the highest compliment as to the moral character of the book, and one to which few writers, besides Von Ranke in Germany and Hallam in England, can lay claim. For an historian, in my opinion, should be a judge, placed so far above all human feelings and interests as to allow his bias to appear on neither side of any question. A judge's charge, however, will not easily elicit the same noisy popular

acclamation as is apt to welcome the merest clap-trap of a special pleader.

In the interval between the publication of "Fra Dolcino" as a review article and its reappearance as a separate work, my thoughts were recalled to what was going on in Italy. We had, in 1851, gone through that first "Great Exhibition" that was to usher in a universal and durable peace and brotherhood among nations. Reaction under the plea of order had crushed thought and feeling throughout the Italian peninsula; but somehow its tide had been stemmed at the foot of the Western Alps, where, after the disaster of Novara and the abdication of Charles Albert, Victor Emmanuel II. was now reigning. Placed between the Austria of Radetzky on one side and the France of the *coup-d'état* on the other, Piedmont dared to uphold the standard still reeking with the blood of Novara; and its king chose to abide by the compact made by his father with his subjects. It was rather with wonder than with hope that I, a man of little faith, and always slow to expect what I wish, listened to the glorious tidings of the progress of that little constitutional kingdom under Victor Emmanuel's ministers, and especially under that Massimo d'Azeglio who was the *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche* among Italian patriots. Nevertheless, great was the interest I felt in whatever news reached us from Turin, and, partly to test the truth of that intelligence, partly to procure some books of reference on the subject of "Fra Dolcino," which even the British Museum library could not supply, I was now contemplating a few weeks' trip to the Continent for the summer of 1852, when one morning in July a distinguished visitor was announced. A ministerial crisis had occurred in Piedmont, where the President of the Council, Massimo d'Azeglio, in consequence of some divergence of views with his Minister of Finance, Count Cavour, had broken up his cabinet and reconstructed it out of the former elements, but with the exclusion of Cavour. This latter, always eager in his pursuit of knowledge, was no sooner rid of the trammels of office and free during the recess from his parliamentary duties than

he was off on a tour across the Alps, where he went in quest of the most conspicuous statesmen of other countries, and also of the few Italians of any name who from whatever cause still lingered abroad. He honored me among others, just as I had moved my residence from Thurloe Square to Kensington Gate. He came in all fresh and brisk and bustling, as was his wont, sat down with us *en famille*, plying us with questions, though not always waiting for an answer, and at last, coming to the point, he told me that Italy was in need of all well-thinking Italians, and that I, especially as a Piedmontese, was bound to bear a hand in the unequal struggle in which little Piedmont was engaged in behalf of the whole peninsula. He went on naming Bezzi, Radice, Ruffini, and other old exiles, who, like myself, had cast deep roots in England, but who had deemed it their duty to tear themselves from an alien soil at the call of their mother-country, all of whom were now members of the Subalpine Parliament, and among whom he felt confident at the next general election to secure me a seat, if I would only promise to accept it.

Of course I was greatly flattered by the notice the great statesman—who was then not so universally known as he soon became—was so good as to take of me, thanked him very warmly for the honor that he wished to confer upon me, expressed my willingness to serve both him and the Piedmontese government in anything in which my good will might be deemed available, but added that I could only do so from England, a country which was now my home, to which a variety of indissoluble ties bound me, and where alone a useful and honorable career was open before me.

He did not give up his suit at once, but when he perceived that my objections were insuperable he turned the conversation to other topics, explained the circumstances that had led to the rupture between him and D'Azeglio, and expressed his firm conviction that the elections which were now imminent must needs place him at the head of affairs. Here my frankness got the better of my discretion. I told him I should

sincerely rejoice at any new combination which should give back to the country the benefit of his inestimable services, but that I trusted the breach between him and D'Azeglio would not prove incurable, as D'Azeglio's high character was the best guarantee of the king's loyal devotion to the cause of Italy and to Piedmont's liberties, so that no one could hope for the prolonged success of any cabinet of which D'Azeglio was not a member. He seemed to wince uneasily as I said this, and gave no immediate answer. But when he got up to take leave, and I as well as my wife went downstairs to see him off and stood at the door where his brougham was waiting for him, he called me aside, and told me, with an unusually earnest countenance, "You will see, Signor Gallenga, that it will be possible to govern Piedmont even without our good Massimo."

I saw him no more in London. But as, on my way to Turin, I chanced to meet him in Paris at the Sardinian Legation, he asked me to join him in the visit he intended to pay to Daniele Manin, the ex-dictator of the Venetian Republic, whom he wished to induce to take up his residence in Turin, "trusting," he added, "that in his offer to procure him an election to the Piedmontese Parliament he might meet with better success than he had in the same proposal to me."

We found Manin,—on the third or fourth floor of a house near the Boulevards,—a modest-looking, deep-eyed, high-browed personage, who, knowing more of Piedmontese politics than I did, received Cavour, the rising man, with greater deference than I had shown, but was no less firm and explicit in his refusal of the parliamentary honors intended for him, on the score of his inability to live in Turin without the income he made in Paris out of his business as a teacher of languages,—an income which had enabled him to decline the pension, or subvention, with which the French government had offered to relieve his wants. Cavour soon perceived that he was in presence of too lofty a character to be tempted by any proposal likely to clash with the man's proud spirit of independence, and he pressed his offer no further. He could, however, hardly

hide his vexation. "I see that I have no luck anywhere," he said. "Our friend here," pointing to me, "will not consent to come to Turin because he is too well off in London; and you,—you refuse because you are afraid of finding in Turin a harder life than you have here in Paris. The one is too rich, the other too poor, for my purpose. Never mind! It is always well to have friends everywhere. And I know that Italy can always count upon you, whether you live at home or abroad."

With this the visit ended. Cavour prolonged his stay in Paris. I set off the same day with a friend for Lyons, and followed my route to Turin across Mont Genève, *via* Grenoble, where we stopped for one day to climb up to the old monastery of the Chartreuse. In Turin Cavour's friends supplied me with letters of introduction to Vercelli, Biella, and all that mountainous district of the upper Val Sesia, every spot of which had been the scene of Fra Dolcino's exploits. The information I brought back, authentic, legendary, or even plainly fabulous as it was, interested me, not only in as far as it related to the subject immediately before me, but also in its bearings to the general history of those Alpine regions, to such a point as to induce me to prolong my stay and extend my excursions from valley to valley all over the provinces of Biella and Ivrea far into the Canavese, or Val d'Orco, the rugged district where my forefathers came from, and where a mountain-stream joining the Orco at Cuorgnè, opposite to Castellamonte, still bears our family name,—*La Gallenga*.

The local knowledge I gained from my visits to places and intercourse with men, and from the books which an old dealer in antiquities collected for me in Turin, so strongly appealed to my feelings in behalf of what was really my "father's land" that I came away with a settled determination, the moment I should have disposed of "Fra Dolcino," to undertake a larger work on the "History of Piedmont." The little I saw of the attitude that "plucky little State" had assumed in its dealings with its overbearing neighbors east and

west, the influence it exercised on public opinion throughout the peninsula, the fear it inspired in the petty despotic States on its frontier, the firmness with which it held its own against the pretensions of the Papal Court and chastised the arrogance of its refractory prelates,—the whole conduct of the King's government during the last two years,—began to work upon me the pleasing conviction that Piedmont had a great future before it, and that now more than ever it was desirable to know, and to make known, its past.

I worked hard on the subject of the History of Piedmont for two years. Two volumes of it were ready in May, 1854, and I had the honor to present a copy of them to King Victor Emmanuel on the occasion of his visit to the court of Queen Victoria in the following year, when his majesty held a levée in Buckingham Palace, to which all respectable Italians resident in London were admitted. The third and last volume appeared at the end of 1855, and a translation of the whole work into Italian, done by myself in three months, was published, under the title "*Storia del Piemonte*," in Turin, in 1856.

The "*History of Piedmont*" was the first publication that ever appeared under my real name,—the one given me at my christening. That of Louis Mariotti, with which all my previous writings appeared in print, from the time I assumed it when smuggling myself into Italy in 1833, was only definitely dropped on this occasion, after answering the purpose of a *nom de guerre* for one-and-twenty years.

The history of Piedmont, though that State may not perhaps have all the importance of a monarchy of the first magnitude, undoubtedly possesses at least as much interest. It seemed to me well worth while to inquire how, "out of the various mongrel communities emerging from the fortuitous aggregation of feudal estates, rather than from the cohesion of national elements determined by ties of race or language, at the time that the European families came into being, and before the limits of their respective abodes were distinctly established, to inquire, I say, how, out of all

frontier states, like Navarre, Lorraine, etc., Piedmont alone escaped annexation, absorption, or permanent invasion, and attained in course of time a separate independent position and a nationality of its own." My task was to show "to what extent the long-continued success and advancement of that little State might be owing to the mere advantages of geographical position, and how much should be ascribed to the peculiar genius of its princes and the rare temper of its people."

This was the task I set before me. I looked then, as I do now, upon Piedmont as one of those products of nature which are intended rather as a means than an end,—a small means to a great end. It may seem easy now, after the event, to recognize in that little sub-alpine State the instrument by which Providence designed to bring a future Italy into existence, just as it was natural to see in Prussia the basis on which a new German Empire was to be reconstructed. But that which *post factum* strikes us now as so natural and obvious was still very problematic at the time I began to write. The idea that Piedmont was to absorb all Italy, or at all events North Italy, may have occurred to such men as Emmanuel Philibert, Charles Emmanuel I., Victor Amadeus II., or his son, Charles Emmanuel III. Any or all of those princes may have aspired to step forward as "the Sword of Italy," long before that proud title was bestowed upon Charles Albert at Goito, or upon Victor Emmanuel at Palestro and San Martino. But it was rather rash in 1852 or 1854 to look forward to the portentous events of 1859–60. It was rash, as I dropped my pen on the last page of my work on the 11th September, 1855, to speculate as I did on the probable career of the young heir of Sardinia, who happened to bear the very name of the white-handed founder of the dynasty,—a name, too, only revived now after an interval of above six centuries,—asking "whether the work of the first Humbert was to be completed by the fourth; whether the alternative should be last King of Sardinia or first King of Italy?" The upshot was inevitable, the prophecy was natural; but what genius, even of a Cavour, could

have foreseen the series of almost miraculous circumstances by which its fulfilment was to be brought about?

So much for the subject. With respect to my treatment of it, it would ill beseem the author to express an opinion, even after the long lapse of years that have gone over it. I am afraid that I dwelt too long on the early annals of the House of Savoy, whilst its princes were only the feudal lords of an obscure mountain-district,—the mere doorkeepers, so to say, of two great realms, uncertain to which they belonged, but all intent on enlarging themselves at the expense of either, and firmly determined to hold their own against both. Possibly, also, in my endeavor to follow the progress of the reigning house on the two water-sheds of the Alps, astride which they established themselves, I may have kept the narrative of their exploits in Italy so distinctly apart from that of their achievements in Burgundy, France, and Switzerland, as to disturb to some extent the chronological order, and had, consequently, in more than one instance to go twice over the same ground; and in this respect the fault which occurred in the original English was carefully avoided in the Italian translation, which, I think, with any reader acquainted with the language, ought to deserve the preference. The work, indeed, was originally attempted on too large a scale. What concerns the five mediæval centuries should have been considerably condensed, as the history of Piedmont proper only begins with Emmanuel Philibert, in 1559.

The book, however, was not likely to be judged on its merits or faults. It was easy to write and also to print it: the whole difficulty was in finding a publisher. Messrs. Chapman & Hall, to whom alone I offered my manuscript, would have nothing to say to it. I brought it out "on commission,"—*i.e.*, I had to pay, I hardly dare to say how much, for the printer's, binder's, and publisher's expenses,—and I hardly ever knew how many copies actually found their way among the reading public. The recent revelations of Anthony Trollope and other distinguished authors re-

specting the dealings of a book-writer with his book-seller are quite sufficient to reconcile obscurer men to the disappointment to which they may be subjected. Historical works, I was told, even on English subjects, unless recommended by such names as Macaulay, Froude, Kinglake, or the like, have little chance of finding purchasers. Even with respect to novels, books of travel, gossiping biography, and other light literature, publishers are aware that their custom is limited to the requirements of the circulating libraries. Of a first edition of any work of that nature they feel sure that they can always dispose by that means with more or less profit to themselves; but they are loath to proceed any further, unless the author's popularity or some very uncommon merit of the book—which they were themselves unable to discover—creates so strong and so loud a demand on the part of the public as to compel the issue of new and cheaper editions. Owing to the enormous price of books in this country, the circulating libraries, as the only purchasers, decide the fate of books. Books are sent round to them for subscription, at trade prices. They must, without looking further than the mere title-pages, make up their minds as to the number of copies for which a demand may arise; for they know that if they have to apply for more copies they must give a higher price than they would have paid on the terms of the original subscription. Consequently they are interested in putting up a book of which they have made a large purchase, and in crying down any book that had little or nothing to tempt them on the first offer. When Mudie advertises that he has bought one thousand copies of "*Altiora Peto*" or "*Trollope's Autobiography*," he is sure to take care to force those publications down the people's throats,—at least till he has made them over to his associates of the second-hand libraries in the suburbs and provinces. All I know is, that of another book of mine intended for light reading, and entitled "*Country Life in Piedmont*," Chapman & Hall, in 1858, published and sold one thousand copies in less than three months, and were so pleased

with its success that when they informed me that the first issue was out of print they asked me to revise the book for a second edition; but I had no sooner set about the work than they changed their mind, for they did not see their way clear with the circulating libraries, and they very reasonably made it a point always to keep on the safe side.

There is no doubt, however, that in many cases booksellers carry their caution to an excess that makes them blind to their own interests; and I have a case in point which I think may be taken as sufficient evidence of their flagrant lack of judgment and foresight.

I had been appointed Professor of Italian Language and Literature in London University College in 1848, a place which turned out a mere sinecure from the beginning, and which I resigned, without ever being much burdened with its duties or enriched by its emoluments, in 1859. Throughout all that period, in spite of frequent and long interruptions, I attended to my business as a teacher of languages, though my improved position made me less anxious about the number and more particular about the character of my pupils. It had been my custom throughout my tuition to use no grammar, but to jot down for my pupils, lesson by lesson, such rules, examples, and themes as might equally fit the requirements of the highest and of the meanest capacity. The practice of a score of years had wrought a great improvement on those written lessons, and by the time I felt disposed to retire from business, in 1851, I had in my hands all the elements on which a practical grammar could best be based. I went with it to Rolandi, who then monopolized the Italian and to a great extent the foreign book-trade, and, after much higgling, sold him the manuscript for the paltry remuneration of one guinea a lesson. Two or three years later, as he told me the first edition was nearly exhausted, I proposed to come to terms with him for a second edition. But he answered he looked upon the book as "a dead failure," although the "*Athenæum*" had declared that "for the

English student of the Italian language there could be no better grammar." I, however, reminded him that I had only sold him the copyright of the first edition, and reserved the right of disposing of my property as I thought best,—a statement to which he raised no objection. I then came to terms with Messrs. Williams & Norgate, who went to work with energy and intelligence, and have ever since brought out new editions of the grammar, year after year, making a very good business out of it for themselves, and faithfully and punctually sending me, unexpectedly and without any solicitation on my part, my own share of the profits, though they had to make allowance to Rolandi, who, unfairly as I thought, contended that neither they nor I had any right to publish a second edition while some copies of the first—no matter how few—were left still unsold in his hands. So much are the fortunes of a book dependent on the exertions and connections of the publisher.

The disappointment I felt about the sale of my works, especially about that poor "History of Piedmont," did away with any conceit I ever harbored about my fitness for a literary career, and made me shrink more and more into that sanctuary of private life which all domestic circumstances combined to sweeten. I never sued for admission into any learned society, nor for many years belonged to any club. My personal acquaintance with Mr. James Silk Buckingham induced me to become a member of the British and Foreign Institute, an establishment devised by that gentleman as the means of a civilizing international intercourse, and about which Mr. Punch, then in the vigor of his youth, made himself most cruelly merry. It was for the benefit of that institution that I wrote two lectures, which appeared later in "Fraser's Magazine," and were eventually published in a pamphlet by Wiley & Putnam, in Waterloo Place. One of these lectures was entitled "The Age we live in, or the Age of Humbug;" the other, "Bull and Nongtongpaw, or British and Foreign;" and both indulged in a few playful hits at the Association before

which they were delivered. It was only in 1853 that my name came in for ballot at the Athenæum Club, Pall Mall. My proposer, Mr. Holford, who had put down that name in the club books nine years before, had by this time withdrawn from the club and left no seconder. I had the awkwardness of an *alias*, and the objection felt in all English clubs against aliens, to contend with; and, as a political exile, I was rather gratuitously supposed, by those who least knew me, to be a rabid radical in politics. Such, however, is the nature of that club—intended to bring together men of *distinction* in letters, arts, and sciences—that the best recommendation to the suffrage of its members is *absolute obscurity*; for where is light there follows shadow; and as one black ball, prompted by personal envy or simply by ill nature, has power to neutralize ten white votes, the least-known candidate may deem himself safest. Backed as I strenuously was by my friend Montalto, and lost in the crowd *obscurorum viro- rum*, I might easily have got in unnoticed and unchallenged, had it not been for the crabbed disposition of an old member, who turned against me the very means which I had hoped might plead in my favor. Following the advice of my proposer, I had, nine years before, sent in, as a present to the club library, a copy of my “Italy, Past and Present.” And it was with that very book of mine open in his hand that this unexpected enemy went round from man to man, as the ballot was at its hottest, crying out, “See here! read this!” and himself reading aloud a passage in which, stung by the selfishness of those peace-loving politicians who looked upon Austria as “England’s natural ally,” I quoted, with a slight modification, Queen Constance’s fierce invective,—

“War, war! No peace! Peace is to me a war.
O England! Mighty England!
Thou ever strong upon the strongest side!
Thou wear’st the lion’s hide,” etc.

These lines he declaimed to the end, and then asked all who would hear him, “Is this signor, this traducer

of our country, a man to be tolerated among us?" And yet, in spite of his ill will and of the inauspicious circumstances above enumerated, my valiant Montalto managed to bring me in, though, as he said, "by the skin of my teeth."

I cannot say I much valued the mere honor of belonging to a learned society; nor did I, at that time a quiet domestic character, frequently look in at the club. As members have to wait at least a score of years before they are balloted for, by far the greatest number consisted of twaddling and cackling fogies, whose bald pates, toothless gums, and rickety limbs sent a chill through my veins and acted as an unpleasant reminder that I also had left the mid-career of life behind me. I met but few old friends, and made fewer new ones. My cronies were, besides Montalto, John Crawford, Crabbe Robinson, and a few other veteran members, looked upon as original founders of the club. There were some of the younger ones whose acquaintance was problematic, and, as it were, intermittent,—men, like myself, absent-minded and near-sighted, with whom I never really knew on what terms I stood, and whether the intercourse between us should be a friendly greeting or a cut direct. I certainly never willingly gave offence to any living being, but was half blind, a most unfortunate forgetter of names and faces, and of a shy retiring disposition. Like the ghost in Hamlet, I "would be spoken to." All friendly advances were thankfully received; any one who might wish to know me would find me ready to meet him more than half-way; but those who preferred to ignore me were perfectly safe from intrusion on my part. And yet even on these, that seem to me fair terms, the number of enemies which I unconsciously and most unwillingly made exceeded all belief.

With respect to positive club bores, I never roughly shook them off, but got rid of them homœopathically by showing them what a bore I also could be, on provocation.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PARLIAMENTARY EXPERIENCES.

A visit to Italy—Its consequences—A seat in Parliament—Piedmontese politics—The Crimean war—The Convents Bill—Royal funerals—Recess in England—Domestic bereavement—A second session—My unpopularity—Its causes—Its consequences—A trumped-up old story—Timid friends and bitter enemies—A royal friend—An English friend—The storm allayed—A home in Piedmont—Quiet pursuits—Away to England.

TOWARDS the end of August, 1854, we left home for a pleasure-trip to Italy and Switzerland. I had my wife and child with me, the first object of the journey being to take my little English family to Parma and there make them acquainted with what still remained of my Italian family.

At Parma, Charles III. of Bourbon, the last reigning duke, had been murdered in full daylight, in one of the most frequented streets of the town, on the 26th of March of that same year; and his widow, Louisa of Bourbon, sister of the Count of Chambord, filled the throne as regent for her eldest son, Robert. This duchess, a high-minded but well-meaning princess, showed great eagerness to reconcile the subjects whom the hated rule of her mad and bad husband had driven to despair. She had called wise and honorable men into her Council, and put especial trust in her Minister of Finance, my maternal uncle, Antonio Lombardini; and it was through the influence of this latter that it became easy for me to obtain a special passport and safe-conduct, enabling me to cross the frontier of the duchy and revisit its little capital, where, however, my stay was limited to three days and three nights. We travelled through France by easy stages, crossed the Alps at Mont Genève, and through Turin, Alessandria, and Piacenza we reached our destination. There the duchess, still shut up in

her palace in deep mourning, bade her minister take my wife and child to her, that they should see whatever might be worth seeing in her state apartments, and showed them as much benevolence as her position allowed her to bestow on the family of an old rebel. At the end of the three days we went back to Piacenza and Alessandria, and thence north to Novara and Lake Maggiore, where we met my wife's parents, with whom we crossed the Splügen, tarried for a few weeks on the Swiss lakes, and, *via* Lindau, Stuttgart, Heidelberg, and Frankfort, we wound our leisurely way to our home in London.

I have deemed it necessary to allude to this summer tour, simply because something happened towards the end of it which compelled me to retrace my steps in the same direction much sooner than I could have anticipated. On board the Zurich steamer, which took us on our way to St.-Gall, I met some Italian friends, members of the Piedmontese Parliament, who had run away from the Turin cholera during the summer recess, and who showed me the official "*Gazzetta Piemontese*," with the announcement that I had been elected deputy for the "*College*," or electoral district, of Cavour.

So it was; though I neither knew nor expected the intended honor, nor was more than moderately pleased with it. It was all owing to Count Cavour's contrivance. Count Cavour had, as he expected, ousted Massimo d'Azeglio from his place at the head of the government, in December, 1852; he had formed a new administration, of which he took for himself the presidency with the two portfolios of Finance and Foreign Affairs, intrusting the interior to Rattazzi; and he had, during the last two years, given both his domestic and foreign policy a momentous impulse, which, although it rather severely strained the resources of the little kingdom, still sent it forward at a great rate on that career of liberal progress which centred upon it all the hopes of afflicted Italy. I had not seen Cavour as I went through Turin on my way to Parma, and I avoided that town on my return. But Cavour, who was then away with the king at his hunting-grounds of

Valdieri, had heard of my hurried visit, and, being thus reminded of me, he had, without consulting me, prevailed on his friend Count Pallieri, a magistrate on his promotion, to accept a place in the Senate, and to use the influence which he possessed over the district which he must vacate, to insure the new election in my favor. Cavour was a rural district round the singular isolated rock on which the little town of that name is built,—a constituency as easily amenable to the wishes of the great statesman as any English pocket-borough would have been to Sir Robert Peel or Lord John Russell before the passing of the first Reform Bill. There was, therefore, no difficulty in eliciting an almost unanimous vote of the electors in behalf of a candidate whose very name had most probably never before been heard among them.

There was a short consultation in the bosom of our family, the result of which was that though it would have been madness on my part to think of a place in Parliament, yet it would hardly be civil to refuse it, coming, as it did, unsolicited. So we shut up our London house at the end of October, and at an early date on the following month we came down once more, this time across Mont Cenis, to Turin.

I had but little inclination, and no aptitude, for parliamentary life. I could boast neither the presence nor the fluency nor the self-control of an orator, and the long-winded speeches of some of my colleagues—especially of those who inflicted long written lectures upon us—wearied me to death. The Subalpine Parliament was a model of order and propriety in comparison to what it became as Italian Parliament in later years. Still, even in its early days the sitting which was appointed for one o'clock P.M. seldom began before two or three; the House was frequently counted out, a division put off from day to day for want of a quorum, and the members who, like myself, were strongly impressed with strict ideas of duty and punctuality, were doomed to dance attendance on those who had learned from experience the wisdom of taking things easily.

The session that year, however, opened under pecu-

liarly exciting circumstances. The military convention by which Sardinia bound herself to furnish her contingent to the two Western Powers engaged as Turkey's allies in their campaign of the Crimea was to be submitted to us for our sanction; and Rattazzi, as Home Minister, had laid before the House his bill for the suppression of monastic orders.

Cavour had reckoned very correctly that I, fresh from England, should be disposed to give my strongest support to his scheme of a Crimean expedition. And, truly, my own impression was that no patriot could hesitate about seizing the first opportunity of redeeming the character of the good Piedmontese army, whose ancient glories had lately been somewhat dimmed by the disasters of Custoza and Novara. What was my surprise to find Cavour himself still harboring some misgivings about his hazardous policy, and complaining of the opposition he had met in his own cabinet, and especially on the part of Rattazzi and La Marmora, the men at the head respectively of the Home and the War Offices!

I was zealous in the cause, even to indiscretion; wrote down my name among the first orators in support of the bill,—an absurd piece of presumption in a new member; spoke with the warmth of conviction in the bureaux and special committees, apostrophizing even Cavour when he was in attendance, and exhorting him to “have the courage of his convictions;” and when at last my turn came to speak in a full house I was so sure of the reasons on which I had so long insisted that I stood up on my legs without any preparation, trusting that neither ideas nor words would fail me,—and, lo! when I came to the point I found that all my ideas had made themselves wings, that words would not come; and after an awkward attempt to bring forward the mere bare bones of my argument, without the least attempt at clothing them with flesh and blood, I sat down, warm and red in the face, amid the silent wonder of the Chamber, at the close of an address which had barely lasted ten minutes, some of my colleagues stepping up to me with compliments which sounded like

sneers, congratulating me on my first attempt "to introduce the plain, business-like, matter-of-fact style of English parliamentary eloquence into an Italian Assembly, where so much time was wasted in the merest verbiage."

That, it may be readily believed, was the first and last set speech on which I ventured during the session,—one experiment satisfying me that, if it is true that "*oratores fiunt*," the making of them requires an early training and practice which I had never gone through. The military convention with the Western Powers was, of course, voted triumphantly, at the close of a debate in which almost all the orators of all parties distinguished themselves, and no one more so than General Giacomo Durando, a man who had hardly been ever heard before, but who ransacked all the records most honorable to Piedmont in bygone ages, in illustration of the policy now under discussion,—teaching me what I, fresh as I was from my studies of Piedmontese history, might well and should have said, if I had only thought of saying it. The convention was voted; Piedmont found itself at war with Russia; Durando was trusted with the management of the War Office as minister during the absence of La Marmora, who was to go out to the Crimea in command of our contingent; and during the remainder of the session our attention was too strongly absorbed by the progress of the war in the East to allow us sufficient calmness for a discussion of the bill for the suppression of monastic orders.

That bill was, however, laid before the Chamber, and we had to deal with it. It had been drawn up by the Home Minister, Rattazzi, a man who brought his mean pettifogging spirit to bear upon his legislative schemes; and it contained so many unfair and apparently irrational restrictions and exceptions that I was strongly inclined to vote against it, and did not hesitate to anger Count Cavour by declaring in the bureaux that the measure was iniquitous and immoral. That measure was, however, only an affair of expediency, and its object was financial. What was contemplated was the *Incameramento*, or confiscation for the benefit of the

State, of the superfluities of the Church property. Consequently, the religious orders to be abolished were only the wealthy ones; for it was, of course, necessary to indemnify the dispossessed brotherhoods and sisterhoods by allowing life-pensions for the sustenance of existing members, and such a rule could not, from want of means, be extended to the vast rabble of the mendicant monks, from whom nothing could be taken, though it was precisely from these cowed beggars that the lowest classes in our country learned their grovelling superstitions and idle improvident habits.

With all these drawbacks, and after a great deal of tinkering, the bill passed in our Lower House, and I gave my vote for it, learning for the first time, to my cost, how in a Parliament the instincts of conscience must give way before the interests of party.

In the interval, however, in which the bill was sent up from the Chamber to the Senate, a perfect hurricane of domestic calamities swept over the royal house, where, within less than a month, the king's wife and child, his aged mother, and his gallant brother, the Duke of Genoa, were carried off by a variety of deadly ailments. Left desolate in his palace, and exposed to the attacks of his priestly advisers, the king was easily brought to look upon his bereavement as the undeniable evidence of Heaven's wrath, a visitation called upon his head by his complicity with his ministers in their attempted spoliation of the sanctuary. There was a moment in which poor Victor Emmanuel's firmness was shaken. He felt tempted to throw up the bill and to dismiss Cavour; but the cold fit was soon over. The king's loyalty and sense of duty prevailed over his fears for his immortal soul, and the bill became law after nearly six months of desultory discussion; for the work of death in the royal household sadly interfered with our parliamentary deliberations. Week after week, and sometimes twice in the week, we Senators and Deputies were bidden to do duty as mutes in official funerals, following the royal dead all along the Turin streets,—the most zealous among us all the way to their resting-places in the vaults of Superga, trudging along on foot,

in our thin evening dress and bareheaded, under the pelting sleet and in the deep slush of one of the most inclement winters ever known in North Italy.

I had enough of it all, for my own part, by the time our task was over and the Chambers were adjourned for the summer. And as I crossed the St. Gothard on my way to England, with the snow still so deep on the high-road, even at the end of June, that I had some trouble in conveying my family across on open sledges, I began to consider whether that parliamentary game was "worth the candle," and had almost come to the resolution to give up my seat and wash my hands of Subalpine legislation.

But, alas! what do we know of the incidents that may at any time break upon our purposes and frustrate our designs? I had only been four months in England when all my plans were upset by the most appalling disaster that could have befallen me. My poor young wife, who had been so happy with me for more than nine years, was snatched from me by the scarlet fever at Blackpool, where I had taken her for the benefit of sea-bathing; and although I tarried in England for some time, putting my house in order, providing for the bringing up of my boy, now only five years old, and attending to the printing of the third and last volume of my "*History of Piedmont*," I obeyed the strong impulse that prompted me to run away from the scene of my misery, and found myself again in Turin, at the end of November, 1855, where, at the reopening of the session, I resumed my attendance at the Chamber.

My interest in the performance of my parliamentary duties had greatly abated. The debates became more flat and lengthy than ever. There were hardly any subjects of general importance before us; and for my part, after my first failure, I was well determined that my voice should not often be heard in the Chamber. Something to beguile the time which hung so heavily upon me both in the House itself and at my lonely lodgings must be provided; and I found solace in the work I undertook as a contributor both to the English and Italian press. It so happened that my friend

Ruffini, the author of "Lorenzo Benoni," "Doctor Antonio," etc., who had sat for two years in the Chamber, had during that time acted as correspondent for the "Daily News" in Turin. Being now tired of the work both of a deputy and a journalist, he struck work and withdrew to the solitude of his native place near San Remo, whence he wrote begging me to take his connection with the "Daily News" off his hands; upon which I sent weekly reports to that London journal during the session of 1855-6, and at its close, in September, 1856, I crossed the Alps to Berne, where there was some expectation of a warlike outbreak between the Swiss Bund and the Prussian government on the subject of the suzerainty of Neuchâtel. That question, however, soon came to a diplomatic settlement, and I, going back to Piedmont, spent the latter months of that year in the Canavese, province of Ivrea, whence I wrote for the "Daily News" a series of rural sketches, which appeared in a book on "Country Life in Piedmont" a couple of years later.

It was in the month of November of that year that an unexpected storm burst upon me. Both within and without the Chamber, both as a deputy and as a writer, I had managed to make myself generally and, I must confess, not undeservedly unpopular. I had left my country at so early an age, and my visits had been so short, so few and far between, that my acquaintance with the real nature of my own people was necessarily vague and imperfect, falling greatly short of the ideal type which I had conceived in my absence, and losing by comparison with what I thought I had learned of the character of the other nations with whom I had been mixed up in my wanderings, and especially of that Anglo-Saxon race among whom I had taken, as it were, a new start in life.

I had not been many days in Turin before I had unconsciously won the reputation of an incorrigible grumbler and irrepressible fault-finder,—a very unenviable distinction,—and was set down as an "eccentric," and an "Anglomane," in a country where all the absurd prejudices and malevolent assertions in which the

French press so freely indulged against everything English were received as gospel by a people among whom all native literature was at the lowest ebb, and the writings of any foreign nation, other than French, were as yet, so to say, a sealed book.

I had already found much to reprove in what I saw of the frivolousness, the effeminacy, the incurable idleness of the Italians during my visit to Florence in 1840, and again at the time of the great revolutionary crisis of 1848-9. But my time both in Tuscany and Lombardy had been short. The rapid course of events had left me little leisure for observation ; and, besides, I was disposed to make allowance for the corrupting influence of the religious and political rule which had for centuries been at work among an uneducated people. But now here I was, among the Piedmontese, whom I had always, and justly, considered the soundest and manliest race in Italy,—a race, too, which for the last six or seven years had been invested with all the responsibility of self-government,—a privilege involving the duty of self-knowledge and self-improvement,—and among whom I found no abatement of what I denounced as the besetting sins of the whole nation. My first appeal was to my honorable colleagues in Parliament. I cried out, “*Nos, nos, dico aperte, consules, desumus.*” I thought that the fault lay chiefly with us legislators, and that we ought to think a little less of political and much more of social and moral reforms. I proposed, as the Constitutional Charter wisely forbade members of Parliament receiving “any salary or indemnity of any description for their services,” that we should renounce the privileges of franking letters, of travelling by free passes on all State railways and steamers, etc. I thought we should establish fines or other penalties against the too frequent non-attendance or unpunctuality of members at the Chambers, under the impression that it behooved us to give the first example of a strict observance of duty,—a duty which ought to have been thought all the more binding as it was voluntarily self-imposed. And, proceeding to enactments aiming at the amelioration of the lower classes, I

brought in bills laying a stamp-duty on the tickets at all the theatres, concert-halls, and other places of public entertainment, raising the excise-duty on playing-cards, enforcing the existing acts against carrying knives, pistols, and other *armi insidiose*, or treacherous weapons, of which our hot-headed people were apt to make too free a use; and, in one word, wherever I saw an evil, declaring that it was the legislator's business to devise a remedy. The measures I proposed were fair and reasonable, and were often discussed and most of them eventually adopted at later and more propitious moments. But I was too much before my time; my motions were not put forth in the best technical and practical form, and above all things it seemed egregiously presumptuous that I, almost a stranger, should make so little of matters which to some of my colleagues seemed fraught with so much difficulty,—that I should be the fool venturing “to rush in where angels feared to tread.” What I evidently could not hope to achieve as an orator I thought I might perhaps better attempt as a writer. And to work I went in grim earnest. I had already in former years, in leisure hours, both from London and Manchester, sent long letters to my old friends of the “*Risorgimento*,” Cavour's paper, describing English life, English manners and customs, especially with reference to the condition of the working classes, both agricultural and industrial, and these had been received with applause; and the instruction they conveyed was supposed to have sunk deeply among Italian readers of all classes. I followed up now the advantage which I seemingly had gained, dropped the anonymous which had hitherto screened my correspondence, and in the “*Risorgimento*,” in the “*Parlamento*” or “*Piemonte*,” which successively took its place, in the “*Espero*,” and other papers of the Moderate or Conservative party, and especially in the “*Cimento*” and “*Rivista Contemporanea*,” monthly publications, I stuck to my task as the censor of the faults and vices of the Italian people, going to it tooth and nail, using all the weapons that my real ardent love of my countrymen could suggest,

and that my command of style and language could supply,—trying now gentle reproof, now bitter invective, now grave argument, now light pleasantry, now gentle raillery, now withering sarcasm.

It is a perfect wonder for me to think, now, after so long a lapse of years, what a prodigious ass I made of myself! I had read "St. Ronan's Well," and well knew what thanks Mr. Peregrine Touchwood met with at the hands of the cottagers of a Scotch village when he advised them to remove their "hereditary dunghills" from the immediate proximity of their doors and windows. I had by heart the German song "Herr Urian," and I knew how welcome that free-spoken traveller was when his description of the many lands he had visited ended with a statement that "he had found men everywhere just as great knaves and as great fools as he had left behind him at home."* I was familiar with the Italian proverb which warns us of the hopeless task of attempting to "*drizzar le gambe ai cani*;"† of insisting on setting to right what we fancy Nature has done wrong. I knew all that; yet I went on tilting, not, like Don Quixote, against Spanish windmills, but, like Touchwood, against Italian dunghills; and not, like Urian, telling my countrymen that their neighbors were no worse, but actually and in some respects that they were better than themselves; recommending soap and water, cold bathing, pure air, cleanliness akin to godliness, manly sports and games, common decency, a laborious life, self-control, self-denial, a better command of their temper, some restraint on their immoderate love of pleasure, a truce to their fiddle-faddling, to their raving about opera-singers and ballet-dancers, to their unwholesome preference for the noisome streets of their cities, and a return to the blessed freshness and purity of country life.

It seemed as if, since Piedmont was blessed with a free Constitution, I expected that there should be no more cakes and ale,—no more *risotto* or *macaroni*, no

* "Und eben solche Narren."

† Straighten dogs' legs.

more *Vermout* or *Barolo*. In my longer essays in the "Cimento" or the "Rivista Contemporanea" I drew "odious" comparisons between "Celts and Teutons," between the "Germanic and the Latin races," not by any means denying or palliating the faults on either side, but expressing a wish that, as my Southern people were free from many of the blemishes that disgrace the Northern races, they would try to rid themselves of the failings from which the Northerners were exempt. It was, in a small way, a renewal of Tacitus's endeavor to expose and taboo the low vices of corrupt Roman civilization by a contrast with the exaggerated and almost fabulous account of the stern virtues of unsophisticated German barbarism.

During the first and second years of my parliamentary life my strictures on these minor shades of the national character had been received with favor by the public. Every one, glad to see me fall foul of "the sins he had no mind to," tried to thank me for my attacks on "the sins he was inclined to." There was a good deal of good-humored banter: they called me "Cato the Elder," the "Terrible Censor," "Baretti redivivus," etc., but they laughed and praised my daring, and were even pleased with a style and language to which they were unused, but which was "pithy and nervous and manly," they said, "even if somewhat outlandish." Nay, so persuaded were they that my judgment was correct, and my purpose good and arising from genuine patriotic charity, that they even humored me by adopting some of the reforms I suggested, so that they began in my hearing to use the Italian language in their familiar intercourse, instead of the uncouth and barbarous though more laconic and energetic dialects for which they had a sneaking preference, because I told them that in civilized countries language was the badge of gentility,—every one spoke, privately or publicly, the best he knew, and *patois* were left to the most hopelessly uneducated populace. And they learned to speak to me by the *Voi*, instead of *Lei*, because I reminded them that *Voi* was the form of address introduced by mediæval chivalry, while the *Lei* only came in with the

Spaniards in the sixteenth century, and was anathematized by Ariosto as an importation of the "*vile adulation Spagnuola*,"—the badge of Italy's enslavement!—importance to these apparently trifling matters being given by the fact that language was the only bond of union for our divided country.

All this approval of the efforts I made to give my people a piece of my mind was, however, on the surface; the people grinned and bore it, but they were too thin-skinned, too fond of their old notions and habits and prejudices, too much accustomed to the odors of their dunghills, to be really thankful to a would-be reformer, every word of whom was like a cut from the schoolmaster's cat-o'-nine-tails. Although I never indulged in personal abuse, and could flatter myself that I had no private enemy, I had unconsciously laid up for myself such a treasure of public ill will as could not fail to raise every man's hand against me, should by any chance my vulnerable side be laid open to public resentment. And that chance soon presented itself.

In my early youth,—A.D. 1833,—when my patriotism had reached the fever-heat of a religious enthusiasm, when my classical education, the traditions of our national history, the dark deeds of our secret societies, and especially the open teachings of the *Giovane Italia* had perverted all my ideas of right and wrong, and impressed on my mind that heinous Jesuitical maxim which "approved of any evil out of which good might come," I had contemplated what I then deemed an heroic deed, but what I since learned to execrate as a crime. That deed, happily for me, never went beyond the stage of a mere project. It came to nothing, was known but to one man besides myself, passed off unnoticed, unsuspected, and left no consequences. Three-and-twenty years later, in the last chapter of my "History of Piedmont," I briefly alluded to it, as a matter of the past, to point, as a moral, my own example of the terrible extremes to which a well-meaning unsophisticated mind could be driven by such false politics as Carbonarism, Mazzinianism,

and all other sectarianism were wont to inculcate. "*Habemus confitentem reum*," was the immediate cry. The "*Unità Italiana*," Mazzini's organ in Genoa, and the "*Armonia*," the priestly journal, conducted by Don Margotti,—as good a master of envenomed invective as M. Veuillot of the "*Univers*,"—raised the first yell, and I soon had the whole pack of the Piedmontese and the Catholic press after me in full cry. That mere juvenile dream, that scheme abandoned and condemned before it had the least chance of being brought to maturity, was magnified into a deliberate attempt, into almost a *fait accompli*. The dates were altered, my motives misconstrued, the facts distorted, the most impudent fabrications mixed up with it; so that I was soon an object of horror and execration to the ignorant and credulous multitude. So long as the outcry only arose from the "Blacks" and the "Reds," whom I considered my political adversaries, I laughed at the uproar, in full expectation that the journals of my own—the *Moderate*—party would soon do me justice. But when I saw that some of them shunned all allusion to the incident, and that those who, with evident reluctance, touched upon it, spoke with bated breath, afraid to take up the cudgels for me,—when I perceived that an inexplicable panic had seized all men, and that the most conspicuous, with Cavour at their head, advised me to bow my head to the storm and withdraw from the contest,—then, I confess, a fit of unreasonable, perhaps, but most natural indignation seized me. I flatly refused to leave Turin, showed myself, on the contrary, openly and ostentatiously under the frequented porticos, and on the first hint of the democratic journals that I had "won parliamentary and other honors under false pretences," I indignantly threw up my seat in the Chamber, and sent back to the king the cross of St. Maurice which had been sent out to me in England many years before, and which I had only worn once, when I presented the first two volumes of my history to the king, at Buckingham Palace.

The king himself, and my English friend Montalto, who happened to be with me in Turin at the time,

were the only persons who did not lose their senses in that terrible juncture. Privately, those of my colleagues whose opinion was most valuable, such as Farini, Chiaves, Cornero, and a hundred other honorable men, hastened to assure me of their sympathy, were ashamed of or indignant against "that absurd clamor of a press run mad;" and Farini, especially, declared that "he could never have imagined that there was so much hypocrisy in Italy." All these men, however, were, like myself, supporters of the government; and so great was the ministers' conviction that my untoward revelations had compromised them in the face of public opinion, and supplied the "Blacks" and "Reds" with a formidable weapon against the party in power, that not only would they allow no one to say a word in my defence, but Rattazzi, as Minister of the Interior, deeming it good policy to throw a tub to the whale, instructed the *Procuratore Regio*, or Public Prosecutor, to proceed against me on the charge of high treason,—a preposterous injunction, about which the wise Procuratore, considering that it came from a lawyer-minister, could only express his astonishment—and amusement.

Meanwhile, the king,—who was at this autumn season pheasant-shooting at Racconigi,—upon receiving an explanatory letter which, on the suggestion of my friend Castelli (Cavour's agent), I had addressed to his majesty, with that sound common sense which distinguished the *Rè Galantuomo*, saw through the hollowness of all that "much ado about nothing," and, acting upon a sudden, benevolent impulse, drove at once to town with my letter in his pocket, and, showing it to Cavour, bade him "see that no harm should come to me for a juvenile error which had done no harm, and for which my good conduct and important services through all my life had more than sufficiently atoned."

Upon hearing this, my English friend Montalto, who was then an M.P., and whose high stature and dignified manner gave him an easy ascendancy over all he addressed, called upon Count Cavour, professed himself

my friend *à l'Anglaise*, declared that I had been shamefully treated, and, referring to the king's generous interference in my favor, exacted from the minister a written declaration in the sense of the peremptory wishes conveyed to him by his majesty.

Poor Cavour, embarrassed by the position in which his own timidity had placed him, yet awed by the air of authority assumed by the brave Englishman, placed between the anvil of the duty imposed upon him by the king's pleasure and the hammer of the "*Armonia*" and the other organs of the hostile press, which, he well knew, would give him no quarter, stuttered and stammered for a long time, but at last, yielding to the calm, cool, inexorable insistence of the stout Briton, gave in, and wrote the required declaration, stipulating, however, that its publication should be deferred till he deemed it expedient and gave his consent,—a condition which, however, allowed me the free use of that document for all private purposes. Two years later, when the report of the commotion created by that untoward incident reached England, and some of the members of the Opposition, misinformed about the facts of the case, and wishing to make political capital of it for their own purposes, alluded to it, and allowed themselves some ungenerous expressions on the subject, my friend Montalto thought the circumstances justified a publication of Cavour's statement; whereupon we set out in the depth of a severe winter, in January, 1858, found Cavour at his office, and, though he still demurred, and endeavored to slip through our fingers, we brought him to consent to all we demanded. By the time we were back in England, any impression made by the mention of that old story in the House had completely worn out, and everybody who cared well knew what should be thought about it.

But we must not anticipate. Let us go back to November, 1856. On the first outbreak of the disturbance, and when Cavour showed so much eagerness to get me away on any terms, I, by a natural spirit of contradiction, flatly, as I already said, refused to leave Turin, and, being determined to stand my ground and

live down all the obloquy that was current against me, made arrangements to choose Piedmont for my permanent residence, went up to Castellamonte, the former seat of my family, bought a vineyard, in a charming spot on a hill near that town, from a distant relative of my father, laid the plan of a villa on a table-land on the summit, which was to be called "*Torre Giulietta*," and even contemplated a second marriage with the daughter of one of my colleagues in the Chamber, a particular friend of mine.

Thus for the whole of that winter I lived, firm in my purpose, sharing my time between town and country, attending to the progress of my building, and, as usual, hard at work, furnishing contributions to Zenocrate Cesari, the editor of the "*Rivista Contemporanea*," and regaining inch by inch a firmer footing on public opinion than I had ever held before. I wrote Italian translations of some of the best tales and sketches which I had published in England in the "*Blackgown Papers*" and "*Scenes from Italian Life*," began a translation of "*Castellamonte*," that autobiographical account of my early days in Italy which I have before mentioned,—a few chapters of which appeared under the title of "*La nostra prima Carovana*,"—and wrote a long review of Ruffini's "*Doctor Antonio*," upbraiding my countrymen for the neglect to which they condemned the novels of a writer who had achieved such an unrivalled popularity in England, and with such good effect that Professor Acquarone, of Siena, on reading my article, was induced to undertake the translation of the novel I recommended, upon the publication of which Ruffini's countrymen began to do a somewhat tardy justice to that good novelist's eminent talents.

Thus in all places and under all circumstances I sought in assiduous work the panacea of all ailments, either of mind or heart; and on the return of spring, 1857, I travelled to England with a steady purpose to settle such affairs as I still had in this country, soon to be back among my father's old town- and kinsfolk in Piedmont.

CHAPTER XXIV.

JOURNALISTIC EXPERIENCES.

Back to England—Idle life—A second marriage—A wedding-tour—A comet—To Italy on law business—Events in Europe—A stir in Italy—First dealings with "The Times"—To Italy on "The Times" business—Plon-Plon diplomacy—Plon-Plon generalship—Solferino and Villafranca—Back to England.

THE severe rebuff which had for the time put an end to my parliamentary career in Turin had not set my heart against my native country; but neither had it lessened my attachment to the land of my adoption. I arrived in London soon after Easter, 1857, and the movement of the great city could not fail to renew the spell which it first cast over me in the years of my youth. The business which had brought me to England was soon disposed of. I placed my little boy at a good preparatory school in Brighton, let my furnished house to my friend Marmion Savage (who was then editing the "Examiner"), and had no further tie that should interfere with my resolution to go back to the Turin porticos and the rising walls of Torre Giuletta. My departure, nevertheless, was put off day by day. I did not, somehow, very clearly see why I should be in a hurry to go back to Piedmont. My vineyard had been for several years laid waste by the grape-disease that the Italians called *la crittogama*. The builders at Torre Giuletta were robbing me tooth and nail. And the friend whose daughter I was to marry bargained, *more Italico*, that I should pledge my word to him before consulting the young lady's inclination, and, in the second place, that I should take up my permanent abode in Italy, as he was sure my bride could not breathe in "foggy England." The consequence of it all was, not only that I stood up for my "liberty of action," but that my determination to settle in Italy was considerably shaken; the matrimonial negotiation

broke up, and Torre Giuletta never rose more than half a score of feet above its foundation. Such are the vanity and perversity of human wishes: urged by Cavour to quit Turin in November, I insisted on staying; solicited by my would-be father-in-law to make Piedmont my home in March, I adjourned my return till the very idea of it was abandoned.

The fact is, my business in life seemed to me equally at an end in both countries. In Italy literary speculation had been altogether unprofitable. In England the failure of my "*History of Piedmont*" had involved heavier losses than the success of my "*Country Life in Piedmont*" (published this year) could make up for. And, with respect to writing, I am not ashamed to confess that I entertained grovelling mercenary views. I thought no man "not worthy of his hire" should be a "laborer." Even when my financial affairs were in a flourishing condition I withdrew from the partnership of Messrs. George H. Lewes and Thornton Hunt, editors of the "*Leader*," who had charged me with the management of the foreign department of that weekly print, when they intimated that their journal had yet its way to make, and that for a few weeks I should have to work for "the honor of the thing."

The spring and summer of that year—1857—may be considered the idlest period I ever remember spending in my life. I tarried in London all that season, little as I shared in its gayeties, haunting picture-galleries, looking in at the rival opera-houses, to which I could often have a free entrance, and brushing up such acquaintance as I had within a square mile or two of Hyde Park Corner,—giving much of my time to Lady Morgan, a dear old lady whose light never blazed out more brightly than it did now, almost on the eve of its extinction.

From London I went for the summer months to a country-house on the Wye, where a pleasant party of friends was assembled,—that very house a few miles above Tintern Abbey which I had seen just built at the time of my first visit to the charming valley in 1840, and to which I took so great a fancy at the time, looking

upon it as in many respects the very ideal of a desirable human abode. At the beginning of autumn I was in Manchester, paying daily visits to the great Art Exhibition in that city, where such a collection of masterpieces from all the galleries of England was brought together as the world never had seen before and is not likely ever to see again. A few letters of mine on the various attractions of that marvellous show appeared in "The Daily News" at the time.

On the approach of winter I came back to my lodgings in London, where I wrote for the paying magazines, among other articles an essay on the "Love and Madness of Tasso," which came out in two successive numbers of "Fraser's." In January, 1858, I went with Montalto on a short excursion to Italy, where we paid that visit to Count Cavour, allusion to which has been made at the end of the foregoing chapter. We went across France, *via* Marseilles and Genoa, to Turin, and came back by Milan and Venice, in the latter town having a narrow escape out of the hands of the Austrian police, and in Milan, where we went to hear "The Huguenots" at La Scala, seeing the people even in the stalls and boxes treated with such incredible rudeness and arrogance by the Austrian officers that it was impossible not to argue from it the inevitable and imminent termination of the Imperial dominion in Lombardy, or not to hope that the lesson the Milanese were now receiving at the hands of these barbarians would cure them of the antipathy they had ten years before evinced against their Piedmontese brethren.

On our return to England in the spring, I was engaged to be married, and in July, 1858, was united to my second wife in the parish church of Kensington, the Sardinian minister, Marquis d'Azeglio, and my neighbor and friend Carlo Pepoli, being signed as witnesses to the deed.

I was then in my forty-eighth year,—a sober man, disenchanted of all illusions, as I thought, and cured of all ambition,—with little regret for the past, and still less hope of the future. All that remained was to make my bow and let the curtain fall; for the drama—

or farce—was played out, it little mattered whether amid plaudits or hisses.

We had often talked the matter over with my new English wife, and were of one mind as to our future lot, which was to be retirement and country life; and the haven to shelter us from all storms was to be that identical house on the Wye where we had met a twelve-month before,—the house which I had so ardently coveted, and which was now our own.

I little imagined how strangely we were out in our reckonings. Retirement! Silence and solitude! To be sure; but first our wedding-trip. We set out from Dover across France and Switzerland, over the St. Gothard to Lake Maggiore, to Turin and Castellamonte, to Central Italy, and back across the Apennines and along the Riviera, back to Genoa and Turin, and, *via* Mont Cenis, to Paris and London. To light us on our return we had the portentous Donati comet on our left, night after night,—a glorious sight, filling the world with awe, gazed at with boding hearts all along our way, as we passed through Liguria and Piedmont, through Burgundy and Picardy, till we had the last view of it at a water-and-fire-works night on the crowded terrace in front of Sydenham Palace.

Home at last; and for good? No! home,—but only for one day! We were in London at our lodgings in the morning, when one of the partners of a great solicitor's house in Essex Street, Strand, called upon me with a proposal that I should go to Rome as interpreter in the great lawsuit of "*Borghese v. the Heirs of Shrewsbury*." My visitor had heard of me through Messrs. Williams & Norgate, of Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. He thought "I alone was the man he required," and would take no denial. Home was very well, we thought; but Rome, only think of that! And the journey handsomely paid! and splendid fees during all our stay! Home could wait,—must wait; and thus, after only one night and one day in London, off we were again to Paris and the St. Gothard and Novara, Bologna, and Florence, and Siena and bleak Radicofani, and snug Acquapendente, and the Eternal City at our

journey's end. Pius IX. was then Pope and King, and Antonelli reigned over him; but over both reigned the French *Préfet* of Police, M. Mangin, a friend of ours, whose fiat that "we should enter the city unhindered, and leave it unmolested," neither priest, nor cardinal, nor policeman, nor Papal Zouave, "should dare to dispute."

Three months were thus passed in peace and security amidst the lawyers and the ruins of Rome. The law business being over, we had to wait three months more for the happy arrival of "a little stranger," who was henceforth to be part and parcel of our travelling caravan. It was, thus, only in April that we set out on our homeward way, in a four-horse *vettura* of the olden times, up the valley of the Tiber, travelling by easy stages and with frequent stoppages, to Terni and Narni, Spoleto and Fuligno, Assisi and Perugia, and so to Arezzo and Florence,—a fortnight's journey.

Six months in Rome; October, 1858, to April, 1859. But, during those six months, of what portentous changes had that terrible Donati comet been the harbinger to a wondering world! There had been the famous levée at the Tuileries with the *mauvais quart-d'heure* given by the Emperor Napoleon to Von Hübner, the Austrian ambassador, by way of a New Year's greeting. There had been Victor Emmanuel's emphatic message at the opening of the Turin Parliament, with the assurance that "Piedmont would no longer be deaf to the cry of distress of her sister provinces." There had been the sacrifice of the new Iphigenia, the Princess Clotilde, the pure-minded daughter of an old heroic line, wedded to that obese Plon-Plon, whose heroism no one would take for granted,—a *mésalliance*, the report of which had filled our tender-hearted English colony in Rome with horror and disgust.

What next? we asked, and events gave answer with breathless rapidity; and it became evident that the princess, with Heaven knows what dowry, was the price paid by Cavour at Plombières for the redemption of Italy.

What next? Why, France and Austria were once more to meet on the "cockpit of Europe," contending for the sovereignty of Italy. A new Charlemagne, a new Napoleon, was crossing the Alps to the conquest of Lombardy. Was he coming as a friend? Was he coming as a foe? Was he the Carbonaro and rebel of 1831, or the Papal champion of 1849? Terrible enigmas, these, and of which it was for the Italians to find the solution. And the unravelling soon followed. Before the end of April the Austrians had crossed the Ticino and invaded Piedmont. Everywhere the cry was, "Guerra! Guerra!" We had hardly left Rome before we became aware that the whole youth of the country was stirring. Massimo d'Azeglio in Rome, and Buoncompagni in Florence, sent out as extra-official Piedmontese agents, had suggested to the Pope's and the grand duke's government the expediency of ridding themselves of revolutionary elements in their respective States, by raising golden bridges to the young volunteers on their way to the battle-fields of Lombardy. The whole able-bodied population was soon on the tramp. We had them singing, shouting all along our route. Through Umbria and Tuscany, and from Florence to Pisa, and Spezia, and Genoa, the roads were swarming, the cities were wild with enthusiasm. Had wars been fought by mere "men with muskets," Piedmont could easily have mustered half a million of combatants. But there was method in the movement of 1859. Everybody seemed anxious to avoid the blunders that had proved so fatal in 1848. Of the youths who came up, by far the better class enlisted in the Piedmontese regiments, and most of them were even content to be kept back as a reserve. It was soon felt that the destinies of Italy were to be decided by armies, and that our own could only take the field as auxiliary. The army that was to fight and conquer was already on the march across the Alps, or landing at Genoa. We arrived in Turin in May, the very day in which the first battalion of French Zouaves, descending from Susa, had come to a halt in the Place d'Armes outside the Piedmontese capital. I walked

out to look at them, with a large crowd of sight-seers. I stood gazing at them with stupor, half crazed with distracting emotions, and turned to my next bystander, my friend Domenico Carrutti, a distinguished Piedmontese historian, and we both said, almost in the same breath, looking into each other's faces, "Here they are! When shall we be rid of them?"

For the minds of both of us went back to the hundred precedents of French invasions of Italy, from Pepin and Charlemagne to the First Napoleon, and we were only too well aware what evils their appearance invariably boded to us, whatever good it might, in the end, have in store for themselves.

That, however, was no time for gloomy reflections. I had to resolve on immediate action, and my first thought was how to convey my travelling-party safe to their home in England.

We took the train from Turin to Susa, where I had ordered the mail-coach to be ready for us to take us across the mountain to St. Jean de Maurienne, then the railway terminus on the Savoy side. We reached Susa late in the evening; the mail-coach was there, but with broken windows, unfit for service on an icy night on the Alps. At Susa the hotels were choke-full of French officers; the wretched railway-station, with its dingy waiting-room and café, was turned into a bivouac for French soldiers. These good *chasseurs de Vincennes* squeezed up to make room for wife, child, and nurse, ministering to their wants, catering for fresh milk, boiling their eggs, dandling the infant like the tenderest of nurses. In their keeping I had to leave them in the morning, go back to Turin, order out another coach, and return in the evening for another night start. Up we rolled across Mont Cenis, lighted by the ruddy gleam of the Turkos' watch-fires, kept awake by the dreary notes of their howling war-songs. On we rolled over the deeply-cut and encumbered high-road, stemming now this, now that band of French troops, foot, horse, and battery,—a never-ending flow of armed men. It was early morning at Lans-le-Bourg, late evening when we reached St.-Jean, where we had another night

and day's "fraternizing" with the French rear-guard. But here, at last, on the following night, we found the train to Mâcon, and went on without further hindrance to Paris and London.

At home in London, with the way open to our home on the Wye. But, alas! what home could there be for me in England while the destinies of Italy were being weighed in the scale? I had no sooner seen my fellow-travellers comfortably housed at the Paddington Hotel, waiting for their Western train, than I went to Fleet Street and called on Mr. Weir, the old editor of the "Daily News," my good friend.

"I am now nearly fifty," I said, without any preamble, "and was laughed at when I offered myself for a soldier eleven years ago. But I must go back to Italy, if I cannot to fight, at least to write. You often told me you valued my services: prove it now. Send me out as your war correspondent with the armies in Lombardy."

My hasty manner took away the good man's breath; but he had no sooner understood me than he pulled a long face:

"Very sorry,—more sorry than I can tell you; but we have just sent Arrivabene on that errand. He started this morning by the seven-o'clock mail."

I left the old editor and his office without another word, and went straight to the Athenæum Club, where I was sure to find Montalto. I told him my wishes and my disappointment.

"Well," said my friend, "what matters 'The Daily News'? Why should you not go for 'The Times'?"

"Impossible!" I said. "I never had any connection with that paper."

"But everything must have a beginning."

"Impossible!" I repeated. "They know nothing about me."

"An acquaintance is easily made."

"But they do not like me," I insisted. "They think me a radical, a Mazzinian. They know nothing about me."

"But they will soon know. Do me the favor to dine

with me and the wife and the girls. I'll soon let you know what 'The Times' people think of you."

At half-past seven I found him at his house in Eccleston Square.

"Well, my friend, I think all is settled. When I left the club, I went to the House and spoke to Walter; Walter referred me to Mowbray Morris; Mowbray Morris appointed to-morrow, at one in the afternoon, to see you. I suppose you will go?"

Never was so great a weight of anxiety removed from my mind; I could hardly believe, hardly take in, the words I heard. The news was too good to be true. To sit down to a good dinner in excellent company was perfect torture. No sooner was the dinner over than I went home to the hotel to bed, when all sleep was out of the question. Up early in the morning, out in the streets, walking round Regent's Park, then after nine stepping in and out of the club, purposeless, at a loss to kill the time, waiting for the hour appointed.

So young I still was, still so fidgety, so Italian, so incapable of mastering my emotions when confronted by what I thought a great emergency!

"I shall go to Italy; go out with the army; go out as 'Times' correspondent!" I cried again and again. "Too good to be true!"

At one in the afternoon I called upon Mr. Mowbray Morris, the manager of "The Times,"—a West Indian by birth, still young, slender, dusky in the face, with fine features and refined manners.

"How good of you to go out for us!" he began, when we were seated. "How good!"

"But I say, how kind of you to send me! You know nothing about me."

"Perhaps you were not so utterly unknown as you imagined," he said, pointing to a book-shelf, where a copy of my "Italy, Past and Present," stared me in the face. "That book has been on that shelf as a favorite ever since it came out. But now, about this war. Hardman, our own Turin correspondent, writes that no 'press-gang' will be allowed at the front."

"Let that be no hinderance," I said, hastily. "That rule will only apply to civilians and aliens. But I can don a uniform and go as a combatant. Cavour is my friend. I was till lately a deputy. Surely exception will be made in favor of me,—an old patriot."

"That is what we thought. And now as to terms——"

They were very liberal, but that matter had no weight with me at the time. I rose to take leave.

"And as to your journey, when shall we say?" he said, with some hesitation. "Time presses——"

"Directly, this evening: there is no time to lose. My trunk is not yet unpacked. I shall go across to-night and be in Turin on Monday."

On leaving his house I went to the club and sent out by messenger the following telegram:

"DEPUTY CORNERO, TURIN.

"Buy me a good saddle-horse. Have it ready for my arrival in Turin next Monday."

Three hours later I was off, travelling night and day, as was always my wont when alone. These cursed railways have nothing to recommend them but speed. I seldom failed to make the most of them.

On the Monday I was in Turin, and called on my friend, still in bed.

"You have got me the horse, of course?"

"Horses are hard to come at in war times," he said; "still, I *had* got him, a capital hack—but——"

"But what?"

"But Cavour stepped across to me at the Chamber, and said, 'Gallenga telegraphed for a horse. I know what he wants it for. And, I tell you, buy nothing. Nothing of the kind, I tell you. I won't have it.'"

I left my friend in his bed, went back to the Hôtel Trombetta, where Hardman of "The Times" lodged, and found him up and writing.

"Even so!" he said, when I had explained my difficulty. "No one allowed at the camp. Here they say it is an order from Paris. At Paris they contend that

all the objection is made in Turin. My own opinion is that Cavour and the Emperor are of one mind on the subject. They protest that they will treat us scribblers, if they catch us, as spies. Tell you what I should do, if I were in your place, though. I would go to Florence and come up with Plon-Plon and the Fifth Corps."

I took his advice, was off that same day, slept at Genoa that night, and in the morning took steamer to Leghorn and train to Florence.

There is this inconvenience in fast travelling, especially by rail, that from end to end of the journey you never know what is going on in the world. The papers you buy at the station have only old dates; your fellow-passengers in the train are no wiser than yourself; yet such was then the interruption of communication, owing to the war, that all Florence crowded around me on my arrival for such crumbs of information as I might have picked up on my way.

The situation, so far as I could tell, was this. The Emperor Napoleon with his army had reached Milan early in May, the Austrians everywhere falling back before him; and he had put forth his famous Proclamation, in which he announced that Italy should be "free to the Adriatic," calling upon the Italians "to be soldiers, that they might deserve to become freemen." The encounters between the Franco-Sardinian allies and their Austrian opponents had been mere skirmishes; but in almost all of them the former had been victorious, and they evidently mustered preponderant forces; though the French were still awaiting their Fifth Corps-d'Armée, which was to consist chiefly of veteran troops hastily summoned from Algeria, was to land at Leghorn, act in Central Italy, and come up somewhere across the Apennines, under the command of the Emperor's cousin, Prince Napoleon Jerome.

In Florence, now rid of the presence of the grand duke, a provisional government had been installed under Ricasoli, and the little Tuscan army, now raised to a force of six thousand men, was being drilled under the Tricolor, ready to join the French Fifth Corps in its march to the fields of Lombardy.

To Florence, therefore, I was bound till all was ready. The whole of May and part of June were thus miserably lost. The prince-marshal landed at Leghorn, May 23, and with him two fine regiments of Chasseurs d'Afrique, with a division of infantry and a large park of artillery,—such a force as had never been seen in Tuscany since the French invasion of Charles VIII. in 1494. People called it the “Diplomatic Corps,” and the general conviction was that the Emperor’s scheme was to rescue Italy from the Austrians only to make it a vassal of France,—giving the north of it to his ally King Victor Emmanuel, the south to Prince Murat, heir of King Joachim, and forming a new State of Central Italy, consisting of Tuscany, the Legations, the Marches, and Umbria, of which Prince Napoleon Jerome was to be king; in which case the Pope would be left with Rome and St. Peter’s patrimony, under French protection.

The Emperor, however, ultimately found out that he had somewhat rashly disposed of Italy without consulting the Italians. But, while the issue of the war was still uncertain, great was the perplexity of men’s minds; and the idea of raising Florence to the rank of capital of a central kingdom of three or four million inhabitants would not have been repugnant to the municipal patriotism of some of the most influential Florentines, had it not been for the loathing which men felt for the person of the candidate for their throne,—a candidate whose character was only too well known in the place where part of his youth had been spent.

In that prince, however, was my only chance of being allowed to go out as war-correspondent to the fields of Lombardy. I waited upon him on the morrow after his arrival, and was received with the utmost cordiality, the prince shaking hands and bidding me sit down by his side on the sofa. He “had heard everything about me,” of course; “knew what a bitter enemy I had in Mazzini; and he hoped republican firebrands would not attempt to spoil the work his cousin the Emperor Napoleon, and the king, his father-in-law, had in hand, as

they had frustrated the enterprise of the unfortunate Charles Albert in 1848-9." For what concerned myself, the prince would be "most happy to allow me the freedom of his camp; all he wished was that I should write what I saw and thought without favor and without prejudice."

After all this, and a great flourish about his "unbounded regard for the press, especially the English press, and particularly for 'The Times,'" he rose from the sofa, after about half an hour's sitting, and as he stepped towards the door to dismiss me he lowered his voice, and said,—

"Pity these good Florentines show so little zeal in the cause! What do they think? What do they want? They seem mistrustful; they do not like us,—do not like *me*! Is it not absurd that a man only two steps removed from the throne of Charlemagne should be suspected of a petty ambition to step into the old shoes of a discarded prince of Austria-Lorraine?"

"I do not know that the Florentines just now are thinking of anything but the war, monseigneur," I answered. "Italians have too long been compelled to bow to no other god than that of the *gros bataillons*. They are not sure that France, if victorious, will consult their pleasure. Till they know that they have a voice on the subject, their answer must be that of the Jew who was asked whether he would have any scruple about pocketing a thousand crowns if they were offered to him as a gift on the Sabbath-day. 'This is not Saturday, and the money is not forthcoming,' he said: 'what do you tempt or plague me for?'"* The chance for the Florentines to have a will of their own has not come yet, monseigneur. Their future rulers will have to be appointed by a *plébiscite*."

The prince smiled rather feebly at the bare mention of that popular vote, which usually followed upon a *coup-d'état*. And as I bowed myself out, and he held out his hand to me,—a hand moist, cold, and clammy, like that of Uriah Heep,—I felt how impossible it was

* "Sabato non è, il danaro non c'è; quare conturbas me?"

for the Florentines not to loathe the man ; for although he had undoubtedly the great Emperor's features, and perhaps some of his talents, he had not won the great Emperor's battles, and it was disgusting to think that he, an ultra-democrat, and a foe to the divine right of monarchic succession, should claim to lord it over the Tuscan or any other people, as if men were mere goods and chattels, coming to him by right of inheritance as to a nephew of his uncle. Behold, now, the two lives that stood between him and the throne of Charlemagne have been providentially removed, and he is still bidding for empire in France, as if he were not too loathsome a candidate even for M. de Cassagnac himself.

But, whatever he then was, or may be now, that prince had the command of forty thousand combatants, and all Europe was wondering what he would do with it. Several roads were open before him across the Apennines,—one of La Porretta, from Florence to Bologna, another, the Abetone, from Florence to Modena, etc. ; but he suffered week after week to pass, as if at a loss how to choose, and wearied out his troops with idle parades at the Cascine. It was supposed that by taking the shortest route he might seem to countenance the population of those provinces in their insurrection against their former rulers, the Emperor, his cousin, shrinking especially from complicity in any act which might be construed into a spoliation of the Holy See ; but, whatever might be the motive, it was finally understood that the Fifth Corps should rendezvous at Lucca, march along shore to Sarzana, whence it should go over the Apennines at La Cisa Pass, *via* Pontremoli, Berceto, and Fornovo, coming down to Parma, and crossing the Po from Colorno to Casalmaggiore. This roundabout route was familiar to me of old, and I could, had it been needful, have been the best of guides. I had already, long since, bought two horses, clothed and equipped myself for the campaign. Upon the prince setting out for Pisa, on the 18th of June, I took the road to Pistoja and Lucca, travelling alone, mounted on an old nag,—a little black Arab, and a capital roadster, up to any amount of work,—and followed by a groom

with a dainty chestnut mare which I had bought from my friend Carlo Fenzi, and which was intended for use on a field-day.

At Lucca I fell in with the prince and his staff, and made the acquaintance of some of his officers, most of them gentlemen of birth and rank, with something of the manners of the old French school. The prince advanced by very leisurely stages, his object being apparently to be as long on the road as he could contrive, and to enjoy the greetings of the population, which crowded on our path all along our line of march, the men deafening him with shouts, the women smothering him with flowers and kisses, hailing him as hero, conqueror, and liberator.

We were nearly a fortnight crossing the mountains,—only reached Parma on the 27th of June, and idled in that city till the end of the month. Already Palestro and Magenta had been fought, and on the 24th, from the heights of Berceto, we could distinctly hear the rumbling of the cannon of Solferino. That wretched obese Plon-Plon had seemingly so reckoned time and pace as to arrive on the battle-field more than a week after the decisive action.

At Parma I left him and joined the Tuscans, a respectable regular force, which had been organized for the grand duke, and was now under the command of General Ulloa, a Neapolitan. His chief of staff, Colonel Seismid Doda, appointed me one of his aides-de-camp, and I rode by his side in a lieutenant's uniform, finding him a well-informed and most agreeable companion.

Upon crossing the Po and falling in with the main army of the Allies on the Mincio, I soon found out how unfortunate I had been in my plan of campaign. For the Emperor Napoleon, anxious to win over a party among the disaffected Hungarians, had rescinded in their favor his order excluding non-combatants from the camp. He admitted the Hungarians, and, in their suite, the representatives of all journals, British and foreign,—among others Eber, a friend of Klapka, whom I found installed at head-quarters as war correspondent of "The Times." Had I waited a little more patiently

at Turin I might have been beforehand with Eber, and reported the campaign from the beginning.

When I came up with the Fifth Corps, the campaign was at an end. We rode all round Mantua and up the Mincio; we encamped at Goito on the 4th of July, and advanced to Volta on the 9th. The heat was oppressive; some of our strongest Tuscan grenadiers dropped on the march from sunstroke. Both the Tuscan and Piedmontese, however, bore up against all hardships with great steadiness; and their thorough discipline put to shame the loose order of the French, and especially of the Algerian troops following on our track. Indeed, nothing seemed to be more astonishing than the insubordination and confusion prevailing in the ranks of Imperial France; and "If these soldiers are so little better than a mob after a victory," I reasoned, "what would be their behavior if they were to meet with a reverse?" Many years did not pass before events answered my question. Solferino foreshadowed Sedan.

At Solferino, however, the success of the French troops seemed assured. At Volta, in the evening of the 9th, Colonel Doda brought in the intelligence that a three days' armistice had been agreed upon between the belligerents, and that we were to start for Calcinato, on the hills of Brescia, near Montechiaro, on the same night. Something had evidently vexed the good colonel, for no sooner were we on the saddle than he set off at full gallop, and we had to scamper after him, knowing nothing of his reasons for that desperate hurry. We made a *détour* at San Cassanio, our leader taking us across the battle-field of Solferino, where, a fortnight after the battle, the ground was still strewn with the arms and accoutrements of the combatants, and the stench from the half-unburied dead was more than the living could endure. On the morrow, at Calcinato, Doda explained that "the armistice was not for three but for forty days;" that preliminaries of peace were being signed at Villafranca, the bases of which were "the annexation of Lombardy to Piedmont, and the liberation of Italy, not to the Adriatic,

but to the Mincio." Those preliminaries were, as we all know, signed on the 11th of July, and two days later, before the news was fully confirmed, I sold my horses to a brother officer,—who never paid for them,—doffed my uniform, and as soon as I was able to find a *calessino* I turned my back to the camp, and travelled to Brescia and Milan. I was at the Hôtel la Villa in the latter city on the 15th, when the Emperor drove through on his way back to France, and where, had he not been protected by the popularity of his fellow-traveller, King Victor Emmanuel, he would have run the imminent risk of being torn to pieces by the populace.

The world is now at no loss for the causes which actuated the Emperor Napoleon's policy when he appended his signature to the Peace of Villafranca,—a peace which was justly looked upon as a second edition of the Treaty of Campoformio. The Emperor had just ventured into that Quadrilateral which threatened to be as hard a nut for him to crack as it had been for Charles Albert eleven years before. He learned, from experience, that those four fortresses were looked upon not merely as an Austrian but also as a German bulwark, and that, if the war went on, there was a good chance of his having Prussia and the whole North arrayed against him; for as yet the idea of a remodelling of the map of Europe met with as little favor at St. Petersburg as at Berlin, and people began to see what construction the nephew of the uncle was putting on his declaration, "*L'Empire, c'est la Paix.*"

It is most likely that the disorderly behavior of his troops, to which I have adverted, deterred the Emperor from a continuation of a war which might become European, and for which no adequate forces could be mustered. Still, the most urgent motive actuating him at this juncture was undoubtedly spite at the attitude of the Italians, who seemed determined that it should be for them, and not for himself, that the Emperor fought and conquered, and who evidently harbored hopes and aspirations at variance with their deliverer's views.

Had there been any doubt in the Emperor's mind about the "ingratitude" of the nation he was rousing into a new existence, an end would have been put to it by his princely cousin, who met him at Villafranca with tidings of the result of his diplomatic mission at Florence, where, he said with good reason, whatever the people might wish or think, one thing was evident, that they "would have nothing to say to him." It thus came to be understood in France that "if the Emperor *Badinguet* had begun the war, it was Prince *Plon-Plon* who ended it."

With the war, as I conceived, my business as a correspondent was also terminated. On the evening of the 16th of July I took the train for Turin, crossed over to Mâcon and Paris, and on the 20th called upon Mr. Mowbray Morris in London, begging him to accept the resignation of my office.

Never in my life have I seen such astonishment depicted on any human face as was shown by that of the manager of "The Times" when he saw me.

"What? What?" he cried. "You here? Has anything happened?"

"What should have happened?" I answered. "The war is over, and the War Correspondent goes home. That is all."

"What?" he insisted. "And not one line—not two words of a telegram—to tell us of your desertion?"

"It was for the war alone—it was for my country—that I enlisted in your service," I said: "what else would I have had to do with the press? The war is at an end. All is over."

He looked hard at me, as if he could not believe me.

"Are you in your senses?" he said. "Do you really think the affair is at an end? Are you so ready to give up the cause of your country? Or do you think your hand can wield a mightier weapon in that cause than such as 'The Times' supplies you with? Perhaps you have travelled too fast to learn what is going on. Know, then, that all our statesmen here are convinced that the Treaty of Villafranca won't hold water. War

may be at an end, but Revolution has not spoken its last word. The noblest mission that ever befell a journalist is offered to you. Go back to Italy! For months, and perhaps years, your country will be the all-absorbing subject in Europe. Run all over the peninsula, from end to end; go back to Turin, to Florence, wherever you think you may find the task best suited to your purpose. Whoever writes for us fights for Italy. You will have 'The Times' and the almost unanimous sympathy of English opinion to back you."

"Done!" I exclaimed, grasping his hand, and shaking it with responsive enthusiasm. "Till the Italian question is settled, be the press my career. I am at your orders: I am off at once. Back to Italy,—this very evening!" and I jumped on my feet.

"Nay, give yourself a few days' rest," he said. "See Delane: he is anxious to make your acquaintance. Dine with him and me this evening."

"No rest, thank you! Now you have wound me up, I should, if I stayed, fret myself to death. The editor, I dare say, will rather see my letters than my face. I must be off."

"Tarry at least till Monday," the manager insisted. "Mr. Walter has his usual yearly gathering and treat of all 'The Times' servants at Bearwood on Saturday. It is an interesting scene, in a most charming locality. I will take you there with me, and you will be delighted, I am sure. And so will Walter be."

"Business before pleasure," quoth I. "Mr. Walter will value my service higher than my company. Now that I have made up my mind, I would not lose one day for the world. Good-by! I shall go across to-night!"

So saying, I left him, and, hastening to the club to write one line to my people at home, where I was hourly expected, I set off by the evening mail, and before the end of the week I had put the Channel and the Alps between England and myself.

I rather think that all this haste, all this reluctance to let any kindly-meant offer interfere with the discharge of a duty, though it might be deemed an excess

of zeal, and it perhaps was carried to the extreme of positive discourtesy, did not altogether damage me in the good opinion of my new employers.

CHAPTER XXV.

ABROAD FOR "THE TIMES."

The good and evil of journalism—Affairs in Italy—A French emperor and an Italian statesman—Annexation of Central Italy—The Legations—Tuscany—"The Times" and the Italian cause—A visit to Rome, and the consequences—Opening of the Italian Parliament—Journalism and Parliamentarism—My conduct in the Chamber—The Rattazzi ministry—Persano's promotion—The Bensa affair—Turin to London—Liverpool to New York.

FROM the date of the interview with Mr. Mowbray Morris, which I have just described,—June 20, 1859,—my connection with "The Times," which two months before I had accepted as temporary, became permanent, and for the next twenty years it afforded me constant and almost exclusive active employment, either in the foreign or in the home department of the journal.

This incessant occupation, however pleasant and honorable it might be, involved a rather severe strain on my physical and mental faculties, and imposed an almost entire abnegation of those domestic habits, of those rural enjoyments, to which I had looked forward at the time I contracted a second marriage and broke up my town establishment in London, transferring my *lares et penates* to my charming solitude on the banks of the Wye. Instead of the *otium cum dignitate* in the bosom of my family, to which on the eve of my fiftieth year I considered myself entitled, I had to go forth alone, always on the road, putting up with hotel fare and accommodation; the alternative lying between the turmoil of the camp in war, and the din of excited mobs in the cities, convulsed either with the hopes and fears of an expected change, or with the heart-burning

and disappointment attendant on its never wholly satisfactory results.

The pressure of business consequent on the rapid succession of public events was frequently so great that, although our journal in ordinary times liberally allowed from one month to six weeks' holiday to its servants both at home and abroad, my absence from England was in some instances prolonged for eighteen months or even two years at a stretch; and of my sweet home on the Wye, during the whole period of twenty years, I was only allowed to enjoy as much as I could by fits and snatches during rare and short visits, the duration of which, if summed up, would scarcely amount altogether to as many months.

There is, however, ample compensation for all the sacrifices that journalism entails. It was not long before I felt that "The Times" was a power,—a power greater than any of the most colossal European empires; and I found out that of that power I was the mouthpiece and, so to say, the accredited ambassador. However insignificant a pygmy a correspondent might be, he became taller and more conspicuous than any giant the moment he stood on one of the pinnacles of that wonderful edifice of Printing-House Square. Not one word appearing in the columns of that print ever fell to the ground, but came back to its writer, reproduced by a thousand echoes, endorsed with a thousand names, hardly recognizable under the comments, paraphrases, and other disguises it had undergone in the transmission, but eagerly taken up by popular clamor, and eventually invested with all the authority of enlightened opinion. "'The Times' says so!" It was *Vox populi* revered as *Vox Dei*.

For the best part of four years, at the outset, I was "The Times" representative in Italy, and I can hardly venture to say to what extent I think that the power I wielded contributed to the triumph of our national cause. On my arrival in Turin, I saw Count Cavour, and his best friend and most active coadjutor, Sir James Hudson, the English minister. Those two gentlemen had received me rather coldly two months be-

fore, at the outbreak of the war. They would have preferred a man of less independent character. But, as "The Times" chose me, they had to take me as I was, and make the most of me. A few words with them at once enabled me to understand all the particulars of the situation.

By the terms of the preliminaries of Villafranca, Lombardy was adjudged to Piedmont. Austria remained in possession of Venetia and the Four Fortresses; but by a fourth clause it was stipulated, rather vaguely, that the Pope, the Dukes of Parma and Modena, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany, should be restored in the territories of which the vicissitudes of the war had reft them. As to how the restoration was to be effected, nothing had been said. The point was referred to further negotiation, and a conference for its better definition was to assemble at Zurich. At the conference, as usual, diplomacy only stultified itself. The Emperor Napoleon at the end of the war had fallen into the same blunders which had characterized his policy at the beginning. He had disposed of the Italians without consulting their inclination,—sold the lion's hide before he had caught his lion. The Italians were bidden to take back their princes. But what if those princes could only be brought back at the point of the bayonet? What if their subjects preferred to make common cause with their brethren of Milan and chose to be united in one kingdom with Lombardy and Piedmont? If they ventured on open resistance, where was coercion to come from? Was France to invade Central Italy? Jealous Europe forbade. Was Austria to be charged with the execution of the treaty? But that would have re-established that ascendancy over the peninsula which she had lost at Solferino. It was not to be thought of. The Italians are a clever people,—politicians to the very nails of their fingers. They soon became aware that diplomacy had come to an *impasse*. They felt that if they were of one mind, if they were firm and prudent, they would be masters of the situation, free to settle their own affairs as they listed.

That poor Emperor Napoleon at Villafranca had indulged his petty spite against Cavour (by whom he perceived he had been bamboozled and jockeyed) to so vain a purpose as to bid the King of Sardinia dismiss his too able minister. He thought by the removal of the arch-schemer the very neck of the great national Italian scheme might be broken. The loyal king so far yielded to necessity as to place the shifty Rattazzi at the head of a new cabinet. But Cavour, though nominally excluded, continued, nevertheless, to act as the soul of the ministry. There was for the moment thorough unanimity among all Italian statesmen. And *flecti non frangi* was their universally acknowledged motto.

It was evident to me that the great national problem was to find its solution in Central Italy. After giving one day only to Turin and one to Milan, I crossed over to that region which resumed at that juncture its ancient name of the Æmilia or Emilia, and embraced the duchies of Parma and Modena, and the Papal Legations, Bologna, Ferrara, Ravenna, and all Romagna, down to Rimini.

All this territory, evacuated by the Austrians on the eve of Solferino, had silently regained its own mastery. By an almost puerile anagram, the words Viva Verdi! (V.E.R.D.I., the initials of Vittorio Emmanuele Rè d'Italia), written at every street-corner, gave a clear expression to the wishes of the population. To the intimation that they should go back to the former order of things, the Italians simply opposed their stubborn *vis inertiae*.

The Duke of Modena, an Austrian archduke, was the only one of the dispossessed princes who might be said to have a force of his own. With two battalions and four or six field-pieces, he was quartered at Mantua, hovering on the borders, longing and threatening but fearing to cross the Po and march to the conquest of the capital. I found at Modena my friend Farini, at the head of a provisional government, lodged in the duke's marble palace, where I dined with him off the gold and silver plate which the duke had forgotten

to take with him in his flight. Farini was a Romagnole, as gifted with courage as with talent. He had called the youth of the town to arms; he mustered them in the square before the palace, pointed them out to me, and said, "You see them! They would be few to withstand the Austrians; but they are more than sufficient to keep back the duke."

Presently, however, better help was provided. The Tuscan army, eight thousand strong, which I had left at Calcinato, receiving no orders after the departure of the French, had set off on its homeward way across the Po: its presence gave fresh courage to the people with whom it fraternized, and by tarrying here and there on the spots where danger might have arisen it enabled the country to organize itself on a sufficiently warlike plan to guarantee it from a *coup-de-main*, which, pending the negotiations of the Zurich Conference, was all that might be apprehended. When after several weeks' stay the Tuscans were compelled to cross the Apennines, Garibaldi organized a volunteer force, with which he placed himself at La Cattolica, the frontier-line between the Legations and the Marches, not far from the old Roman Rubicon, and there he stood confronting the Papal army, bidding it open defiance.

The unanimity in the Emilia was perfect, and the vote, when it was allowed utterance, left no doubt as to the people's wishes; for they would eagerly have accepted even "Satan's rule," as they said, so they were rid of "priestly rule."

As I proceeded to Tuscany I found, though under different circumstances, almost the same disposition of minds. Unlike the Papal provinces, Tuscany had been for at least four centuries a separate and at least nominally an independent State; and Florence, by descending from its sovereign rank as the residence of a court and seat of its government, had more to lose than she could gain by annexation to the North Italian kingdom, unless, as it eventually happened, she could hope to become its capital. The unification of the whole, or even of half, of Italy, was a scheme that seemed still to many impracticable, to some even un-

desirable. Although the person of Prince Napoleon was universally obnoxious, the scheme of a formation of a central Italian kingdom by the union of Tuscany with the Emilian Provinces found a few partisans among honorable and distinguished patriots, among whom were Eugenio Albèri, General Ulloa, and Montanelli. This last, who had just come back from Paris, and had seen the Emperor in his capacity of envoy of the provisional Tuscan government, told me, as he told everybody, that on mentioning to the Emperor the scheme of an annexation of Central to Northern Italy he had been sharply interrupted by his majesty with the single word, "Impossible!" Whereupon I told Montanelli "what a pity it was he had not reminded the Emperor that his great uncle had blotted out that 'stupid word' from the French dictionary." Besides these, there were other worthy men in Florence, like the historian Cantù, who objected to all removal of the old landmarks, wished for a continuation of the Italian States, as they had long existed, and thought that liberty and independence could best be insured by a National League or Confederacy. Among these there were many disguised republicans, who had now sunk to the lowest depth of unpopularity, and many more retrogradists and ultra-Catholics, in whose opinion the idea of robbing the Church of her property or the Pope of his sovereignty seemed the most heinous sacrilege. These latter went by the newly-invented name of *Codini*, or wearers of the old-fashioned pigtail.

To educate a people like the Tuscan, divided and perplexed in its views, so as to elicit from it a tolerably spontaneous and unanimous vote for annexation, was the task devolving on the provisional government,—a government consisting of conspicuous, respected, and most undoubtedly well-meaning men,—Ricasoli, Peruzzi, Ridolfi, Melenchini, etc.,—but who had bound themselves to the rule of the strictest neutrality, professed the most unreserved submission to the people's wishes, and shrunk from any overt act which might set them in opposition to the terms of the Treaty of Villafranca and call down upon them the censure of the diploma-

tists now assembled at Zurich. For the whole of that summer, autumn, and winter of 1859, a question which was vital for Italy was debated both in that country and all over Europe, and it was only in March, 1860, that Cavour found that solution which, by the cession of Savoy and Nice to France, empowered the Italians to fix their own destinies, resorting to an appeal to the popular suffrage, in the form of that new-fangled French jugglery,—a *plébiscite*.

Those nine months elapsing between the preliminaries of Villafranca and the final treaty of peace at Paris—the period of gestation preceding the new birth of the Italian nation—were the busiest and, as such, the happiest of my life; for I flattered myself that my correspondence in “The Times,” and my word of mouth wherever I met with willing ears, were not without some influence in bringing about a happy issue out of that prolonged uncertainty. For several weeks towards the fall of the year I was incessantly on the road across the Apennines, shifting my quarters from place to place; but as winter set in I established myself in Florence, where my family joined me from England, and my dining- and drawing-rooms became a meeting-place for many of those friends who were convinced of the great influence England and “The Times” would be sure to exercise on the settlement of the pending question.

Early in the spring I had to leave Florence, being bidden by “The Times” to go to Rome. No objection was raised against my person by the Papal government, from whom I obtained a *carte de séjour* for three months, on the same terms that were granted to me on the previous year. It was only when my errand became known, or was suspected, that a thundering order was issued by the Monsignore at the head of the Papal Police, bidding me leave Rome and the Papal State within the lapse of twenty-four hours. In vain did Mr. Odo Russell, the unofficial English chargé-d'affaires, and Mr. Newton, the English consul, interfere on my behalf. Vain also was my application to Mr. Mangin, the French prefect, whose authority had been of so

much avail to me a twelvemonth before. For the French government was deemed to have played false to the Pope at Solferino and Villafranca, and French ascendancy was at the lowest ebb at the Vatican. Out, therefore, I had to tramp, with my family,—my eldest son, with his tutor; my wife, with her child, nurse, and maid,—our lumbering post-carriage being followed, though at a respectful distance, by a squad of Papal dragoons all the way to the frontier of Acquapendente. It was "The Times," and not my humble individual self merely, that was expelled; and, as I assured Antonelli, to whom I made a last appeal at the Vatican at eleven o'clock in the last evening of my stay, "'The Times' would know how to make his eminence repent the arbitrary measure by which one of the servants of that journal had been treated with gratuitous indignity."

Three days later we were at Pisa, in time to witness the *plébiscite* in a rural district belonging to Colonel Malenchini, no bad specimen of the absurd farce that manhood suffrage invariably resolves itself into; and, after a short stay at Florence, we embarked at Leghorn on board the Sardinian frigate "Maria Adelaide" bound to Genoa with a freight of the newly-elected Tuscan deputies on their way to their seats in the Lower House of what was hitherto the Piedmontese and became now the Italian Parliament. Of that Parliament I was presently re-elected a member by the district of Castellamonte, where my return was the occasion of great popular rejoicings, with bands of music, illumination, bonfires, and *mortaletti*, or rustic artillery. And the result was made known to me by Cavour, now again in his place at the head of the government, in a short note in which he conveyed his hearty congratulation and sympathy.

The session of that Parliament, however, was not of long duration, for even before we left Florence the startling report spread that Garibaldi had landed at Marsala with his "Thousand," that all the youth of Italy were flocking round his standard, that subscriptions in his favor were being opened all over Europe,

and that the troops of the King of the Two Sicilies were falling back before him throughout the island, and presently also throughout the mainland, the king himself ultimately abandoning his capital to the Liberator.

The agitation created all over the country by the tidings of that almost fabulous expedition brought our parliamentary deliberations to a premature close, even before the summer heat set in, and I availed myself of the recess to leave Turin and take my family home to England, allowing myself a short interval of rest which the last fourteen months of unremitting labor had made extremely advisable.

Towards the middle of August, however, my vacation expired, and I went to take leave of Delane, who wished me to resume my duties in Turin,—when he changed my route, and bade me join Garibaldi in Sicily. “The Times” had already a correspondent, General Eber, in that island, but they had received no communication from him for more than a fortnight. They were afraid something might have happened to him, and it was absolutely necessary that some one should go out and see what had become of him.

I travelled at once across the Continent to Genoa, embarked for Palermo, and there found Garibaldi, with whom I proceeded the same night (August 16) in a steamer along the coast to Messina, and, four days later, crossed the strait over to Reggio, whence, as an officer of his staff, I made with him the campaign of Calabria, and arrived at Naples early in the morning of September 7, four hours before the conquering hero made his glorious entrance into that capital.

For the account of that campaign I must refer the reader to “The Times” of the year 1860, or to the short narrative made out of my letters to that journal, which forms chapter xvii. of volume ii. of my “Italy Revisited,” published in London in 1875, where also, in chapter xvi., may be read an account of my Lombard campaign of the previous year in the suite of that notable *Fabius Cunctator*, Prince Napoleon Jerome.

For, henceforth, the correspondent’s biography becomes identical with the history of the events he had

to report, and the reader must be spared the weariness of a twice-told tale, on the understanding that the subjects to which I allude are either familiar or easily accessible to him in contemporary records.

As a correspondent and a deputy of the Italian Chamber I went back to Turin, and was for the next three years permanently established in that city, the few excursions I went upon in the way of business seldom amounting to more than a week or a month's absence. The conquest of the Two Sicilies, of which Garibaldi took the initiative, was brought to an end by the king's armies, which routed the Papal forces at Castelfidardo, and, after annexing the Marches and Umbria, crossed the frontier of the southern kingdom, and took upon themselves the reduction of Capua, Gaëta, Messina, and the other Neapolitan and Sicilian fortresses. What the Revolution had done the nation's suffrage soon sanctioned. The organization of the kingdom, now embracing the whole of Italy, with the exception of Rome and Venetia, engrossed all the attention of Cavour and his Parliament, and so overtasked the energies of the great statesman as to cut short his career by an early death,—June 6, 1861,—when he had just provided for the completion of the national edifice by carrying through the Chambers a resolution proclaiming Rome as the future capital of United Italy.

Left alone without Cavour, like Alexander's generals without Alexander, his colleagues rebuilt his cabinet under the presidency of Ricasoli; but, after only eight months' hard struggle,—June, 1861, to March, 1862,—that ministry fell, in consequence of some personal antipathy between that stiff-necked premier and his sovereign (*ego et rex meus*), the latter in an evil moment calling Rattazzi into his council. Rattazzi, an unprincipled political pettifogger, coming into office with hardly any suite in the House, and even with no respectable staff of colleagues in the cabinet, threw himself into the arms of the revolutionary party, and engaged to supply Garibaldi with such means as he might require to achieve the conquest of Venetia and Rome.

Aware of the dangers of the minister's policy, the old Cavour party resolved to meet the new cabinet with a vote of want of confidence. The day for the attack had been appointed, and the part assigned to the combatants, when, on the morning of the great contest, the leaders of the party,—Lanza, Minghetti, Farini, etc.,—warned of the danger of a collision with the crown, deemed it prudent to adjourn the encounter *sine die*. I was greatly disappointed and disgusted at their inconsistency, and urged that "this was the first instance of the king's overstepping the limits of his prerogative by palming upon the Chamber a cabinet against which an immense majority was arrayed, and that it was necessary to give him a lesson, by compelling him either to withdraw his obnoxious ministry or to dissolve the Chamber."

My arguments, though unanswerable, failed to induce my friends into action, whereupon I declared that, since the leaders of the party shrank from their duty, I, though a mere private in the ranks, would take the task upon myself, enter the lists, and fight single-handed.

All efforts to dissuade me foundered against my obstinacy. I rose against the ministers with a short but rather stinging speech, to which Rattazzi gave a smart answer, and, as no one joined in the discussion on either side, the motion of want of confidence against the Cabinet was negatived, only eighty members voting on my side, but most of them the cream of our party,—the very men who had shown the greatest anxiety to put off the trial.

I left the Chamber with the conviction of having played an honorable and plucky part. But when I went to the English Legation, where I was asked to dine in the evening, I was met by Sir James Hudson, who, as he shook hands, told me, "*C'est beau, mais ce n'est pas la politique;*" and Massimo d'Azeglio, who was among the guests, added, "*Ella ha avuto il torto d'aver troppo ragione*" (you have placed yourself in the wrong by being too much in the right), repeating the very words which he had addressed to me when he wished

to console me for the failure of my scheme of a peace between Piedmont and Austria, at the time of my mission to Frankfort, in 1849.

Rattazzi was thus allowed rope enough to hang himself and to hang also poor Garibaldi, who, relying on the support of the ministry, first ventured on an unsuccessful attempt upon Venetia, then went over to Sicily, and, collecting the remnants of those *Picciotti* or ragamuffin bands whom he had led against Naples in 1860, crossed the Straits to Reggio, with a design to march upon Rome, when Rattazzi found himself compelled to disavow and outlaw him and to send forth a royal force, which shot him down at Aspromonte (August 28) and brought him back severely wounded, both in body and spirit, a miserable captive to Spezia and then an exile to Caprera.

This disastrous end of an insane policy determined the fall of Rattazzi, after nine months' misgovernment (March to December, 1862), and brought back the Right or Conservative party, Minghetti, Lanza, Peruzzi, etc., saddled with the duty of repairing, as much as it was practicable, the mischief the outgoing ministers had done. Somehow, my bold onset on Rattazzi at the beginning of his administration, however politically questionable, had been morally honorable, and it won me a certain amount of popularity which urged me on to take a more active part in parliamentary proceedings than my position as a foreign journalist seemed to warrant. I was always ready to take up questions of public morality. On the eve of the downfall of the Rattazzi ministry, Vice-Admiral Persano, who had held the portfolio of Marine in that cabinet, had been cool enough to raise himself to the rank of Admiral,—a rank which had been hitherto, for centuries, only reserved for persons of royal blood. This shabby example of a minister abusing his short tenure of office to promote his private interest, unprecedented as it was in the annals of honest Piedmont, had disgusted good men of all parties; and, although I was a personal friend of Persano and honestly believed the whole tale of his heroic deeds at Ancona,—which actually turned out

sheer fiction,—I thought I would avail myself of the first best opportunity of giving him a piece of my mind. The promotion bore the character of a spontaneous royal appointment, and was countersigned, not by Persano himself, but by Rattazzi as premier. But upon the Budget of Marine coming on for discussion, we found there was an item of six thousand lire intended as an increase of salary to the newly-appointed admiral, and that depended, not on the king's pleasure, but on the will of the Chamber. I stood up, therefore, and moved that the sum of six thousand lire should be expunged, not on economical but on moral grounds. Rattazzi and several of his colleagues, Capriolo, Depretis, etc., rose in reply. My proposal was rejected, but by a very feeble majority. Had I been victorious, who knows but Persano, wounded in his self-esteem, might have resigned his ill-gotten rank, and perhaps retired from the service, in which case Italy might have been spared the disastrous affair of Lissa?

On a third and last occasion I allowed my voice to be heard in Parliament. A man of the name of Bensa had been, under Rattazzi's administration, appointed consul-general at Tunis. He styled himself the King's Private Secretary, and had been one of those minions whom the *Rè Galantuomo*—whose private tastes were not as irreproachable as his public conduct—employed for services from which men with clean hands would have shrunk. Presuming on the intimacy into which he was brought with his master, the fellow became so exacting and troublesome that the king turned to his minister, expressing a wish to be rid of Bensa on any terms. Rattazzi, not much more scrupulous as to the means by which he could compass his ends than the Private Secretary himself, bribed this latter by the offer of a consulship, and sent him out to Tunis, of all places in the world the very one to which, as subsequent events lately proved, the conditions of that regency gave an especial political importance. The appointment gave general offence, both in Turin, where the sense of public and private decency was still very strong, and also in Tunis, where Bensa was too well known,—having

been there in a private capacity,—and whence he had come back, leaving behind a bad name among the numerous Italian residents.

When Rattazzi fell, it was fully expected that his successors, who had loudly condemned Bensa's appointment, would lose no time in rescinding it; but months passed, and Bensa remained at his post, the ministers dreading to expose the king to a renewal of those annoyances from which he had been freed at the public expense. The Italians in Tunis, having vainly addressed the government, soliciting the recall of the obnoxious consul, bethought themselves of me, who, in consequence of the Persano affair, had won the reputation of an *enfant terrible*,—a fearlessly-outspoken man,—and sent me a petition summing up all their grievances against the unworthy functionary, among which they stated that "he kept in his pay a band of bravoës with whom he enforced his pleasure by threats and deeds of violence, terrorizing the whole colony." I laid their petition privately before the ministers, hoping that they might settle the matter summarily, without the scandal of a public exposure; but, as I could not overcome their fear of the king's displeasure, I deemed it my duty to "bell the cat," and gave notice of a question or interpellation, in general terms, "on the affairs of Tunis."

When the question came to the order of the day, I rose; but, before I opened my lips, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Count Pasolini, on the plea that "he had not had sufficient leisure to inquire into the tangled affairs of that important regency," begged me to put off my *interpellanza* till that day week. I bowed assent to this request, and at the end of the week consented also to a second postponement for a fortnight. Meanwhile, the public, as it knew or guessed what was going on behind the scenes, and was greatly interested to see the issue, on the day irrevocably appointed for the question beset the galleries in great force. I was in my place, with my question all ready, but the minister was not equally prepared with his answer. He was absent, and in his place we saw his under-secretary, Visconti Venosta, who stood up amidst the deep silence of the

expectant assembly and informed the Chamber that Count Pasolini had resigned his portfolio, and that he, Visconti Venosta, had been appointed to the Foreign Office as head of the department. Then, turning to me, he said that he "was now fully prepared to discuss the affairs of Tunis, but he hoped he might shorten the proceedings if he announced that the consul-general at Tunis had been recalled and dismissed from the service." Upon which I declared myself fully satisfied without further explanation, and sat down amid the loud plaudits of the whole Chamber. Thus, without uttering one word, without naming the consul or referring to his appointment or to his behavior in office, I obtained my intent, removed the obnoxious functionary, and put an end to a scandal which might have had serious consequences for the ministers and for the king himself.

I got no very hearty thanks from this latter, however; for the king, seeing that the ministers were acting upon my unrelenting pressure, looked on my conduct as the result of a deliberate hostility against his person; and as he, very naturally, thought I was ill requiting his noble interference in my behalf in that crisis of 1856 in which he had come forward as my only Italian open friend, he now conceived against me a deep resentment, the symptoms of which became perceptible at no distant period. Independently of the king's displeasure, of which I had clear hints from his aide-de-camp, my friend, old General Solaroli, I began to feel that my self-imposed mission of a champion of public morality, besides being an invidious office in itself, and unfitting me, as an unpractical man, for any real usefulness in Parliament, disqualified me also for the discharge of my duties as the correspondent of a foreign journal, an employment in which tact and prudence and conciliatory manners were as necessary as they would be for a diplomatist. And, as I was aware that my zeal for the cause of truth and honesty was likely to commit me to further scrapes from which I might not always come off successfully, I was already disposed to throw up my seat in the Chamber, when

the session soon broke up, and I was free to leave Turin for my usual summer holiday in England.

On arriving in London, I was told by Mr. Mowbray Morris that after Cavour's death the interest of the English public in Italian affairs had greatly subsided, that men's minds had been for the last twelve months exclusively absorbed by the outbreak of the civil war in America, and that as since the famous battle of Bull Run Mr. W. Howard Russell, "The Times" correspondent with the Federal army, had been obliged to leave the country, "The Times" people were anxious to send some one to take his place, and thought I might not feel disinclined to be the man.

Not many words were required to arouse my restless ambition and love of adventure. I accepted the new mission as War Correspondent to the United States, and that very day, June 15, 1863, on leaving the "Times" office, I proceeded to the agency of the Cunard steamers, and secured my berth on board the "Persia," bound direct to New York, which was to weigh anchor at the beginning of the ensuing month.

The affair being settled, I went by the night mail-train to my sweet home on the Wye, and, after spending a week with my family, busy with preparations for what might prove a long absence, I went back to London, where, after seeing and dining with Delane and Mr. Walter and becoming acquainted with some of the leading men on the staff of "The Times,"—accepting also the hospitable invitation of that prince of correspondents, Mr. W. H. Russell,—I travelled by night train to Liverpool, embarking on the following morning.

This was my third voyage across the Atlantic, and it turned out as propitious as the two previous ones had been irksome and almost disastrous. The "Persia" was then one of the largest and best-appointed boats afloat; the captain one of the bravest, coolest, most obliging officers; the passengers well-behaved, and many of them agreeable. I found, as I advanced in age, that I became at every voyage a better sailor.

My people at home had persuaded me to take with

me as valet an intelligent and faithful old Italian servant of mine, a man who was "up to anything," bating the English language, and whose services were only available to me on those very few occasions on which I was not called upon to wait upon him as his interpreter.

In spite of this drawback, we had a charming voyage, and on the eleventh day after leaving Liverpool we reached New York, on the 17th of July, where we found the wharves, the custom-house, and the landing-places deserted, the town being a prey to one of the most terrific Irish riots within man's recollection. It was with the utmost difficulty we could convey our persons and our goods to the New York Hotel, my former house of call in the city. It was not without still greater trouble that, going to the bank of Duncan, Sherman & Co., I could find any one who would listen to me long enough to hear who I was and on what errand I came, so utterly, helplessly, hopelessly terrorized and demoralized were all the better classes of the population, and especially the business men in Wall Street and that neighborhood, by the attitude of the populace, who had the mastery of the town, and from whom an onset on the shops and banking-houses in the night was imminently apprehended. The panic rose almost to a frenzy as darkness set in, and it was in fear and trembling that young John Duncan, the head of the firm, came in his brougham to fetch me at the hotel and took me to dine with him at Delmonico's. After a rather hasty and anxious meal, he stuffed his brougham with sausages and other meat and champagne, with which we drove to his banking-house, where we dispensed those provisions among two or three scores of working-men, armed to the teeth, who had been hired as garrison to the premises for the night. We also looked in at the New York State Bank, a massive building, where the same precautions had been taken, and where everything was ready for defensive action, four dainty field-pieces loaded with grape-shot being even drawn up before the entrance of the vault under the basement, ready to give battle for

the bullion which might be expected to be the main object of attraction to the mob on its first assumption of its sovereign sway.

The night, most fortunately, passed off without very serious alarms, and on the morrow order regained something of its wonted ascendancy.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AT HOME WITH "THE TIMES."

Last campaigning experiences—The Civil War in America—The Schleswig-Holstein War—Hurried visits to Italy—Home work in Printing-House Square—The War of Sadowa—The War of Sedan—Hard work—Its success—Its sweetness and bitterness—Its recompense—Its diversions—Two years in Italy—Two years in the East—Ten months in South America—A summer in Russia—"Iberian Reminiscences"—A journalist's life—Its good and evil—My unfitness for it—Unsocial instincts—Distinguished acquaintances—Old age and retirement.

As I travelled from Italy on my way to America, I felt that my employment as "Times" correspondent, which had hitherto been a labor of love, had now become a matter of business. My original intent in offering my services as a journalist had been patriotic. My present motive was purely professional. To my own countrymen I might owe charity; to any other nation I could give nothing but truth.

"What is truth?" asked Pilate and Mr. Mowbray Morris. And they were right in a certain sense, because there is no absolute, general, incontrovertible fact upon which men will ever agree. But every man has a truth of his own, and to that he is bound in life and death. "*Toute vérité n'est pas bonne à dire,*" is a French saying. In reality, however, "*Rien n'est bon à dire que la vérité.*" There is no more to be gained by a *suppressio veri* than by a *suggestio falsi*. Silence may always be allowed; but the holiest of causes will always be best defended by the most truthful advocate. Even my

own Italians I had never thought I could best serve by sparing them; and I was now certainly not going to flatter the Yankees.

I had no prejudice against the Americans, among whom I had spent three of the best years of my life. But with respect to their civil war I could be no partisan. My only wish was that peace should be made on the terms of a friendly but thorough and enduring separation of the contending parties; and in so far I was an out-and-out secessionist. The Yankees as a nation had become a danger to Europe. Split up into two or more nations, whatever mischief they might do to one another, they would soon be harmless to their neighbors. These, however, were only my wishes,—very different from my hopes.

At the Hotel New York, in New York, I found Dr. Mackay—Charles Mackay, the poet—installed as “Times” correspondent. He was almost exclusively surrounded by the New York “Copperheads” (as Northern men sympathizing with the South were called), and went with them as a supporter through thick and thin. They were all of them only too sure that secession would fight with the courage of despair and prevail in the end. And such was also almost the universal expectation in England. But I always fear the contrary of what I desire. My opinion was that unless the West made common cause with the South, which, at the stage the war had then reached, was not absolutely unlikely, the North was too strong and too unanimously determined not to be victorious in the end.

However, my business in America was not to discuss politics, but to describe battles. I parted with my too hopeful New York friends, and travelled to Washington. The heat in that city of broad avenues was intolerable, and the place was almost a desert. I found President Lincoln overpowered, lying rather than sitting in a large arm-chair, with his head thrown back and his legs sprawling on his desk. Hearing that I was an Italian, he bade Governor Boutwell, who introduced me, to show me the Tiber and the Tarpeian Rock, and

other features which Washington had in common with Rome, besides the Capitol,—the two cities, in his conceit, being as like one another as Monmouth, in Fluellen's opinion, was like Macedon. But with respect to the object of my visit, which was to obtain a pass to the head-quarters of the Federal army, the good President had nothing to say, and only referred me to his Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton.

Mr. Stanton, a portly and rather flabby man, but with a fine English countenance, received me with scant ceremony and met my request with an inexorable refusal. In vain had Delane, through diplomatic friends, pleaded that "The Times" should not be made to bear the penalty of the petty harmless jokes of Bull Run Russell; that the journal harbored no ill will to the Federal cause, in proof of which it was now sending out as Russell's successor, not another Englishman, actuated by ungenerous John-Bullish prejudices, but an Italian, a neutral and a patriot, who had just had a hand in the unification of his own country, and was therefore not likely to wish for the disintegration of the great Republic. In vain did Lord Lyons, the English, and Bertinatti, the Italian minister, speak for me. Stanton remained unmoved. "No man from Printing-House Square," he said, "shall ever come within sight of the Stars and Stripes banner on the battle-field." After wasting a week in profitless remonstrances, I had to give up the contest, and go back to New York with the bitter conviction that my American mission was a failure.

I wrote in that sense to "The Times" people in England; but, whilst I was waiting for an answer, the heat in New York became so oppressive that, in order to do something, I went on a pleasure-excursion to Saratoga and Niagara, and thence turned westward to Buffalo, Cincinnati, and Chicago; and back by St. Louis and Louisville, Cincinnati and Cleveland, I returned to New York in October, fully satisfied that throughout the West, between the Great Lakes and the Ohio River, the population, and especially the German and Irish settlers, were more stanch Unionists and blacker Re-

publicans than the Yankees of the Eastern cities themselves.

In my letters from the West, and in those from New York, where, upon the recall of Dr. Mackay, I had temporarily to take his place, I strongly insisted upon this fact, which seemed to me decisive as to the probable issue of the great contest in the United States; and I was, I think, to a certain extent successful in counteracting the contrary opinion with which Mackay, relying perhaps too implicitly on the representations of those whose hopes were based upon their wishes, had managed to inoculate "The Times," and with it English public opinion.

The sojourn at New York, in October and November, was made agreeable to me by my friends John Duncan and Edward Cunard, whose hospitality at their villas in Staten Island, where they spent the season with their charming families, tempered the dreariness of the solitude I had to endure at my hotel,—a solitude rather aggravated than relieved by the noise of a city in which an incessant riotous political agitation had superseded the ordinary run of steady business life.

In December, however, without waiting for the new correspondent who was to relieve me from duty, I embarked on the same good steamship "Persia," bound from New York direct to Liverpool, where I safely landed in time to spend the Christmas with my family at my sweet home on the banks of the Wye.

The Christmas holidays were barely over when I was summoned to London by Delane to take my instructions for a speedy return to my old post in Italy. When I called upon him at Serjeants' Inn, however, he begged to be allowed to change my destination. We were daily in expectation of an outbreak of hostilities between Denmark and the governments of Prussia and Austria, these latter acting as representatives of the German Bund in support of the claims that the great Fatherland put forward to the suzerainty of the duchies of Schleswig-Holstein. The subject was highly interesting to the English people; and her majesty's government were all but committed to take up Denmark's

cause in the event of diplomatic negotiations failing to remove the necessity for an appeal to arms. Of course I declared my readiness to travel in any direction "The Times" might point out, and to start the very moment I was bidden; and immediately after New Year's Day, 1864, I crossed over to Calais, whence, by way of Cologne and Hamburg, I landed at Kiel.

Foreseeing the impossibility of attending to my duties as a member of the Italian Parliament during the session which had already begun, I, who had already severely commented upon the conduct of the many truant deputies who coveted the honor of a seat in the Chamber, while they shamefully shirked the duties attached to the office, by absenting themselves month after month, and even session after session, felt that I was bound in honor to act up to my principles, and sent in my resignation, which was definitely accepted.

After a few days spent in Kiel, trying to grasp the main points of that most intricate Schleswig-Holstein question, I travelled northward as far as Schleswig, meeting with no hinderance on the part either of the Austro-Prussians or of the Danes, already arrayed against one another at the Dannewerk, and proceeded to Copenhagen, where I awaited the war proclamation which had now become inevitable and imminent.

Before the first shot was fired, however, I was back again in camp with the Danes at the Dannewerk, retreated with them to their fortified camp at Dybbol, or Düppel, withstood with them the siege and storming of that stronghold and the ensuing bombardment of Sonderborg, and only went back to Copenhagen upon the conclusion of an armistice, which was soon followed by a Peace Conference.

Of this campaign, which lasted from January to May, I shall not say one word, as all I had to tell about it may be read in two volumes published by Bentley, at his request, and entitled "The Invasion of Denmark in 1864," which came out in June that same year, while I was still absent in Elsinore. Having left England in a moment in which the sympathies of Eng-

land for Denmark were at the strongest, and conceiving, from constant intercourse with the Danes, the very highest opinion of their character, I took up their cause with great warmth, receiving from them in return every demonstration of esteem and affection; so that I was induced to linger among them for a few months, even when every chance of a new conflict was at an end, and the aggressive powers had fastened on the whole of Schleswig-Holstein as the spoil of victory, —a spoil which, by a just Nemesis, soon became a bone of deadly contention between the spoilers themselves.

As the summer advanced, my family came out to me at Copenhagen, and I moved about with them, ruralizing in the royal parks, and enjoying the season with a crowd of English friends at Elsinore, and at the sea-baths of Marienlyst; whence at last, always at "The Times's" bidding, we crossed by steamer to Lübeck, hence travelling by easy stages through Germany, to Hanover, Brunswick, Leipsic, and Magdeburg,—travelling and writing,—till we came back to Dresden, where we parted, my family returning to England in September, while, owing to an unexpected tragic occurrence, "The Times" deemed my presence again necessary in Turin.

The month of September, 1864, will be an epoch forever memorable in Turin. Under the pressure of the French Emperor, and with the hope of arriving at some settlement of the Roman question, the Italian government had signed with France a convention by which they undertook to remove their capital to Florence, while the French engaged to withdraw their garrison from Rome, leaving the Pope and his shrunken territory under Italian protection. The government and their party conceived that their move upon Florence was only a first step in their progress to Rome,—as, indeed, the final issue satisfactorily proved six years later; but their opponents, and especially the rabid democrats, contended that it was an absolute and perpetual renunciation to Rome, in sheer defiance of the vote elicited by Cavour from the Italian Parliament not long before his death, by which the

Italian nation claimed the Papal city as its future seat of government.

The subject might be argued plausibly on both sides. But the Turin populace, angered by the secrecy with which the negotiation had been carried on, and aroused by the suddenness with which its result was made known, did not wait to hear reason, but broke out into a riot, which the government repressed with unnecessary severity, not without bloodshed,—thereby raising against themselves a general resentment before which they had to give way. By the time I arrived in Turin the popular fury had considerably subsided. The ministers, Peruzzi, Minghetti, etc., had resigned, and a new cabinet had been formed under La Marmora, a good Piedmontese of high character, who had undertaken to carry the obnoxious convention into effect, but had pledged his honor to bring forward the best measures by which he could indemnify the old capital for the losses its fall from its sovereign rank must inevitably entail.

The waves of the recent agitation were, however, still running very high; and I had hardly settled in my apartment in the Hôtel Trombetta, when I found out that, with the danger which still threatened public order, there was also for me some other risk of a personal nature, against which it behooved me to be on my guard.

That consul Bensa who had, upon my action in the Chamber, been removed from Tunis, had come from that regency breathing fire and vengeance against me in Turin, when I had already left Italy and England on my way to America. He had, on his return, been provided with profitable employment in a Portuguese railway, but had been dismissed for misconduct, and was now back in Turin, a thorn, as usual, in the king's side, urging his right to a pension. Upon hearing of my arrival, he sent me two of his friends, men unknown to me and to all I knew, with a challenge. I referred them to my friends Colonel Doda and Count Arrivabene, who, considering the utterly notorious character of my adversary and of the men he had sent as his seconds,

considering also that, in my conduct relating to the affair of Tunis, I had acted from an honorable sense of duty in the capacity of a public and inviolable functionary, and had not only refrained from any offensive expression towards Bensa in my interpellation, but had actually never even named or openly alluded to him, the latter had no reason to complain of personal offence on my part, and I owed him, therefore, no satisfaction whatever.

While we were discussing the subject, General Solaroli came in, reporting that the king had heard of my presence in Turin, and of the challenge addressed to me by his former "secretary," and that he was highly displeased, fearing "lest, in the present unsettled state of men's minds in the city, a private quarrel, with which his royal name would naturally be mixed up, might furnish a pretext for new popular disturbances." Upon the general and my two other friends suggesting the expediency of my absenting myself from Turin for a time, I objected that "my departure under such circumstances might be ascribed to fear;" but my scruples were overruled by their assurance that "lack of courage was the last fault I could by any possibility be charged with," and that in any case "they would know how to uphold my honor in my absence."

I left Turin accordingly, and took the train to Lake Maggiore, where I visited the deputy Brofferio at his villa near Locarno, and Massimo d'Azeglio in his rural retreat at Cannero. Presently, however, I was called to London by Mr. Mowbray Morris, who had received some garbled report of my late transactions in Turin and wished to hear from me what had passed. Upon my giving him the same statements as I have just recorded above, he strongly advised me instantly to go back to Turin and do away with any false construction that my enemies might have put on my conduct. I lost no time on the road, reappeared in Turin in November, published the same statement in the newspapers, carefully omitting any allusion to the exalted personage of whom old Solaroli had been the mouth-piece, and announced that I should stay for a whole

fortnight at the Hôtel Trombetta and walk alone under the porticos daily, at the disposal of any one who might have anything to say to me. I need not say that I faithfully kept my promise, and that no one showed the least disposition to molest me. I met Bensa, years later, both at Havana and Madrid, face to face, but he made no sign. I was told that the king had allowed him a yearly pension of twelve thousand francs out of his privy purse, on condition that he should never be seen or heard of in any part of his majesty's dominions.

Meanwhile, Mr. Delane expressed himself well satisfied with my "valuable services," wished to have me at hand to be sent out as a special correspondent on any emergency, but also to be employed about home affairs whenever I could be spared from foreign work. I had thus for part of the following year, 1865, to run here and there to various parts of Germany and Switzerland, where I followed English tourists on their pleasure-trips, describing their idle life in a series of "holiday letters," which served as "padding" to "The Times" in a season extraordinarily barren of news of political or social interest. The autumn, winter, and spring following were taken up by my first visit to Spain, in expectation of disturbances of which Prim gave the signal by his hare-brained *escapade* at Aranjuez in January, 1866. But on my return to England, and on the first apprehension of a war between Austria on one side and Prussia allied to Italy on the other, I was bidden by Delane to work with him at "The Times" office; and from June, 1866, to October, 1873, I took up my quarters in London, near Buckingham Gate, my business during that period being to write leading articles on every variety of foreign subjects, chiefly about the military operations of the war of Sadowa, of 1866, and of that of Sedan in 1870, with the siege of Paris, and the ensuing outbreak and subjugation of the Commune and the establishment of Thiers's autocratic republic.

It would be needless for me to explain, and easy for any one to imagine, how intense that work was; how it filled up my time day and night; when my task was to

collect news and compare notes, poring over the whole European press from morning to evening, and again from evening to morning, condensing my hard-won information in a leader, which had to be written on the spur of the moment, and frequently modified and rewritten from hour to hour as fresh intelligence was brought in from the telegraph office, up to the very time of going to press.

It was hard work,—so hard that it wore off in a score of years even the robust constitution and the fine, high spirits of John Thaddeus Delane, and snapped in a much shorter period the feebler vital thread of his successor, Thomas Chenery, who often complained to me, in doleful strains, of the “hardness of a life dooming him to mental exertions to which his physical energies were unequal.”

But far above the fatigue and distress caused by the inroad of that incessant occupation on the hours of necessary sleep, I must reckon the harassing anxiety attendant upon the events of which it was my duty to keep the record,—events affecting my dearest patriotic feelings; when, for instance, I had to sit down and write on the defeat of the Italian army at Custoza, or of that of the Italian fleet at Lissa, or to comment on the “wonders done by De Failly’s chassepots” at Mentana, or on the Caudine Forks through which Italy was made to pass when it accepted almost as an alms from the French Emperor that Venetia which was won for her benefit by Prussian valor. I shall never forget the evening after the arrival of the news of the disaster of Lissa, July 20, 1866, when I was asked to dine by Delane at Serjeants’ Inn, with the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, afterwards Lord Sherbrooke, one of his ablest writers, and when this latter again and again bade me, half in jest, half in earnest, to be sure to tell my countrymen to imitate his countrymen’s example, and treat Persano as the English had treated Byng, hanging an admiral “*pour encourager les autres*,”—I shall never forget, I say, how his words grated upon my wounded pride, as I felt that his advice was undoubtedly sound and just, and that Persano deserved a much harder fate

than Byng's death; yet I was convinced all the time that my countrymen were too tender-hearted to visit sheer cowardice with the penalty it richly deserved.

By way of compensation, however, the mournful strains prompted by our defeat and humiliation of 1866 were soon, in 1870, followed by the notes of exultation celebrating the great catastrophe of Sedan, the chastisement of French restless arrogance and aggressiveness, the overthrow of an Imperial throne which had been reared on fraud and violence, and, above all things, the demolition of that old edifice of error and crime which was called the Pope's temporal power,—a power against which the best Catholics in Italy, from Dante downwards, had always manfully protested, and to the support of which the policy of foreign despots, from Charlemagne to him of the Rouher's "Never," had always cruelly contributed. When the news came that the Italians had broken in at Porta Pia, and that Pius IX. had ceased to be that hybrid monster, a Pope-King, I felt as the Hebrews did feel "when the Lord turned the captivity of Sion." I was "like unto them that dream." I could not then, and can hardly now, realize that so great a fulfilment of a long-expected act of Divine justice should have come to pass in my lifetime.

Personally, also, I do not think that any work I was allowed to do in my time was ever rewarded by a meed of praise more gratifying to my self-esteem than that which Delane bestowed upon me from the beginning to the end of that seven years' severe trial. He had great confidence in my judgment and knowledge of Continental affairs, and allowed me to conduct the wars and revolutions of that eventful period at my discretion. He heard that "The Times" authority on military subjects never stood higher. He was told by club quidnuncs, who congratulated him on the war articles in the great journal, that "there was only one man in England who understood such subjects so thoroughly, and that was Sir John Burgoyne," and he laughed in his sleeve as he answered that they—the quidnuncs—"were perhaps not much out in their surmises." At the same time, however, there were many anxious mo-

ments, at the various stages especially of the Franco-German war,—during the three great days before Metz, towards the close of the siege of Paris, or the campaign of Aurelles de Paladine and Chanzy on the Loire,—in which a sudden turn in the fortune of arms seemed probable, seemed imminent, and when, nevertheless, I pinned my faith to Moltke's genius, and staked, as it were, "The Times's" reputation on the German's complete final victory,—and then my good editor came to me in the evening, pale with anxiety, begging me not to be rash, not too confident, for he had seen this, and he had heard that, and competent judges, whom he named,—among others, Colonel B——,—had assured him that we were venturing too far, and that events would soon contradict our statements and demolish our theories, greatly to the loss of "The Times's" prestige.

When Paris surrendered, and Moltke and I had triumphed over prostrate France, my dear Delane drew a long breath, and wrote to me a kind letter of congratulation, stating "how glad he was that he had trusted me!—that I had always been right in my forecast, and had not, by one single false step during that long warlike crisis, misled the English reading public." I have still the letter before me, and I value it far more highly than any Red or Black Eagle that Bismarck could have bestowed upon me.

Delane was also considerate enough, when he perceived my exhaustion under that intense strain on my mental faculties, to seize upon every interval of comparative quiet to send me for a change of air on some errand as a special correspondent abroad. It is thus that between September, 1868, and July, 1869, I was for the second time in Spain, during the dethronement of Queen Isabella and the instalment of the revolutionary government, of which Prim was the head. It was thus that Delane would have deputed me as his representative at Rome during the meeting of the Œcumenical Council in 1869, had not all the recommendations of Lord Odo Russell failed to induce Cardinal Antonelli to grant me admission to the Papal city. It was thus that in March, 1870, just before the

war, I had to attend the trial of the French Emperor's cousin, Prince Pierre Bonaparte, for the murder of Victor Noir, at Tours, where the general behavior of all persons concerned—the court, the jury, the advocates, and witnesses on both sides—revealed such a state of rottenness and hollowness in France as must have convinced any honest spectator that the days of Imperial rule were numbered. Thus it was that in September, 1871, I attended the inauguration of the Mont Cenis Tunnel, on which occasion I crossed North Italy from Turin to Verona, and thence travelled by rail over the Alps of Tyrol and Bavaria, sending letters to "The Times" with descriptions of the scenery.

As, after the fall of the Commune, matters settled in France, and Thiers's Septennate seemed to guarantee, if not liberty, at least something like security, Delane, who had more faith in the future of French republicanism than I was able to feel, allowed me, towards the end of 1872, to go home on a long vacation, when Mr. Walter, to whom I signified my repugnance to an idle life, ordered me off to the West Indies, where he wished me to report on the condition of the island of Cuba, where a most ruinous civil war had been raging for the last five years. I was in Cuba, travelling all over the island, from January to April, 1873, and passed over for one month to Jamaica, whence I was recalled in great haste by the rulers of "The Times," who thought they needed my presence in Spain. Great as was the speed of my voyage back to England, however, I only arrived when some one else had taken my place in that peninsula; and my task was assigned to me in Italy, where I was desired to give my impression of the progress that country had made during my ten years' absence, from 1863 to 1873.

I crossed the Alps through the new tunnel, and proceeded, *via* Turin, Bologna, and Florence, to Rome, where I arrived in May of the third year after the transformation of the Papal city into the capital of United Italy.

My stay in Rome lasted a little above two years, though I wandered from place to place almost in-

cessantly, especially during the malaria season, visiting all the cities, describing all the provinces, and examining all political, social, and other questions; attending such festivities as the welcome to the Shah of Persia, and the inauguration of the Cavour and D'Azeglio monuments in Turin; Manzoni's funeral at Milan; a regatta at Como; the flower-show for the opening of the Grand New Market and the fourth centenary of Michael Angelo's birth at Florence, etc.; and accompanying King Victor Emmanuel on his visit to the courts of Vienna and Berlin.

From my voyage to Cuba and my two years' residence in Italy dates my custom of condensing in a book all I had written about the countries to which I was sent on "The Times" business. Thus, on my return from the West Indies, in 1873, I published "The Pearl of the Antilles," a description of Cuba and Jamaica, and, two years later, 1875, two volumes on "Italy Revisited."

From Italy, in August, 1874, I was in Spain, a witness of some of the episodes of the Carlist war, and subsequently of the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty and the triumphal entrance of Alfonso XII. into his capital. From Spain, as I was accompanying the young king on his first campaign, I was hurried to Rome in February, 1875, by a false report of the Pope's death, but returned to Spain and remained there till the summer, when another attack of the Pope's illness brought me back to Rome. From Rome I had to go to Triest, on the first reports of disturbances in the Herzegovina, and later in the year, November, 1875, I again left Rome, and travelled to the East, residing for two years in Constantinople during part of the reigns of three Sultans, and only leaving shortly after the outbreak of the Russo-Turkish war, in May, 1877, after vainly applying to the Grand Vizier for permission to accompany General Sir Arnold Kemball (as "Times" correspondent) on the Armenian campaign. My Eastern experiences appeared in a work in two volumes, with the title, "Two Years of the Eastern Question," London, 1877.

On my return from the East, in November, 1877, I was once more summoned to Rome, where the Pope seemed really to have reached his last day, but where he lingered through that Christmas season, as if determined to be preceded on his journey to a better world by the still young and robust King Victor Emmanuel,—the death of those two rival potentates occurring at only twenty-nine days' interval, at the beginning of the year 1878. An account of the two funerals, and of the ensuing Conclave, was given by me in two volumes, entitled "The Pope and the King," published in London, 1879.

I was still in Rome after the Conclave, in April, 1878, when a telegram from London suddenly sent me to Athens and Volo in Thessaly, to inquire into the circumstances of the death of Mr. Ogle, "The Times" correspondent in Greece, who had been barbarously murdered by the Turks. From Athens I went on again to Constantinople, where, after only two or three months' stay, I received the Grand Vizier's peremptory order to quit the Sultan's dominions,—an order which, however, I stoutly resisted till "The Times" people deemed it advisable that I should give up the contest.

Very important changes had, in the mean time, taken place in "The Times" office. Delane, who had been for some time disabled by paralysis, resigned his office, and was, shortly before his death, succeeded by Mr. Chenery, who brought with him a large staff of new workmen, by whom the veterans must, sooner or later, be superseded. I was then on the eve of my threescore years and ten, and felt that I should resign myself to be soon numbered among the invalids. Early in the year 1879, however, I was trusted with a fourth mission to Spain, and travelled over nearly the whole of the peninsula, from February to September, not any longer as a political correspondent, but as a mere tourist, interested in the social, financial, economical, and moral questions of the peninsula; and the result of this eight months' tour was the publication of my "Iberian Reminiscences," summing up all I had seen in Spain and Portugal during my four successive visits, from 1865

to 1879. This work, in two volumes, only appeared in London in 1883.

On my return to London, in the autumn of 1879, I did some work in the office with Mr. Chenery, who also sent me out on short errands,—to Belgium, on the celebration of the half-centenary anniversary of national independence, to Germany, on the solemn opening of the Cologne Cathedral, and to Lucerne, for the inauguration of the great St. Gothard Tunnel. The new editor also used me for some of that work of biographies, reviews, and other “headed articles,” as they are called, of which a good share, in days of comparative leisure, was intrusted to me by Delane.

As, however, it was apparent that I was thought too old for editorial work, and there seemed to be some disposition to “put me on the shelf,” I turned to Mr. Walter, to whose kindness I was indebted for a ten months’ mission to South America (October, 1879, to June, 1880), and another to Russia (July to October, 1881), productive, respectively, of my two works, “South America,” London, 1880; and “A Summer Tour in Russia,” London, 1882.

Upon the decline of Mr. Chenery’s health, and his death in 1883, his successor, Mr. G. E. Buckle, almost altogether dispensed with my services.

As I look back on my connection with “The Times” for nearly a quarter of a century, I might almost feel tempted to flatter myself that my career as a journalist was not an absolute failure; yet I must confess that various circumstances conspired to disqualify me for it. In the first place, I was too old—not far from fifty years of age—when I dedicated myself to the press; not so much indeed enfeebled by years, as indisposed from weariness and disgust, from dislike of town life, of contact with the madding crowd, of noise and excitement, of inane pomps and festivities,—of all those sights and sounds of which a journalist must be the chronicler, and which, whatever charm they may have for a young man coming fresh to their enjoyment, become an unbearable infliction upon a mind surfeited and jaded by their endless repetition. With the exception

of a few short and unsatisfactory campaigns, like the tragic one of Denmark, and the mere farces of Plon-Plon's or Garibaldi's, my lot was to breathe the foul air of Southern, Eastern, and transatlantic cities, the noisomeness of which was not even compensated by that pulsation of intellectual life which constitutes the main interests of the great English, French, or German capitals. I lived the best part of my life away from the world of books, and, as in the struggle of my early days my education had suffered long and frequent interruptions, I always felt that my store of knowledge was inadequate to the requirements of a trade in which one is called upon to deal with any given subject at a moment's notice. A correspondent need carry with him a whole consulting library, or a head stored with universal knowledge, like that of my distinguished friend Mr. George Augustus Sala.

In the second place, English was not my native tongue. It was not acquired early in life; and my anxiety to write it correctly unfitted me for that cut-and-dry manner which has become almost the technical and conventional style of the press, especially since the invention of the electric wires has sunk the correspondent's business to a level with that of the mere telegraph clerk.

Still, the greatest hinderance to my success as a journalist lay in my invincible shyness, my unwillingness to push myself forward, my self-respect and sense of dignity and regard for other men's susceptibilities, which forbade my forcing my company on people who seemed to have no wish for it, which wearied me with long attendance in antechambers, made me scorn information obtained by backstairs influence,—made me, in short, not sufficiently presuming and indiscreet, or not sufficiently *flunkeyish*, for an "interviewer." It was but seldom that I came into contact with monarchy or statesmen, and it was generally at their own request; it was seldom that they had anything of importance to say to me, and still more seldom that I durst report what they had said without their leave, or that I felt that they said what they thought when they allowed or bade me to report their sayings.

There is no doubt that I valued my independence and my allegiance to truth much more highly than any chance of getting at news. In every period of my life I was the *enfant terrible*, who would say what he thought, were even the world's end to come of it. Hence my appearance as "The Times's" agent was not much desired in any country, and not even in my own. From Papal Rome, from the Austrian dominions, from some of the petty States of Old Italy, and from Turkey, I was repeatedly expelled or refused admittance; with two or more diplomatists I got into some unpleasant scrapes, though I remember no instance in which their Excellencies were not decidedly in the wrong.

Above all things, I labored under the disadvantages of near-sightedness and want of memory, two faults which made me liable to the undeserved charge of haughtiness and incivility. The kingly gift of remembering names and recognizing faces was not vouchsafed to me by Nature, and was not imparted by incessant wandering. No one seemed willing to consider that I had been all my life a traveller, not only traversing or cursorily visiting many lands, but dwelling among many people, bound to know names and persons, to learn many things about them; to become the centre of various social circles, perpetually shifting my quarters, going through new and strange scenes, picking up and dropping fellow-travellers, receiving kindness and contracting obligations, at every stage of my life's journey.

How could I help appearing forgetful or ungrateful? The dread of passing my best friend, with whom I may have been never so intimate in some country six or seven thousand miles beyond seas and mountains, or whom I had not met for twenty or more years, haunted me wherever I went. There is no outrage your acquaintance more bitterly resent than a "cut direct," yet none of which their pride more rigidly forbids them to take notice or frankly to ask for explanations. You lost a friend, you made an enemy; how it was you will perhaps never know to the end of your days.

For my part, to avoid mistakes, I am always ready

to receive and acknowledge as friend any stranger who may chance to address me; in which case the following dialogue is the ordinary result:

"How are you?" with wondering eagerness.

"Quite well, thank you!" promptly and heartily.

"Don't you know me?" somewhat resentfully.

"Of course I do!" boldly and resolutely. It is a harmless, conventional lie, but it often succeeds. My man will talk on. I keep giving short, vague answers, till, on closer inspection, some trick of his countenance, some tone in his voice, some allusion to time, or place, or person, opens a cell in mind's treasure-house, when all goes smoothly between us as between the warm and cordial comrades we were time out of mind.

In some instances a good-natured fellow will perceive my embarrassment through all my assumed assurance, and, laughing, set me right:

"Don't you know me?" with some surprise.

"Of course I do," with faltering voice.

"Who am I, then?" peremptorily. And then, with great good humor, "Of course you do! You remember Edward Cunard, whose guest you were, week after week, at Staten Island;" or, "Why, Captain Jenkins, of the 'Persia,' with whom you went to and from New York, and who landed with you, the other day, at Liverpool;" or, "Major Dowling, who rode with you for a month throughout the Garibaldian campaign in Calabria."

And one by one, as they name themselves, they come out of the blurred tablets of my memory.

I remember, when I went to Geneva, at the opening of the Conference of Arbitration of the Alabama Claims, I was the bearer of a letter of introduction to the Hon. Bancroft Davis, a distinguished man, one of the diplomatic agents for the United States. He took the letter, read it, looked at me, shook hands, and burst out laughing.

"I am sure, sir, I am very much obliged to Mr. Mowbray Morris for procuring me the honor of your acquaintance; but surely you are the gentleman who brought me just such a letter in New York in 1863,

when you came out for 'The Times' at the civil war; and as surely you are the gentleman whom I had the pleasure of knowing at Cambridge, Massachusetts, when I was a Harvard student, in 1837, and when I had Italian lessons from you for two terms. New acquaintances as much as you please, but it is no less a fact that we have been friends more than half our lives."

Of ludicrous episodes of this kind I could quote legion; for indeed at this very day I could not tell whether Mr. Bancroft Davis told the truth or mistook me for somebody else, or was simply mystifying me, jesting or romancing. Everything connected with him was gone clean out of my recollection, and at that rate the first stranger coming could equally palm himself upon me as my chum, and nobody be the wiser.

Still, the greatest number of connections I ever made in my life ought to be in London, seeing that of all places in the world that is the town in which I have lived longest,—the only one, too, in which town life seemed to me endurable. But London itself has hardly at any time been my permanent abode. Again and again during my early struggles (1839 to 1843) did I come to it with a firm purpose to settle in it, and as many times did I leave it, as I thought, never to return. As a volunteer or a diplomatist, I was again estranged from it from 1848 to 1849; as a deputy or correspondent, from 1854 to 1866, even while I had a home and family in the town, I did little more than hurry through it, *sans y faire mon lit*; and even during the time that work at "The Times" office nailed me to the place in and out of season (1866 to 1873),—to say nothing of frequent absence on temporary errands,—my time passed alternately between "The Times" office and the Athenæum Club,—a club which was to me a workshop, where I saw few I knew, and hardly spoke to those few. Every time I came back, the big town was to me a new place. I took up new quarters, fell in with a new set, found myself in a new world; one generation passed away, another sprang up with other ideas, other habits of life; old acquaintances glided past me, unknown faces crowded in; I never was quite sure

whether it was an old friend or merely his ghost that I saw. In the harum-scarum life to which my employment doomed me, the fulfilment of even the most obvious social duties—returning calls, leaving cards, all the routine of daily interchange of notes—was out of the question. My visiting-list was like the jar of the Danaïdes, from which as much water ran out as ever was poured in. Men whom to have seen and spoken to but once would have been an honor for life, men whose kind advances were most flattering,—literary men like Bulwer and Disraeli, statesmen like Lord Clarendon, Lord Granville, Lord Salisbury, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Forster, Lord Hartington, diplomatists like Lord Lyons, Lord Cowley, Lord Ampthill, Lord Lytton, Lord Howden,—have all come within the orbit of my acquaintance; but, with all the good will on my part, and all the courtesy and amiability on theirs, the intercourse almost invariably ended where it began. The acquaintance dropped from mere want of opportunities for frequent renewing.

The vast extent of London distances, the shortness of its season, and the hurry of its fitful, feverish existence, conspire to estrange those from whom in the end death parts us. It was only a few days before his decease that Dickens walked past the table at which I was writing at the Athenæum,—Dickens, gray-haired, care-worn, and, oh, *quantum mutatus!* so absent and absorbed in his thoughts that I deemed it indiscretion to address him. Was he the Dickens I used to see almost daily at his house in Devonshire Terrace, where, like a Napoleon, he kept his tame eagle,—a bright-eyed, ready-witted, somewhat gushing, happy man, cheered by the world's applause, equally idolized by his wife, by his children, by every member of his family, while as yet not even the shadow of a cloud had risen to darken the light of his household? Was he the Dickens who dwelt with so much zest and humor on the horrors of our first voyage to Yankee-land, and who entertained me with good-natured banter about the oddities of some of my friends, for whom I had given him letters at the time of his first visit

to my own country? Was he the Dickens of the "American Notes" and the "Pictures from Italy"?

Poor Thackeray, as it was by a longer and harder struggle that he rose into fame, so he had a more durable and more thoroughly undisturbed enjoyment of it. Of him also I had a hurried glimpse almost on the eve of the day in which his labors were brought to an untimely end. I chanced to be walking past his residence in Kensington Palace Gardens just as he stood at his door, looking after a brougham into which he had handed some early visitors, his head bare, his dressing-gown fluttering in the breeze. He saw and spoke to me, and asked, "Won't you come in?" But I knew too well how sacred were those hours of his morning work, and went on, merely thanking him. I could hardly say now how long I had been acquainted with him, or when, where, or how the acquaintance was first made. He was a member, but not much of a frequenter, of the Athenæum Club, his preference being all for the Garrick, a club better suited to the free-and-easy, somewhat Bohemian tastes and habits of his early days. Everything about him—his humor, his countenance, his voice—was changeable. In the depth of his heart I am inclined to believe he was all kindness, but all sourness and uncharitableness on the surface. Like Carlyle, he spoke precisely as he wrote. His cynicism, his misanthropy and pessimism, his hatred of snobbism and flunkeyism, were with him inexhaustible themes. But it was in a great measure mere bounce,—rodomontade and fanfaronade,—and it grew louder and more blatant in proportion as his domestic fortunes improved and his real good-nature ripened and mellowed.

After nearly a score of years' intercourse, I was not more intimate with that good-hearted bear at the last than I had been at the first meeting. Long as he had been abroad, master as he was of many languages, he had a thoroughly English contempt for everything and everybody foreign. Whether he made exception in my favor, and for what reason, I never clearly understood. And, whenever I met him, I was always doubtful whether he would or would not know and speak to

me; but I always allowed him the choice. There were many others of my fellow-members at the club about whose acquaintance I was never quite sure; there are many of them still living at the present day. I need only mention, among the dead, Dean Stanley, Mr. Abraham Hayward, etc.; among the quick, Sir George Dasent, Mr. W. C. Cartwright, etc. In most cases the fault was probably as much on my side as my friends'. With some of them, as with the amiable Dean of Westminster, the cause was the same as with me,—purblindness, or absent-mindedness. But with Thackeray, I am convinced, the uncertainty whether he should greet or "cut" me arose from waywardness and sheer fitfulness of humor. For sometimes his conscience, as it seemed, smote him that he had been pointedly rude, and, anxious to make amends, he descried me from afar, and walked up to me and asked me to be his guest. Twice or three times at his modest home in Young Street, Kensington Square, and at his larger and more sumptuous house in Onslow Square, I dined with him and a goodly number of guests. The last time the entertainment was at the "Trafalgar," Greenwich, a whitebait treat, where he had his gifted daughters and a party of his "Punch" friends with him; and at the close of which, on our return to town, he sent home his girls in a cab, and took me to the Garrick, where he was king, and where, after being introduced to some of the company, business awaiting me at "The Times" office soon compelled me to leave him. Even at his home dinners, his invitation seemed to be with him mere matter of self-imposed duty, for he seldom addressed or noticed me. Only one day, at a large men's party, when we were sixteen present, as I was seated nearly at the lower end of the table, and was talking to my neighbor on the right, our host, from the opposite end, where the conversation was flagging, suddenly, and *à propos* to nothing, called out loudly to me across the table, and asked,—

"Pray, Mr. Gallenga" (he never omitted the Mister),
"pray, who is your dentist?"

There was instant silence; and most of the guests

looked up at me. But I was ready with my answer, and spoke out instantly :

"John Heath, No. 11, Albemarle Street,—the best in London."

Upon which the guests looked at each other for a moment, wondering, and soon the confused buzz of voices went on as before.

What whim was it that prompted Michael Angelo Titmarsh with that apparently idle question? Did it arise from an ill-natured desire to call attention to the havoc that Time might have made in my jaws, and at the truly marvellous skill by which art now repairs the grievous losses of nature? Did he expect me to blush or faint, like any middle-aged madam the mystery of whose golden chignon or rosy cheek is by some untoward accident brought into light in the presence of her most devoted admirers? Or was that merely his pleasantry, his wish to give a fillip to a languid conversation by supplying a new subject which might raise a laugh, no matter at whose expense? If the latter was his purpose, it flew wide of the mark; for, though some of our friends may have been struck with the strangeness of his sudden sally, no one seemed to perceive its drift. No one noticed its "fun" or humor. The joke, if joke it was, fell flat.

Before I left the house, however, I wrote Mr. Heath's name and address on one of my cards, and handed it to him at the door, waiting to be last at leave-taking, and stopped for one minute to tell him what sort of man the dentist was, and how, besides his skill as an operator, he was a well-informed man, with wonderful conversational gifts, always ready to sink the shop and discuss all subjects; a pleasant host besides, who had often the most distinguished authors and artists at dinner with him in his well-appointed bachelor's establishment, where, I was sure, he would be delighted to see Mr. Thackeray, whether or not the state of his gums required looking into; "for these dentists," I concluded, "are a singular set of men, who delight in gentlemen's company, and there is nothing they will not do for a customer who will condescend to treat them as gentlemen."

Thackeray received all these particulars as if they really interested him, and thanked me cordially as he shook the hand that I held out to him from the cab window.

As a rule, however, I was not much of a diner-out; for I was neither a brilliant talker nor a patient listener; nor did the genius of my host's *chef*, or the choicest liquor in his cellar, greatly delight me. Like Scott and Byron, I was blessed with "a strange dullness of palate;" and though I did not, like the latter, "prefer whiskey to wine," I could declare, with the former, that "no dinner of the rarest viands could surpass a meal of poached eggs and bacon and bottled beer."* Delane himself, an eminently convivial man, did not know what to make of me; for he often asked me to meet pleasant people in Serjeants' Inn, at a cosey but costly dinner, where the number of guests never exceeded six or eight. And I remember one evening, as we turned round to the fire and I laid my claret-glass brimful and untouched on the mantel-piece, he looked at me with wonder, fancying I did not sufficiently appreciate his wine, and exclaimed,—

"Why, that is Rothschild's very best! Do you not like it?"

Whereupon, with unpardonable awkwardness, I answered,—

"Capital Bordeaux! But my wine is Burgundy."

"Hang it!" cried my host, "why did you not say so? I have the best Chambertin down below. Only, who cares for Burgundy nowadays? But it is not too late. Here, John!"

And he half rose to reach the bell. But I was up before him, and begged him to excuse me, for very little wine was enough for me, and only of one kind. And I really think that from that evening I got on better with him at "The Times" office than in his dining-room.

But, as I said, "The Times" office was no longer the same place to me when that amiable John Thaddeus

* "The Real Lord Byron," vol. i. p. 184.

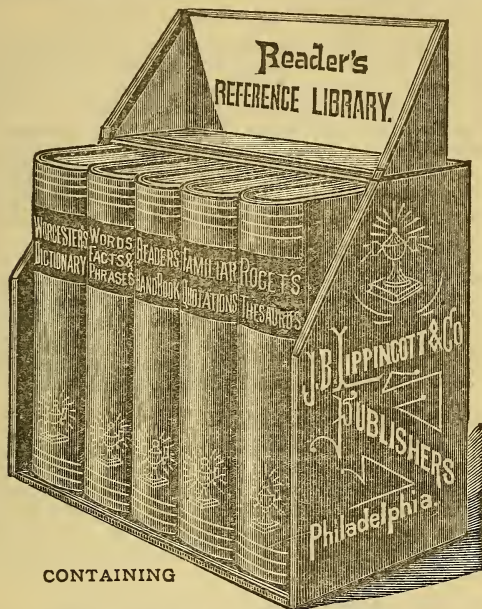
ceased to be the *genius loci*. The work that was assigned to me by Delane's successors waxed "small by degrees and beautifully less," till it was no longer a sufficient inducement for me to prolong my stay in London at an age when town life had lost whatever charm it ever had in former days. Had I had my choice, I would certainly have preferred to die in harness; but, although we cannot appoint our own hour of death, we ought to know how to make people forget and forgive that we are living, by voluntarily giving up the stool they are anxious to push us from.

If I wished for retirement, surely no dearer retreat could have been reserved for me than this lonely, lovely valley of the Wye. Nowhere could a better place to live or die in have been found,—a place where one might more pleasantly linger on, calmly reviewing the irrevocable, idly speculating on the inscrutable, manfully awaiting the inevitable.

THE END.

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